

★ PHOTOPLAY

July 27
25 CENTS

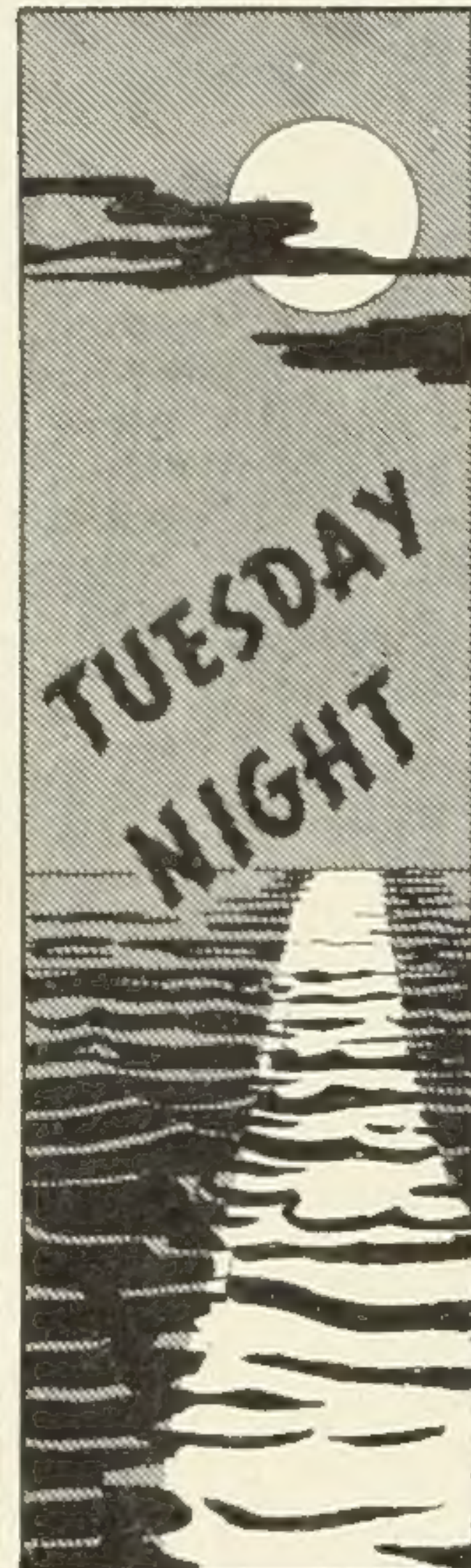
WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED TO ME
IN SPAIN
by ERROL FLYNN

Exclusive!

JEANETTE
MACDONALD'S
Trousseau

JEANETTE MACDONALD

SO OFTEN
ROMANCE
HANGS BY A THREAD



3
W
E
E
K
S
L
A
T
E
R



2
Y
E
A
R
S
L
A
T
E
R



Beauty Experts say:

"NEVER TAKE A CHANCE"

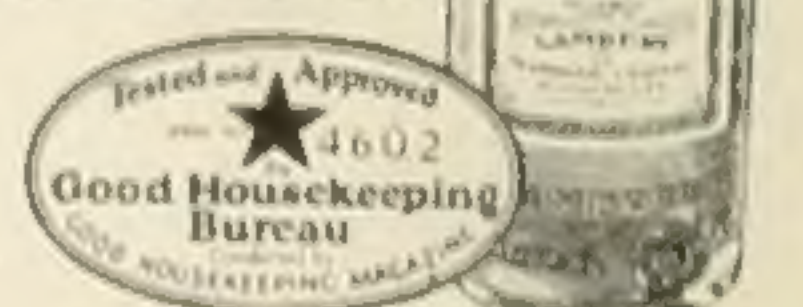
You never know when you have halitosis, but others do and pass you up. Why run the certain risk of offending when all you need do to make your breath fresher, sweeter, more agreeable is to use Listerine Antiseptic. A major cause of bad breath is the fermentation of tiny bits of food the tooth brush has missed.



THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW KEEP THEIR BREATH SWEET WITH **LISTERINE**

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. **LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.**

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)





● THE TRUE, GRIPPING STORY OF ONE GIRL'S ENTRANCE INTO MARRIAGE

"The man I had just sworn to love placed a wedding ring on my finger and took me in his arms. His lips reached my lips and succeeded in brushing my cheek as I turned and began to sob. Tears ran down my face because I was frightened, although the friends and relatives who crowded the church thought I wept with joy."

Thus begins "Why My Honeymoon Was Tragic", the starkly honest and vividly illuminating story of a girl whose marriage was nearly ruined by the malign influences of puritanism and emotional poisoning that surrounded her girlhood. Told graphi-

cally and dramatically in her own words, it will grip you from the very beginning.

Not only a great story but because of its intimately revealing nature, a great life lesson, it may easily save thousands of other girls and young women the anguish and heartache that this girl endured before she discovered her solution to the problem of happy marriage. By all means begin it today in the big July issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE now on sale!

• • • • •

No matter what your personal problem may be, PHYSICAL CULTURE, the absorbing personal problem magazine is sure to point the way to its solution. Below are a few of the twenty-eight vital, helpful features which constitute the contents of PHYSICAL CULTURE for July.

OTHER FEATURES IN THE BIG JULY ISSUE

Why Sex Crimes Increase, a revealing discussion of a rising tide of menace to women and children by Edward Doherty—Ginger Rogers' Health Way to Womanly Charm by Adela Rogers St. Johns—Streamline your Face by Madame Sylvia—How Much Can You Influence the Sex of the Unborn

by Amram Scheinfeld—Beautiful Baby Page—Daintiness First for Feminine Attractiveness by Carol Cameron—Control Kidney Disease by Diet by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Women Think Faster Than Men by Daniel Mann and many other helpful and entertaining features.



This young gentleman is an ideal example of the Physical Culture baby.



JULY Physical Culture

Get your copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE today at any newsstand or use the introductory offer coupon.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

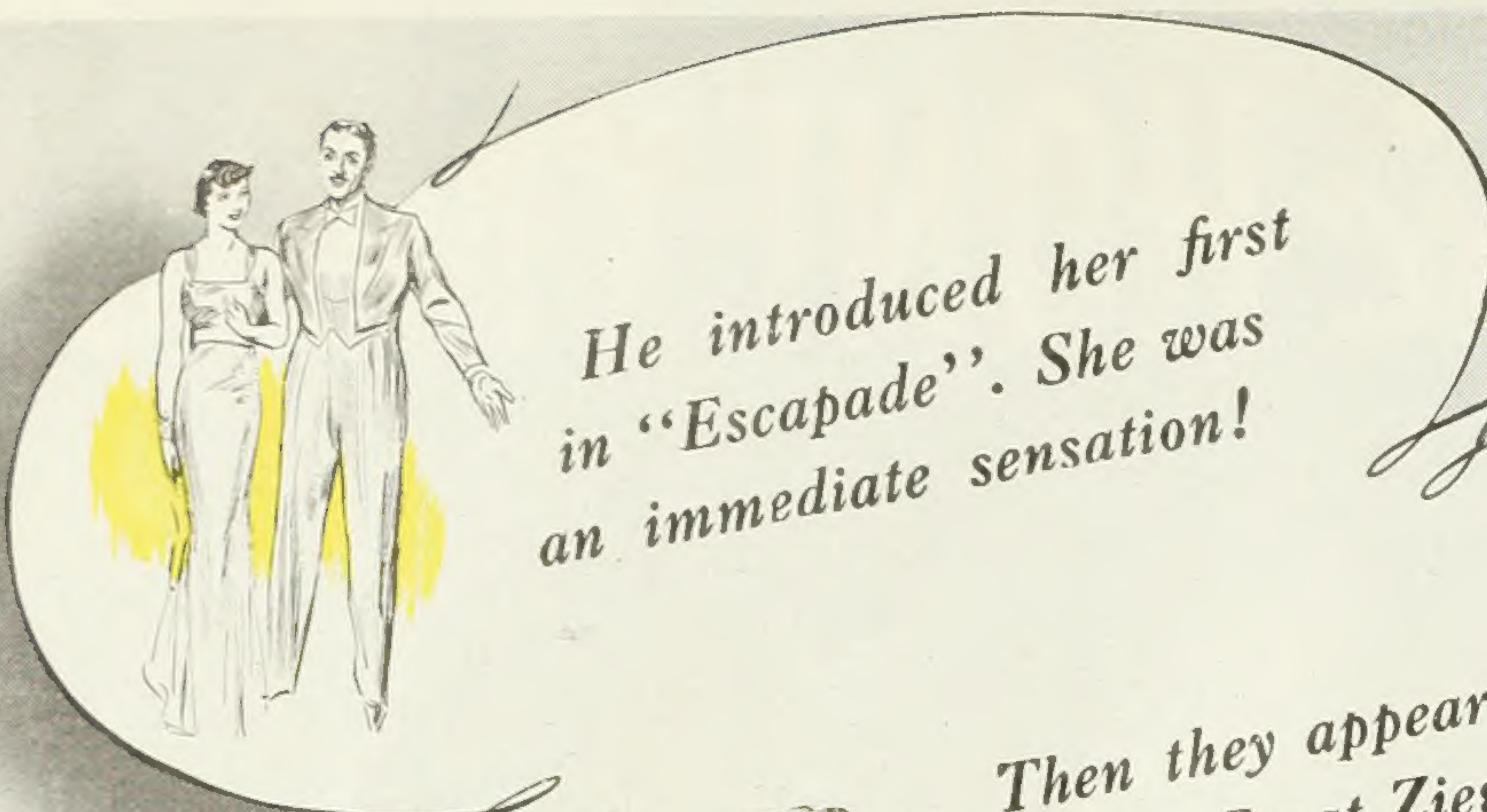
PH. 7-37

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please enter my name to receive Physical Culture magazine for 5 issues beginning with the July issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



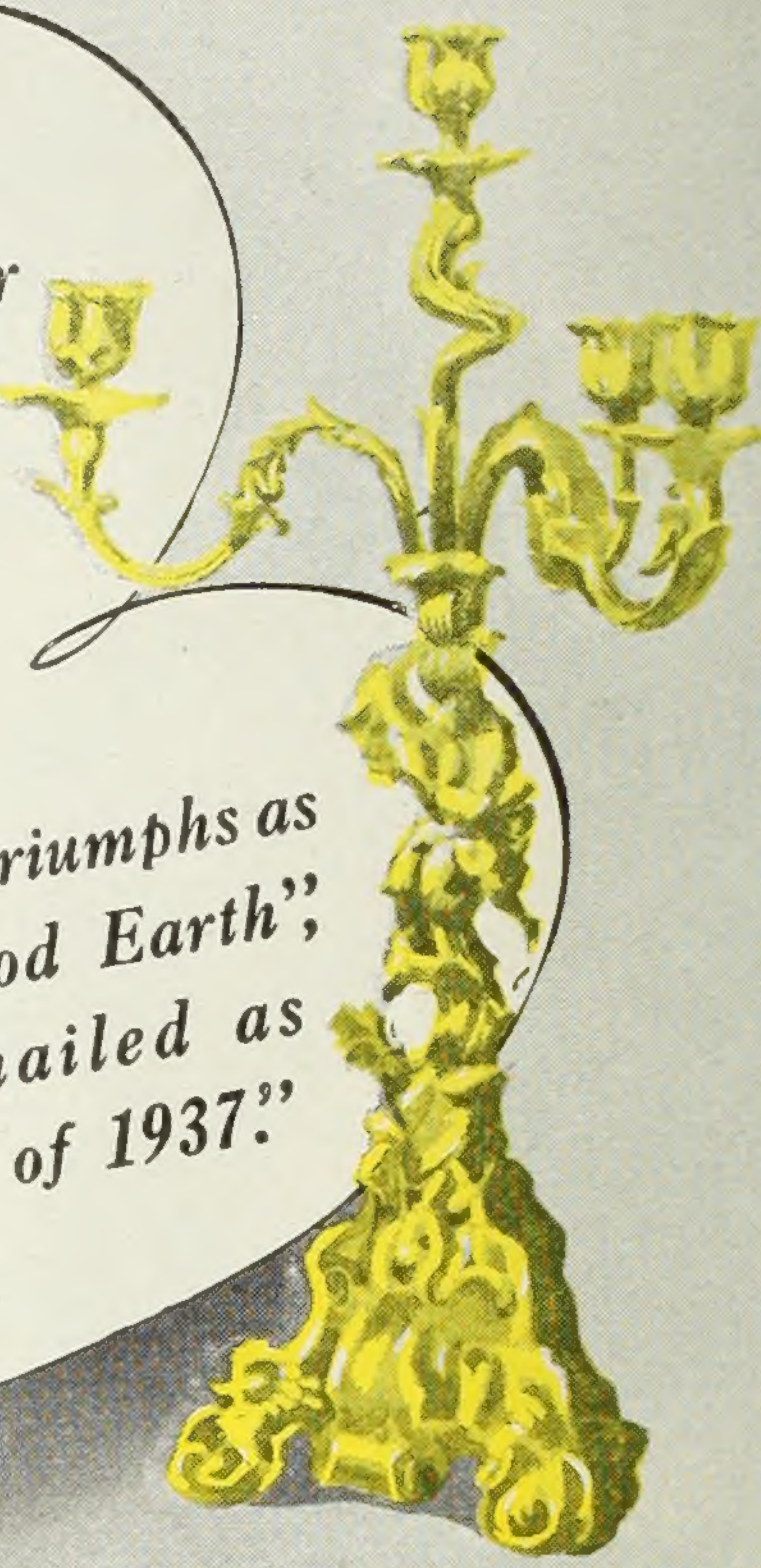
He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!



Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!



Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937."



You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!

William
POWELL • RAINER
Luise
The Emperor's Candlesticks
with **ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**
FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by **GEORGE FITZMAURICE** • Produced by **JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.**





Photoplay

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

highlights
of this issue

Motion Pictures Can Replace Text Books	Bernarr Macfadden	11
What Really Happened to Me in Spain	Errol Flynn	12
Joan Marches on—Alone!	Gretchen Messer	16
<i>The youngest Bennett sends an exclusive message</i>		
Party After a Preview		18
Play Opening in Movietown		19
Do Their Husbands Mind?	Jack Smalley	20
Palm Springs—Playground of the Stars	Faith Baldwin	22
The Life Story of a Problem Child—Part I	Howard Sharpe	29
<i>Tyrone Power III—He knows all the answers</i>		
A Star Is Born Again	Kent Bailey	36
<i>A Cinderella story with Janet Gaynor in the lead</i>		
Hoodlums at Home	Kirtley Baskette	38
<i>The private lives of those mad Marxes</i>		
Who's in Whose Hair	Dorothy Manners	42
<i>A preview of the famous Hollywood feuds</i>		
Meet Humphrey Bogart	Katherine Albert	44
Just Ginger!		46
Enchantment in Hollywood	Achmed Abdullah	53
Fashions in Femininity		54
<i>Will Gypsy Rose Lee start a new trend?</i>		
Fred Is Fun	Johnny Green	58
<i>An old friend tells on Fred Astaire</i>		
Charm Is Self-Made	Madame Sylvia	64
Molly, Bless Her—Part II	Frances Marion	66
<i>The story soon to be screened</i>		
Fashion Letter for July	Kathleen Howard	79
Swim Suits		80
No More Impulses	Dora Albert	82
<i>Sylvia Sidney has learned a lesson</i>		

news, views,
and reviews

Ask the Answer Man		4
Boos and Bouquets		5
Close Ups and Long Shots		9
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood		32
Hollywood on the Air	Jim Newton	40
We Cover the Studios	James Reid	55
The Shadow Stage		60
Photoplay Fashions	Kathleen Howard	69
Hat Fashions		84
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		87
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue		122
Addresses of the Stars		126

On the Cover—Jeanette MacDonald, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: \$2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. \$2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries \$3.50. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

VOL. LI., No. 7, JULY, 1937



Handsome Don Ameche never would have been an actor if it hadn't been for an automobile accident! He wears a mustache in his new picture, "Love Under Fire"—like it?

Ask
THE ANSWER MAN

BECAUSE Don Ameche is utterly frank and unaffected, you won't find any trumped up coat of arms in his ancestral background. His father came from Italy in the steerage, worked in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, finally saved up enough money to buy a saloon in Kenosha, Wisconsin, where Don was born into a large family (there were eight little Amiches). After the usual public schooling, the young man decided to be a lawyer. With this goal in mind he went to college; in fact he went to four colleges, Wisconsin, Marquette, Georgetown and Columbia, but by this time the idea was beginning to penetrate that perhaps it would be a long hard grind before he could hang out his shingle. College, however, brought him luck. There he met Honore Prendergast whom he subsequently married; and there he got his first chance to go on the stage. The star of a stock company was injured in an automobile accident. Frantically the company went looking for a leading man for the matinee, and though Don had only had amateur experience he was chosen. He was so good they offered him a permanent job, and he started on the road to success, though he didn't know it then.

Stock jobs got scarce after a year, so he tried his hand at radio. The first program he appeared on was called "Empire Builders," later he became the singing star of the "Grand Hotel" and "First Nighter" programs over a national hook-up. He has a fine baritone voice, as perhaps you remember if you heard him on the radio, but he seldom gets to use it in pictures.

Don's Hollywood began with the usual rush airplane trip from Chicago because a talent

scout lurking in the broadcasting studio thought Don had what it takes. He was signed for one picture, the tragic "Sins of Man" with Jean Hersholt, in which Ameche played the dual rôle of two brothers. It won him a long-term contract with 20th Century. Since then he has played in "Ramona," "Ladies in Love," "One in a Million," "Love Is News" and "Fifty Roads to Town."

If you like your statistics, Don was born March 31, 1908, is one-half inch short of six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. He has two little sons, one two and the other four. His favorite outdoor sport is swimming. His favorite indoor sport is poker. His favorite book is his bankbook.

P. A., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—You are right, "The Garden of Allah" was made before—in 1927—but of course it was a silent picture, and not in color. The principal rôles were played by another lovely blonde, Alice Terry, as *Domini* and Ivan Petrovich, a young Russian actor, played *Boris*. The picture was filmed in Italy by Rex Ingram, Alice Terry's husband.

ELAINE THOMAS, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—"Sally, Irene and Mary" was made in 1925 bringing to fame three little girls who were practically unheard of then, Joan Crawford as *Irene*, Constance Bennett as *Sally*, and Sally O'Neill as *Mary*. Now Darryl Zanuck is planning to remake the picture with the same director, Edmund Goulding. Who knows but that three new unknowns will jump to stardom over night.

ALBERT LEATHER, AUBURN, N. Y.—You can

look forward to a new series of "Tarzan" pictures, but M-G-M will not make them, nor will Johnny Weissmuller play the Ape Man. Johnny would like to do straight modern rôles for a change. RKO will do the series this time with Glenn Morris as *Tarzan*. Glenn is no slouch when it comes to being a strong man. He is the Decathlon champion of the world (running, putting the shot, high jumps, etc.). He won the award at the 1936 Olympics. Glenn is a graduate of Colorado State College, is six feet tall, weighs 194 pounds.

NELLIE LALLEY, PLANKINTON, S. DAKOTA.—The principal outdoor locations used in "The Plainsman" were sites near Pole Mountain, Wyoming, and Birney, Montana. At the latter location DeMille used 1,000 Cheyenne Indians from the reservation there. The Deadwood, South Dakota, saloon where *Wild Bill Hickok* was shot was built in Hollywood. It is an exact replica of the original. Mr. DeMille found an eye-witness to the actual shooting, Captain Jim Moore, and thus was able to reconstruct it on the screen. Jean Arthur made love to Gary Cooper once before in pictures—in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

PHOEBE KEPLER, ALTADENA, CALIFORNIA.—"Wings of the Morning" was the English-speaking debut of that lovely French actress, Annabella. She was born in Paris on July 14th (Bastille Day), 1912, came to Hollywood a few years ago to make French versions of pictures, but went back to Europe after a few months. Her real name is Anne Charpentier and she is married to the actor, Jean Murat. Having a passion for Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "Annabelle Lee," she was inspired to change her name for stage purposes. A natural beauty with golden brown hair and eyes, she made such a hit in "Wings of the Morning" that you can expect to see her back in Hollywood any day. In the meantime she is working in another English picture, "Under the Red Robe," with Conrad Veidt.

NATALIE GRIPCEVICH, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Glenda Farrell uses her own name. She was born in Enid, Oklahoma, June 30, 1905. She is five feet three and one half inches tall, weighs 114 pounds. Greta Garbo whose real name is Greta Gustafsson was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1905. She is five feet six and weighs normally 122 pounds.

Carole Lombard, formerly Jane Peters, (she had her name changed legally last year) was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on October 6, 1909. She is five feet two and weighs 112 pounds. You'll be glad to hear that her next picture will be in Technicolor, to show how really lovely she is.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to

The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.



FIRST PRIZE—\$15.00

THE WINNER!

THIS idea of realism in films that fans are always harping about is just so much bunk. No realism for me, please. I have too much of that; always have had. I'd rather be fed on fantasies and fables, wafted along through literally a fairy-land than to have movies come down to earth and on the same plane as we ordinary mortals.

I'm a stenographer. Live in a cramped little apartment, shared with two other girls, similar wage earners. We press a button and presto! there's Lucy's bed. Mine has to be shoved against the wardrobe closet. We skimp and save for two weeks, walk to and from work to save carfare and eat drugstore sandwiches at noon, just to be able to buy a frilly blouse or a pair of suède shoes, and a presentable evening gown is something that happens once in a lifetime. Shows are a treat the boy friend has to provide.

Realism! I hope not! Thirty-five cents of hard-earned cash for something that's all too familiar to us . . . slender budgets, one room apartments, cooking over a gas jet, shiny serge suits, runs in our hose. NEVER! Let Adrian design his scrumptious creations! Let working girls romp through their scenes with smiles instead of frowns. Glamour with a capital "G" is what we want and we don't care how lavishly it's dished out. All too soon we emerge from our cinema thrills, but until the stroke of twelve we are carefree happy Cinderellas.

BUDA BRONSON,
Ronceverte, W. Va.

The answer to the Cinderellas' wish: perhaps the glamorous Dietrich in the forthcoming picture, "Angel."

. . . is Joan Davis, who brings on an acute attack of laughter with her ridiculous burlesque rumba in "Wake Up and Live." Joan, you remember, was the comedienne in "The Holy Terror" who made a practice of hitting herself on the chin and falling over the scenery. Another Zanuck discovery on the way up!

SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

BOUQUETS TO BARRYMORE

My bouquet of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers is for one whose face is not new, but well-beloved; not handsome, perhaps, but etched in the finer beauty of laughter, tears and understanding; in whose honest eyes the flashing fire of youth has softened to the gentle light of tender memory; whose figure is no longer stalwart, but bowed beneath the weight of years and pain, but which will always walk its lone way with quiet dignity and pride; to one who can look back upon his work and call it good; whose genius has created unforgettable characters that will live as long as his name is spoken.

To Lionel Barrymore, troupier and gentleman, I offer, with genuine admiration and deep respect, my little tribute.

WILLIE MAE JACKSON,
Columbia, Tenn.

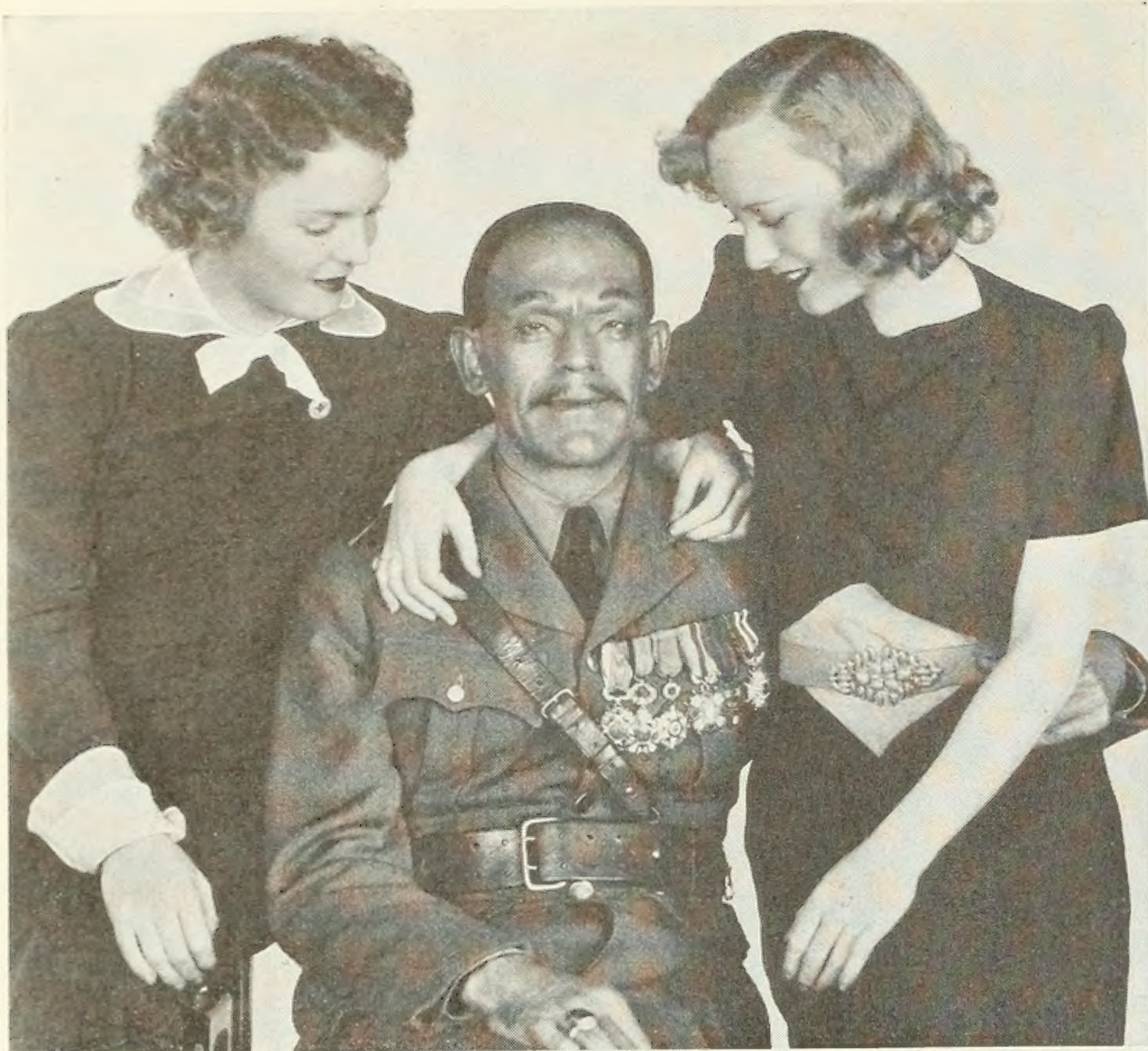


On April 28th, the eldest of the Barrymores celebrated his 59th birthday, was given a surprise party on the set at M-G-M by Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. This superb actor was born in Philadelphia, made his stage debut at the age of five.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5.00

A KING—NOT COMMON CLAY!

"He came, We saw, He conquered" is the simple tale of a young man's triumph—the triumph of that handsome, debonair charmer from across the seas, Fernand Gravet.



The most interesting MAKE-UP of the month

... belongs to famed bogey-man, Boris Karloff, shown here with Beverly Roberts and Sheila Bromley, made up for his rôle as a Chinese bandit in Warners' "The Adventures of Fang." Karloff suffered for his art by having his own eyebrows shaved off—but realism at any price!

\$1.00 PRIZE

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

William Powell and a long cool drink are practically synonymous terms at this point. It's hard to picture that well-known comedian without a bent elbow and a thirsty glint in his eye—and somehow the image

isn't as sidesplitting as it was when he reached for his first glass. In fact it's rather a sorry thought to contemplate—that a portrayal of a state of almost perpetual drunkenness constitutes the sole characterization of one of the most outstanding actors in Hollywood.

Certainly there are other ways of portraying comedy, and William Powell ought to be given a chance to prove it.

ELSIE DENTON,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FLYNN CUTS A FINE FIGURE

The photograph of Errol Flynn in a recent PHOTOPLAY is grand. He certainly is an heroic-looking figure of a man, and fits into those adventurous rôles perfectly.

Mr. Flynn was good in "Captain Blood," he was fine in "Light Brigade," and even better in "Green Light." It is quite refreshing also to see a star who does not "hog" the camera—who is not afraid to let his fellow-players get the proper share of attention. I noticed several scenes in "Green Light" where Flynn turned his face away and allowed the other person to be in the spotlight.

Errol has not made any great attempt to be a great lover, praise be! But nevertheless he is a romantic figure. It is certain that any picture that he appears in will be in good taste, intelligent, and excellently acted, because those qualities belong to Errol Flynn.

ELLEN BARKDULL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

From the moment his magnetic personality shone forth from the screen in "The King and the Chorus Girl," his success as a winner of the hearts of America's fair sex was assured. Who could possibly resist those flashing dark eyes with their humorous glint, that ingratiating smile and attractive speaking voice with its delightful inflection? He has the good looks plus a sense of humor—a truly devastating combination. And the man can act too.

He's back in La Belle France now, but I'm hoping for myself and probably a lot of other girls that he has a return ticket to Hollywood.

W. W. CASTLE,
New York, N. Y.

Potent Frenchman Gravel Anglicized the pronunciation of his name (Grah-vay) as he did not wish to be confused with a meat sauce. He will return in the fall to Warners for a new picture.

\$1.00 PRIZE

GARBO TOO GUTTURAL

Garbo's performance in "Camille" was, to my mind, the worst piece of acting I have seen in a long time. And this was a great disappointment, for Garbo has long been one of my favorite actresses, and I had hoped that she would give us the greatest "Camille" of all time. Her portrayal of the tragic lady of the Camellias was just a series of guttural sounds interspersed with a few coughs. I certainly cannot understand the critics' praise of her, especially when one reviewer went so far as to say that the performances of Duse and Bernhardt did not even remotely match Garbo's interpretation.

Garbo has played Garbo so long that she has forgotten how to play anything else. I for one would have wished for a little less Garbo and a little more Marguerite.

MORRIS WINSHIP,
New York, N. Y.

Perhaps the Swedish actress herself thinks she has played tragedies too long. Her next picture after "Marie Walewska" (who was one of Napoleon's lady loves) will be a modern comedy, which will allow Garbo to bring to her fans the gay humor and subtle wit that have been glimpsed occasionally in her former rôles.

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

Actor Flynn likes his real-life adventures to have scientific aspects. On his recent trip to Madrid (where he made headlines by being struck with falling plaster during a bombing raid) he was accompanied by Dr. Herman Erben, noted anthropologist, who was a perfect companion for Writer Flynn in his search for thrills at the front. Be sure and read Flynn's own exciting story on page 12.

\$1.00 PRIZE

THANK YOU, MR. MACFADDEN

Having read Bernarr Macfadden's article in the April PHOTOPLAY, I want to add my plea for the time when the film ladies will all gain ten pounds. There are, of course, exceptions. Jean Harlow looks as though she ate a meal or two. Her smash hit in "Hell's Angels" several years ago was certainly due to the fact that she had a lovely figure and the things she did to it, rather than the strength of her acting ability. But in "Love Is News" Loretta Young showed her beautiful costumes off with the shape of a school girl. Mr. Macfadden's choice in naturalness and beauty went to Sonja Henie, but to me the loveliest star is Myrna Loy. When I saw her in "After the Thin Man" I couldn't help comparing her to the starved and painted beauties, and Miss Loy most decidedly benefited by the comparison. I wish to thank Mr. Macfadden for bringing up a subject that needs remedying.

PATRICIA SLOAN,
Chicago, Ill.

Reader Sloan's favorite is five feet five, weighs 115 pounds; shapely Miss Harlow is five feet three, weighs 112 pounds.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SPEAKING OF ACTORS —

In my opinion Paul Muni has contributed more to the screen than any other actor. He has injected power and virility into an art greatly in danger of becoming effeminate; yet his technique is so subtle that it does not fail to impress the most discriminating intellectuals. He combines the sensitivity of Leslie Howard with the realistic punch of Wallace Beery. Thus both the highly educated mind, seeking inspiration, and the plainest movie fan, seeking diversion, find in him the answer to their cinematographic prayers.

B. C. WASHBURN,
Memphis, Tenn.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences at their annual meeting on March 4th awarded actor Muni the prize for his work in "The Story of Louis Pasteur" as the best performance of 1936. He is now portraying another famous Frenchman in "The Life of Emile Zola."

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS

Since "Cavalcade" we have been given a seemingly endless procession of films which glorify British history, heroism, manners and morals. All of which pictures were fine entertainment, of commendable purpose and generally accurate historically.

But why can't producers portray American history in the same manner? Why can't we have more pictures like D. W. Griffith's "America" of a dozen years ago, or those other splendid silent films, "Old Ironsides," "The

Pony Express." Such films are of immense educational and entertainment value.

EARL ALAN JOHNSON,
Altoona, Pa.

Flag-waving reader Johnson has evidently missed the recent "Plainsman," DeMille's glittering glorification of painted Indians, gun-toting pioneers and covered wagons; "The Gorgeous Hussy," Joan Crawford's romanticizing of Andrew Jackson's set-up at the White House; and the current "Maid of Salem," with Claudette Colbert hiding her curls under a demure Puritan cap.

SUFFERS FROM TAYLOR-ITIS!

Who controls your publicity, Robert Taylor? Why so much emphasis on romance? Every other picture we see of you shows Barbara Stanwyck. The rest show you in company of prominent people, Hollywood and otherwise. We know they are trying to build you up into the great "luver," but it is tiresome to see nothing but Bob and Barbara. Hit the High Spots, Why Bob and Barbara Won't Wed, etc. In other words, we are getting tired of this Bob and his girl hooley. Loosen up! Let a few pictures at least show Bob Taylor as he is, not Taylor the ladies' man. Prove to us you are a real guy, and that there's something in your life besides night life and dames. We know there is, so why not let us know about it?

R. HASSELROOTH,
Eugene, Oregon.

A TRIPLE THREAT MAN!

People continually marvel at Robert Taylor's amazing rise to stardom in one year, but I think [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

**"WHY CAN'T I
MAKE ANY TIME
WITH BILL?"**

**THEN DOT
FOUND
OUT
WHY,
AND**

I KNOW BILL LIKED ME DOWN AT THE BEACH. SINCE WE'VE BEEN HOME - HE'S CHANGED

I THINK I KNOW WHY - WOULD YOU MIND IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL?

I'M GLAD SALLY GAVE ME THAT HINT ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS. ME FOR LUX! IT TAKES AWAY ODOR, SAVES COLORS, SALLY SAID

LUX

Now BILL'S DEVOTED

GOSH, DOT, CAN'T YOU BREAK IT? A DAY'S TOO LONG IF I DON'T SEE YOU!

Avoid Offending ...

-for undies

SOME GIRLS are always losing out on friendships—especially with men. Though attractive generally, they offend others in that one unforgivable way—through perspiration odor in underthings.

Popular girls never risk offend Luxing underthings after wearing whisks away every trace of perspiration odor.

Lux has none of the harsh alkali found in many ordinary soaps that may fade color or wear things out. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

WHAT THEY WHISPER
TO EACH OTHER THEY
MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these
real-life sweethearts
achieve their true great-
ness in the most impor-
tant story either one has
ever had . . . their fire
and power given full
scope for the first time!

*A love supremely
courageous and
unashamed . . . that
shook the nation in
its highest places
... that was fated
to happen!*

ROBERT BARBARA
TAYLOR-STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

in his most powerful role
and

BRIAN DONLEVY • JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN • ROBERT McWADE
SIDNEY BLACKMER • FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Gay songs...love songs...songs of emotion
by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel



20th Century-
Fox, maker of hits,
presents another of its
entertainment achieve-
ments . . . in the mood
of great romance . . .
with the thrill of
mighty drama!

CLOSE UPS AND

LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

WRITE this with one foot on the gang-plank ready to sail for Europe, to see the Coronation and visit the English movie studios . . . so if this dash of Close Ups and Long Shots sounds as though I had an acute case of jitters it will be only too accurate . . . going away, however, is a fine rowdy-dow . . . it pulls so many things into perspective

Take the pictures I've seen this month . . . "A Star is Born" is definitely the finest color picture, the most accurate reflection of the real Hollywood and the finest acted production I've ever seen . . . to me, good acting is not acting that makes you conscious of the performance . . . I don't like to be aware, as I always am with Charles Laughton, for instance, that the actor is

going to town . . . I like to live with the character throughout the picture with no awareness of who is playing the rôle until it's all over . . . I did this with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in "A Star is Born" . . . Geepers, how real they were . . . But then I'm a Gaynor fan from way back . . . it's not fashionable in critical circles (up to now) to say little Janet is a consummate actress . . . but I've always thought she was

I've never understood why playing disagreeable or eccentric people labeled you great . . . it seems obviously so much harder to play a perfectly normal heroine, as Janet has been all her career, and yet make her interesting

Weird, though, what a lot of difference casting makes even with fine actors . . . Fredric March in "A Star is Born," relieved of those eternal costume rôles of his, becomes a charming human being . . . Loretta Young, tagging up "Love Is News" with "Cafe Metropole," emerges as a real girl, with beauty and allure, instead of the frigid clothes horse her other releases have always made her

IT'S tricks like knowing how to present a star which make smart producers and millions of dollars . . . the Hollywood would-be-wise guys mutter, "What a gamble Selznick took with Gaynor, what a gamble



Smart showman Darryl Zanuck takes unknowns, casts them in top-notch productions and rarely loses. Newcomers Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power are but two who have made good under this human dynamo



Little Gaynor comes back to brilliant glory, Freddie March doffs costumes and dons charm, while Selznick proves again he's right in the Technicolor smash, "A Star is Born"

Zanuck took with Young and Power and Henie" . . . it's all pretty silly . . . Selznick and Zanuck took no gamble . . . they were merely intelligent . . .

Consider the gamble Darryl Zanuck took with Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power . . . about as much of a gamble as collecting the interest on money you have saved . . . admittedly Henie wasn't known to movie goers nor was Power when Zanuck put them in top spots . . . but he took young Power and the scintillating Henie and put them in productions so good that, even if they, individually, had not been up to what he expected, the pictures themselves would have survived . . .

If you doubt this, note what he did in "Road to Glory" . . . he sandwiched June Lang in between Freddie March and Warner Baxter in a thrilling story in such a way that if the girl had possessed the Henie flare she, too, would be a star now . . . little Miss Lang wasn't quite ready for that big break so she was retired gracefully to less conspicuous rôles and is getting the careful training she needs . . . this was handled so adroitly that few people noticed the experiment and "Road to Glory" was a most successful picture regardless of its purpose having missed fire . . .

Just so that you won't believe I have gone all gaga this month, anticipating the crowning of George VI, I'll give you my favorite recent Hollywood true story . . .

A new starlet was having her first interview . . . the interviewer was having such

a terrible time that she finally got around to stock question No. 122496 . . .

"What is your favorite book?" she inquired . . .

"My favorite book?" wavered the starlet . . .

"Why, you remember, dear," prompted the starlet's mama, who was sitting in on the agony . . . "You remember, dear, the book with the red cover you got for Christmas . . ."

A radiant smile crossed the starlet's lovely face. "That's it, that's it," she cried . . . "That's my favorite book. The book with the red cover . . ."

AND here's another yarn, the nicest kid story of the month . . .

Pat O'Brien tells it about his little daughter, Mavourneen . . . the little girl was being taught by Eloise O'Brien, Pat's pretty wife, to say her prayers . . . what Eloise taught her to say was "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen" . . . they rehearsed it many times, and came the evening when Pat was permitted into the nursery for this big event . . . Mavourneen, kneeling by her cot, flashed a smile up at Pat and just then a great thought struck her . . . she bowed her little yellow head, "In the name of the Daddy, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," she said politely . . .

And with that I quit . . . good-bye for now . . .



Recently the publisher of *PHOTOPLAY* traveled to Hollywood to make the radio presentation of our Gold Medal Award for 1936 to Jeanette MacDonald, star of "San Francisco." Bernarr Macfadden's remarks were highly praised by Will Hays (below) and many others; we present his words on this page

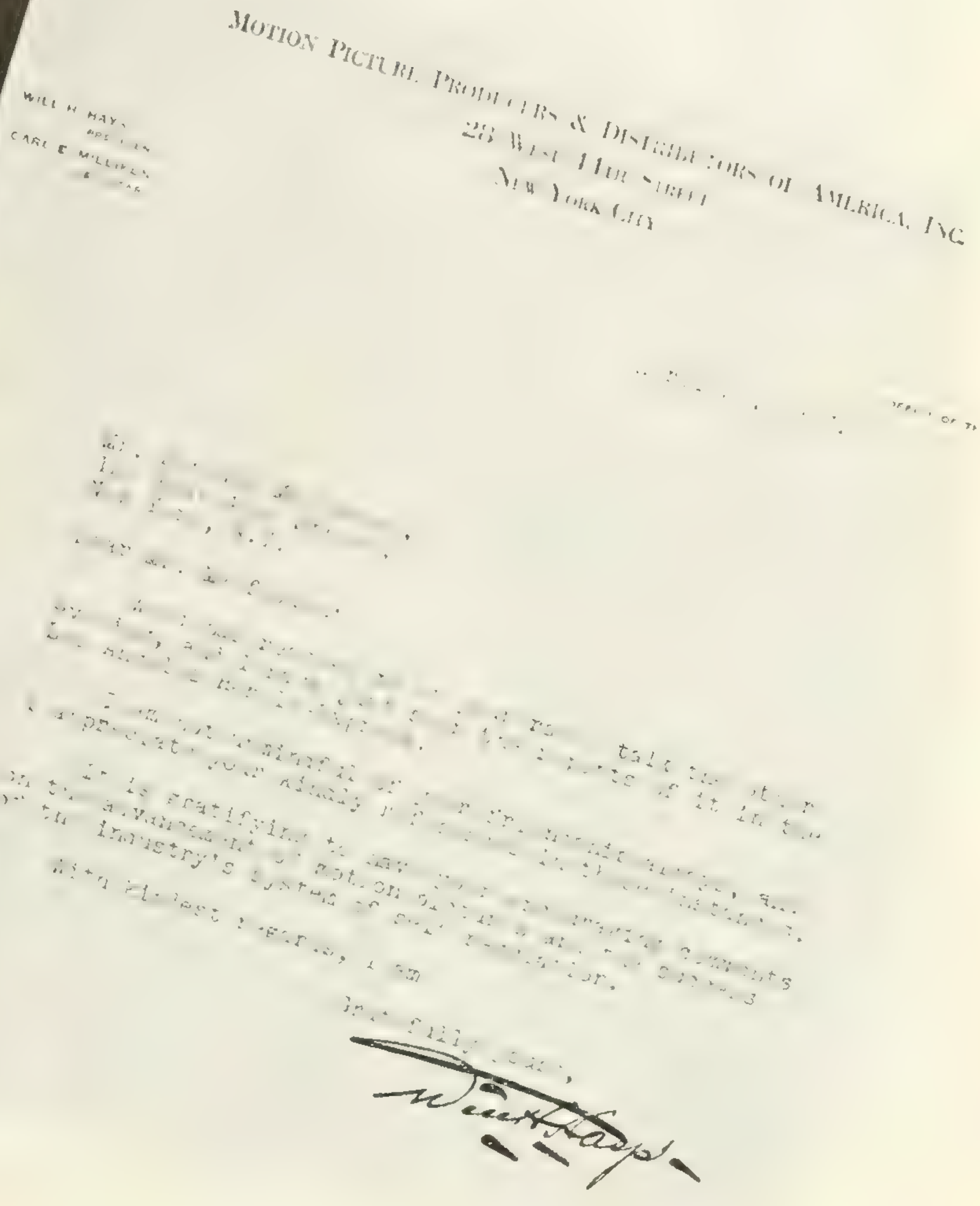
MOTION PICTURES CAN REPLACE *Text Books*

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE revolutionary development of motion pictures in the last few years staggers the imagination. They have grown into a business of colossal magnitude. Millions of our people look for entertainment every day in the motion picture theaters. They have replaced the theaters of long ago, and as a form of amusement they have no rival. Because of their immense popularity, authors, directors, and officials are assuming extraordinary responsibilities. They have the power to build up or tear down human character. The heroes and heroines of today are found in the stars, who represent the characters presented in the movies.

Our great actors and actresses of former years—Booth, Barrett, Bernhardt, Maude Adams, and scores of others—have been replaced by Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, William Powell and other stars of equal magnitude—though we should not forget Shirley Temple!

The outstanding influence of the movies in moulding human character is well understood. The young people of the country automatically try to shape their lives to harmonize with the ideals which they absorb from the heart-moving stories presented in the movies. Careers can be made or unmade. Morals can be elevated or otherwise through this influence. Will Hays, the former Postmaster General, who is responsible for the self-regulating system that the movie organizations have adopted deserves unlimited credit for his wise guidance.



The movie business generally is to be congratulated upon the high character of many of the pictures which have recently been produced. Their officials have demonstrated that what is termed "high-class" pictures, supposed to be above the taste of the masses, can be made profitable at the box office

BUT notwithstanding the huge character of the present movie investments, much greater possibilities face it in the future. There is an educational influence of an unusual character in the dramatic stories that are now presented, but in the educational field itself—in our schools and colleges—motion pictures will some day replace a large number, if not all, of our textbooks!

Education can thus be made intensely interesting—as much or more so than the picture shows, which now so strongly appeal to the youth of our land. Dry lessons will then become keenly interesting stories, and we can well imagine the rapidity with which knowledge can be absorbed under such circumstances. Going to school then will be just a lot of fun, as keenly interesting as the football field of today!

"San Francisco," the picture which has won *PHOTOPLAY* Magazine's award for 1936, has set a high standard, upon which it will be difficult to improve, but we must acknowledge, that the amazing changes, made for the better in motion pictures in the last few years, is a source of universal comment.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO ME IN

Spain

PHOTOPLAY is happy to give the first and only account of the terrifying but fascinating experience of this famous actor-author. Told in his own vivid style, Errol Flynn reveals his latest adventure in a life that is already crammed with thrills



Scores of American lads, interested in anybody's scrap, have joined the Spanish armies. It's adventure to them



Passes were difficult to wangle but Flynn and his friend, Dr. Erben, succeeded in reaching the front

I AM quite dead.

I am quite a bit surprised about it, too. Struck me all of a heap, so to speak, when I found out about it. For three weeks I've had to argue with people—try to prove that I'm not some new kind of a zombie. The best authorities between Madrid and Hollywood have all concurred that I'm not. I don't exist—I got killed. And, what's more, they seem to have a cheated look when I show up and start talking.

When I crossed back into France from Spain, a little rolly-poll French reporter gazed at me indignantly.

Mais M'sieur est mort! I have written so! All over the world M'sieur is dead and now M'sieur returns alive!"

He was really quite wrought up about it and somehow I felt I owed him an apology. I suppose I really should have been dead, but when you get right down to it, I just didn't feel like leaving this vale of tear gas bombs at the moment—the last few weeks had been too crammed with action and excitement. The events leading up to my extremely sad death were more than a bit exciting in themselves.

When Jack Warner said I could have eight weeks off, I left so fast he couldn't change his mind, grab a phone and

have me back for portrait stills. Somehow, I couldn't imagine the publicity department following me into the front line trenches of a nice healthy war. It makes publicity men and producers very nervous to be shot at. So I picked on Spain for a few weeks' rest and quiet.

ARRIVING in Spain, I felt I was right back in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." After having passed through better than fifty "Committees," I arrived at the famous old Grand Via Hotel in Madrid. "Committees," incidentally, are small patrols of men, armed to the teeth, who examine your credentials while their rifle muzzles probe at your fifth rib. You may have the right papers, but they always look at you as though you stole them.

I was glad of the comparative peace of the hotel and immediately took a nice, cheap room on the third floor with a lovely view.

At nine-thirty the next morning, I found out why it was so cheap. If you've spent the last twenty hours riding over shell-pitted roads at eighty m.p.h., you rather like to lie abed for a while the next morning, so I was in no mood for levity

All the photographs on these and the following two pages were taken exclusively for PHOTOPLAY Magazine by Errol Flynn or members of his party

By ERROL FLYNN



Less than a mile from the firing line lorries loaded and unloaded soldiers weary from all-night sniping



Gay, bright buildings that once knew laughter and music and song are now nothing more than shambles

when awakened by a sibilant whoooshing, followed by a loud crash. I muttered something about somebody please let the dogs out and I tried to get back to sleep. At that moment, there came another loud whooosh-bang, and I was suddenly uncomfortably aware that I wasn't back in Hollywood, so it couldn't be the dogs.

I opened a tentative eye and peered through the window. A few yards away, bathed in the morning sunlight, stood the huge Telephone Building. But something was wrong with it. It had holes in it. Large, gaping holes. And from one of them, dust, bricks and debris were at that moment still falling. I was pondering this unusual phenomenon when, directly overhead, another whoooshing sound approached, banged off and there, before my eyes, was still another brand new hole in the Telephone Company's lovely building.

I rose and left my bed rapidly.

In fact, I didn't even wait for the elevator. My pal, Doctor Erben, and I swooped down three flights of stairs with an ease that would drive a trapeze artist to an early, brooding grave. Arriving in the lobby, we wrapped ourselves in bathrobes and dignity and approached the clerk.

"Buenos dias," he smiled. "I trust that you have slept well and are over your fatigue. The accommodations are excellent but, of course, the service—" he shrugged—"La Guerra!"

We agreed that the service was a bit hampered by the good old guerra and that the view was indeed excellent. The clerk expressed polite interest when we informed him that the view had three spanking new holes in it. He glanced at his watch.

"Ah, yes! To be sure! Nine forty-five. It is that way every morning. The enemy warm up their guns with three shells at the Telephone Building every morning. You may return to your rooms now in complete safety. There will be no more local bombardment until tomorrow morning at the same hour—excepting, of course—strays. But they won't be intentional."

Erben cleared his throat and mentioned something about quieter rooms anyway. They could be had, but they cost three times as much. They were in the cellar and the view was very bad. We hastened to assure him that we would readily sacrifice the view of the sorely wounded Telephonica and in a few moments were installed in the crowded but

capacious cellars of the Grand Via Hotel along with dozens of war correspondents, soldiers and Government officials. Off duty, they used the common rooms of the basement for quiet drinks, billiards and a rousing game of dominoes at the table near the furnace. They turned out to be a grand bunch of guys who took life easily and very, very lightly. In their business, they have to!

WITH their help, it was only a few hours before we had our salvo-conductos (safe conduct passes) in order and an armed guide and car driver assigned to us. It is really a strange thing to see an embattled city, under bombardment half the time, continuing its business more or less as usual. The men on the street cars, going to and from their regular work, don't even look up from their daily papers as the shells howl overhead. It wasn't long before we felt much the same way, hardly even turning to look when a twelve-incher split the air. One thing that I never did get over, though, was the chilling and deadly staccato bark of the machine guns.

But all the guns and bombs in Spain only frightened me half as much as Pedro. Pedro was a dark, sleepy-eyed little Spaniard who wore an outsized revolver at the ready even when he went to bed. He piloted us around Madrid and the front sectors with unquenchable ardor. He had a habit of



The midday meal is served from kitchen lorries behind the lines. Never-ending bean stew is the diet

driving at 120 kilometers an hour over bad roads and turning around to the back seat for a friendly chat at the same time. When I add that he had the Spanish habit of talking with his hands, you'll see what I mean.

He must have had an extra eye in the back of his head. I would see a large shell hole dead ahead but would be ashamed to mention it. I'd done that so often before. I'd sit there and feel myself going pale with horror as we roared on towards it, without any slacking in speed. Just as disaster seemed inevitable, Pedro would take a casual glance at the road, see the hole and, with one hand, swerve expertly around it on two wheels and return to the conversation—all without batting an eye. Once, coming back from the Guadalajara front, we heard a plane approaching, looked out and saw a huge tri-motored bomber swooping down over the road. Pedro stepped on it!

If we'd thought we'd been travelling before, we then found out how Pedro could really dynamite along when he put his mind to it. He kept the car careening from side to side to make a more difficult target for the machine gunners above. Just as I was about to feel I'd rather be bombed than drive on like this, Pedro jammed on his brakes. The car immediately turned around twice in its tracks like a top. We wrenched open the doors and dove headlong into a ditch. A few seconds later, the plane roared overhead, a single burst of machine gun fire cutting a neat dotted line down the length

of the automobile. A few minutes later, that same plane dropped hell and fury on an airdrome near Albacite.

Back at the hotel, we really felt the need of a few Malagas with the boys. It was then that we heard tell of one of the war's most fascinating scenes—the front lines at night. We'd been up and all through the University City front in the daytime. The passes were devilish difficult to wangle and we were told that night passes were frankly impossible. We had, however, our night and day passes for the Madrid front proper and, when I caught an answering gleam in Erben's eye, I knew that sooner or later Erben and Flynn would be watching the fireworks at night on the front.

If I'd known what was in store for us then, I have an idea that at least one Irish actor would have gone to his grave without ever having seen the fascinating horror and repellent beauty of spouts of flame belching into a velvet night while the drums of war resounded in a crashing, menacing crescendo.

AS soon as darkness fell, we started. Once outside the hotel, we were stopped every block or two by a "Committee" who suspiciously examined our passes. There are no lights in Madrid at night and you make your way by the aid of extremely dim flashlights. One bright enough to really see by would land its owner in jail at the first corner. The black



With trenches as their background, Flynn and a soldier pose with a live shell picked off the battlefield

silence of the city at night is enough to make your hair stand on end. Very occasionally a dim, firefly-like glow slowly moving down a street will warn you of another pedestrian. Hurriedly, silently, you pass, holding your breath. Suddenly out of nowhere you hear a swift movement, the metallic triple-click of a carbine and a barked command—"Alto!" Believe me, you alto! It isn't healthy to even twitch an eyelid after that blunt order to halt.

A lot of those "Committees" think it saves time to ask the questions afterwards. Slowly, your heart in your mouth, you make your way through the bitterly cold streets. It seemed forever and a day before we reached the limit of the patrols, crawled past the picket line and into the depopulated area just behind the front where night passes don't do you any good.

At that point, it was necessary to slide along, cautiously flattened against walls, ducking into cavernous doorways, squirming over loose piles of incredible filth and debris, guided only by the increasing volume of sound from the firing lines. It must have taken us a full hour to cover a distance of not more than five or six hundred yards—and every yard is indelibly in my memory. Scared? Of course I was! But I wouldn't have missed it for a million, cash in hand! However, the real kick lay ahead.

About the time when I was beginning to think that the rest of my life would be spent flat on my belly crawling, scrambling, running and dodging through impenetrable blackness, a

blackness so dense it made you feel almost dizzy, we came to a corner.

"The Rosales!" whispered Erben.

Once the gayest and proudest plaza of all Madrid, the Rosales is now a shambles of gutted buildings. In place of music, song and laughter, all you hear there now in the line of music is the tenor of machine guns and the bass of heavy artillery.

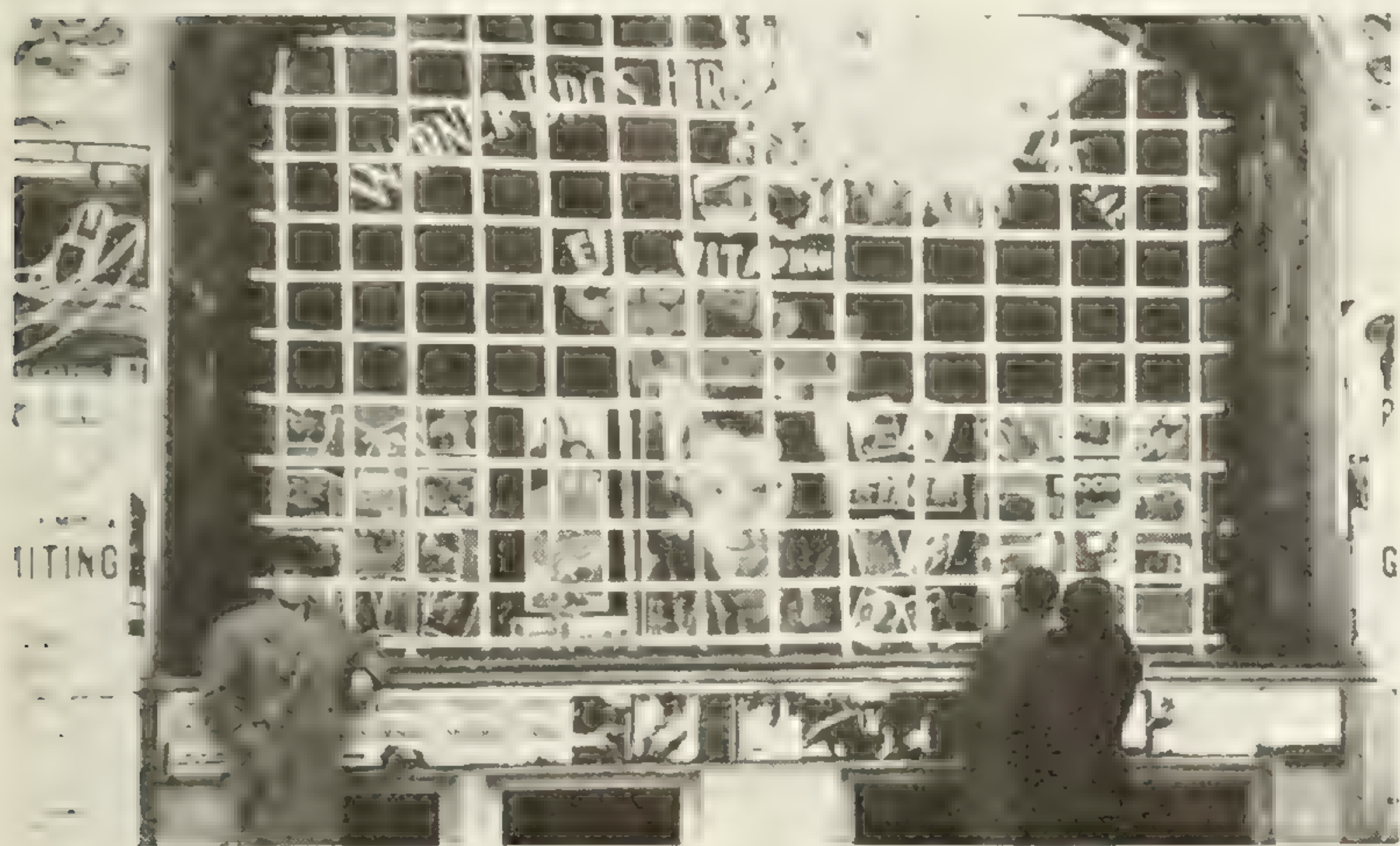
It was impossible to go any further. Although the lines were dead ahead, most of the actual combat was going on about a quarter of a mile down to our right. From where we stood, we could look obliquely along the lines, get a full view of the fighting. Both in sound and vision, the whole scene was a little like a symphony coming up from lulls into arpeggios and rising into earth shaking fortissimos. It was staggering and a bit bewildering to realize that human beings were down there trying to kill and maim men they'd never seen, had nothing against—blindly killing under orders for a cause they hardly understood, if anyone does understand those things at all.

THERE is no cover across the wide Rosales and a few hundred yards away a machine gunner sent blasts of flame and lead whipping across, every few seconds. A little further

I'll never know whether some spontaneous muscular convulsion or the concussion of the shell itself threw us flat, but whatever the agency, it is to that we owe our lives. We landed on the ground, nearly unconscious. The shattered wreck of the wall at our backs was a tottery shield, but it worked. In the split second before I lost consciousness, I heard the sickening sound of shrapnel smacking up against the brick with a sound like fifty eggs cracking on a footpath . . .

When I came to, someone had, I was sure, inserted a singularly unpleasant and painful baseball between my skull and scalp. There were lights all around and I couldn't quite make out if the pearly gates now had Neon signs instead of pearls, or if it were actually the cubicle in the basement of the Grand Via that we had inhabited for a couple of weeks. I was about to make some angry remark to Erben, to stop him from swimming about the ceiling that way, when he lit of his own volition, grinned and asked me how I felt. I told him. I can't tell you—not in print, anyway.

All that had happened, fortunately, was that a large chunk of plaster had been jarred loose from the building by the concussion of the shell. It had dropped like a large sombrero on top of my crown from a height of twenty or thirty feet and laid me out for about four hours. I still get headaches, and I'll be much more careful about walking under ladders in the future!



Warner Bros. in Barcelona advertise Flynn's first hit, "Captain Blood." Paper keeps windows from breaking



A typical Spanish peasant, not unlike Pedro the driver who furnished as many thrills as the battlefield itself

along was the concealed emplacement of large caliber guns firing at minute intervals. Concealed, that is, by day. By night the Rosales is lit up for fifty yards as the orange flash erupts from the muzzle. Almost immediately, from across the valley a couple of kilometers away, would come the answering flash from the opposing artillery position. Nearly a full second would elapse after we saw the flash before hearing the dull boom and then the whine of the shell as it hurtled overhead into the heart of the city.

Erben and I took shelter, such as it was, around the corner of a ruined building, only half of which was left standing. That particular spot had once been heavily contested and blasted into debris, but as far as we knew, no shells had landed there for about two weeks. Therefore, we felt as safe as possible that close to the lines.

We weren't.

Erben had brought along his camera to take some night shots and was just closing up the equipment, preparatory to starting the long squirm back to a drink and a cigarette. I took a last look at the lines. Across the valley, I saw the now familiar flash, waited for the boom and whine.

It came. But this time the whine sounded different. Closer it came. Closer! Paralyzed, I suddenly knew that this one wasn't headed into town. Erben opened his mouth to yell, but no sound issued. The whine became an incredible shriek . . .

AS I started to feel a little more alive, I began to be faintly and modestly proud of my war wounds until my Spanish confreres gazed dispassionately at them in the bar and passed them off as the merest of scratches. Scratch, indeed! It was my head and it hurt like hell!

It wasn't until I got to Paris that someone of the French press told me I had been dead for some days. Naturally, I appreciated the notion and then rushed around to send off much-alive wires to the parents in Ireland and telephone my small French pal in London.

She was so relieved at learning the Master's person was all in one piece, she ran me up a telephone bill which looked in French francs like Einstein's Theory!

By the way, she got a telegram during that period which she insists on having framed.

She says it will serve me as a reminder any time I begin to get the urge to return to the wars.

It's a strange feeling to read a sympathetic little note written about yourself to someone else.

It starts:

"In this hour of your sadness want you to know how we feel for you over the loss of Errol. We feel sure that his death will not . . ."

Try reading one of those sometime when you're feeling war-like!

Personally, I'm settling down to long years of peace!



Marriage marked a turning point in Joan's career. She sparkled with happiness and beauty. She gave out a thrilling new quality of glamour

By GRETCHEN MESSER

FIVE years ago Hollywood's smartest money was bet right on the nose of the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey marriage. It was the surest thing in life that this was the ideal romance. This was the perfect match. This one would last. This was the marriage that would disprove every one of those cryptic, sinister cynicisms to the effect that "no marriage can last in Hollywood."

Now Joan is signing her divorce papers. Gene is living alone in a bachelor apartment. The children, "Ditty" and little Melinda are with their mother—in the home that has been wrecked by Hollywood.

And Hollywood is gloating. It's field day for the scandal-mongers! The blaring, black headlines of an evening "extra" dropped this tidbit into the gaping maw of the gossip clique and now the town is buzzing with all sorts of trumped-up juicy bits.

Strange, isn't it, that when Joan and Gene were married it wasn't "hot news." Not hot enough for the front page. Instead it was recorded conservatively in the second section and more emphasis was placed on the guest list than on the bride and groom because that guest list was so full of what Hollywood terms "celebrities." No it was just another beautiful wedding and that was that. People got married every day or so—so what?

But a divorce! Now there is really something! There must be some good dirt behind that!

On the other hand there is a dull ache in the hearts of the

JOAN MARCHES ON—

alone!

To those on the outside who want the truth—Joan sends this exclusive message, through her best friend, to PHOTOPLAY



With the signing of divorce papers "Ditty" and Melinda remain—in the home Hollywood wrecked. Joan knew almost to the moment when real romance was over—and what's more, why



Gene was inordinately proud of the self-confidence his love had imbued in Joan. She justified his faith in her by giving even finer performances—but thunderclouds were forming

very few people who really know the youngest Bennett. Knowing her, they knew way back in the beginning how completely deserving of great happiness this Joan was. They knew, too, how deeply in love were these two grand people, Joan and Gene. Now, knowing all this, these real friends realize that the very thing which Joan and Gene so loved in each other—unselfishness—has turned out to be the very thing which has torn them apart.

STRANGELY enough, by the time the news of the divorce broke with such a sudden blast over Hollywood Joan and Gene had passed through the worst of their heartbreak. Actually, by that time, these two were calm, collected and resigned. They are not now in the throes of tragic self-reproach or useless hysterics. They are behaving as only thoroughbreds can behave in the face of such bitter disappointments.

Joan isn't giving interviews. She doesn't wish to discuss this thing which is, or should be, of interest only to herself and Gene. But since the outside world seems to feel that she owes it an explanation, she is sending out that explanation in one exclusive message through PHOTOPLAY.

"I suppose it sounds like the same old story," said Joan in a clear, sincere little voice, "but, Gretchen, you ought to know, if anyone, that my divorce proves the rule about careers and marriages not mixing. You know that when Melinda (aged three) was born I didn't want to resume my picture career. It was the first real quarrel Gene and I ever had. But he wanted me to go back on the screen. He seemed to have an intense pride in feeling that with the confidence he knew he had given me in myself, I could go back and make a greater success than I ever had made before. Nothing I could say would convince him otherwise. | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 |

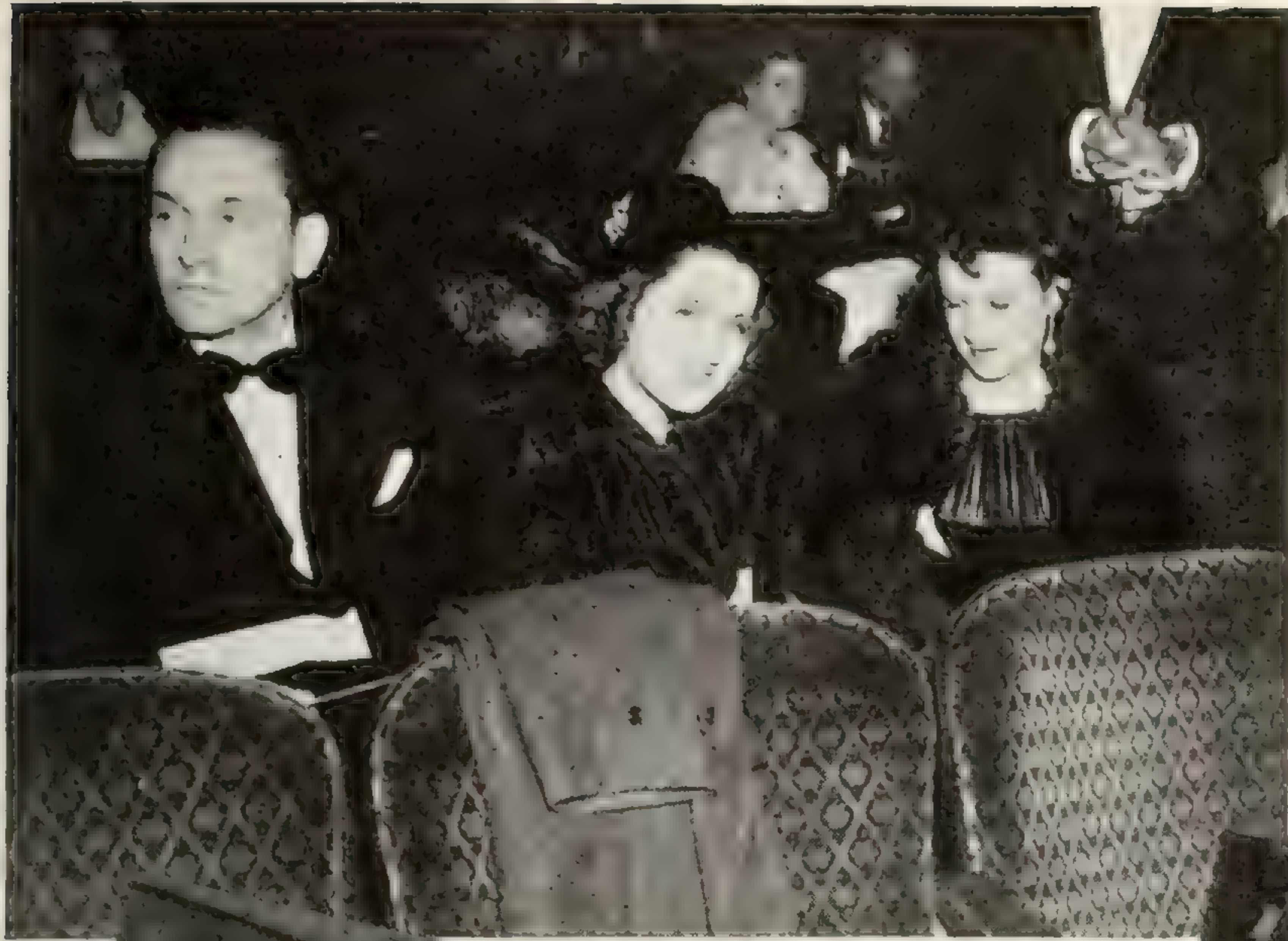
Party

AFTER A PREVIEW

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS
BY HYMAN FINK



At the Troc after "A Star Is Born," David Selznick, the producer, gave a party for Janet Gaynor and Freddie March. Here you'll see a few of the all star guests. See if you can find Freddie, Madeleine Carroll, Sally Eilers, Claudette Colbert. At the left, Janet is obviously happy accepting Selznick's congratulations



PLAY

Opening

IN MOVIE TOWN



When Gregory Ratoff's wife, Eugenie Leontovich, opened in "Tovarich" the whole town turned out! Top, Freddie March and Norma Shearer. Just below them, Mischa Auer greets his public with Mrs. Auer. Beside them are the Dick Powells. Simone Simon came with Bill Wyler; and there's Sophie Tucker far right

DO THEIR HUSBANDS MIND?

"**S**ORRY, sir, but you'll have to leave now, while your wife necks Fred MacMurray . . ."

A bit awkward to have to say that to the husband of a beauteous star, isn't it?

Yet that is actually in the contract between Gladys Swarthout and Paramount. That her husband "is not to be permitted on the set during love scenes," it says right there in black and white.

So, while Miss Swarthout is professionally engaged in accelerating the pulse of the movie hero fortunate enough to have the chance to clasp her close to his breast and kiss her through seventeen "takes," Frank Chapman must stand outside the set. When the red danger light on the door goes off, it's safe for him to enter.

The hero will be off in a corner discreetly removing some red lipstick.

No matter how much movie husbands protest that it's all in the line of duty, more than one has secretly admitted that he's plenty bothered when his wife goes into a torrid love scene with somebody else.

Usually they stay away from the sets and spare their own feelings. Wives are apt to register a guilty air when the camera starts grinding on an intimate scene of modern bundling if friend husbands' anxious off-stage gaze is fixed upon them.

In the case of Frank Chapman, however, he is employed by the studio as musical adviser to his wife, and he has to be on the job. But his lovely wife is contract-bound to order him firmly to leave before he catches her necking, while the studio tactfully gives her an "out" by saying: "This is to save the *male player* embarrassment."

Sometimes you run across a hectic scramble of husbands and wives that is more fun to watch than the movies they are making.

"Pardon me, while I make love to your wife," said Clark Gable to Franchot Tone in "Love on the Run." Then the luckless Tone, playing in the same picture with Joan Crawford, had to stand by while Clark kissed her in a highly incendiary manner.

When Joan Crawford was cavorting with Robert Taylor in "The Gorgeous Hussy," Franchot was working on a near-by stage with Jean Harlow in "Suzy." There was a choice situation, with Franchot right in the middle.

It's no secret that Joan and Jean are not altogether friendly rivals; in fact, it was on this set that I made the unforgivable error of addressing Miss Crawford as "Miss Harlow" and was nearly tossed out on my ear.

Imagine, then, Joan's husband making love to her dearest rival! At times it became almost excruciating.

when movie-queen wives get a sample of torrid passion during working hours?
when each good-night kiss must equal a Taylor clinch? Some do and some don't.



It's no fine romance and too many kisses for a star's husband—when those sizzling numbers aren't his own

The afternoon that Joan did those honeymoon scenes in the bedroom with Bob Taylor, Franchot left Jean's set to come and visit his wife.

I never saw Joan in better form than that day. She is a delectable creature, most certainly, and when the screen's number one heart stimulant in the shape of Bob Taylor went into action with her, the temperature rose several degrees. But the real actor in that scene was not shown on the screen—it was Franchot who was trying to act nonchalant.

Joan would twine her arms about Bob's neck and snuggle under one ear, decide that wasn't quite what she wanted, and twist in his arms until her lips were under his chin. And from the devilish gleam in her eye it was plain that she was enjoying the tableaux.

You can't blame her; for, after all, Franchot was similarly occupied with the luscious Jean Harlow, and here indeed was a contest of supremacy in the amatory art.

Naturally, the movie wives insist that it's just acting, and all those kisses are purely celluloid, but—would Bob Taylor's kisses leave *you* entirely unmoved?

Husbands have good reason to mind more than a little bit. Too many wives or sweethearts have fallen in love with their leading men to leave husbands with complete peace of mind.

ASKED Harmon Nelson if he minded having his wife, Bette Davis, make love to other men, and if he ever watched her do it.

"Sure I have," grinned this young husband. "Believe me, I watch pretty closely, too. And with a critical eye, I might add. I drop in once every month or so to check up. I want to see if she's using some technique on the other man that she doesn't use on me. If so, I'll know I'm slipping . . ."

Frank, and to the point, but I notice that Bette does some checking up on her husband, too. When "Ham" was singing at the Cinegrill, Bette would drop in and casually inspect the ring of adoring matrons lured by Ham's dulcet voice.

Bette has induced her husband to give up piano playing and singing, and go into business as an actor's agent, which leads one to the suspicion that wives mind too.

Mixing a feminine bundle of dynamite with a male who's highly charged with currents of sex appeal can cause (and often has) a terrific explosion. For that reason, many a canny director shoots the love scenes first, before the boy has a chance to know the girl. Sometimes they aren't even introduced before they have to start kissing with all the ardour of lovers. Doris Weston spent her first day in her first movie kissing Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine."

Josephine Hutchinson's first experience in pictures also consisted of being cuddled by Dick.

And was Josephine's fiancé burned up about it! He is James Townsend. It so happened that nobody told him the love scenes were to be filmed first, and he was elsewhere at the time. They are now married and he minds a heck of a lot having his wife kissed.

When Joan Blondell starts cavorting in the purple pastures, though, Dick Powell learns how other husbands must feel. I notice that Dick manages to drop in, casually, when Joan starts beguiling some other male for a movie.

When Warners were making "Three Men on a Horse," Dick was a constant visitor. In the stage play the girl is taxed with keeping Erwin, the horse race prophet, occupied with interests other than business. They put him to bed and she's to keep him there by fair means or—well, fair means if possible. Joan played that rôle, and although the scenes were toned down for the movie, Dick didn't miss the filming of any of them.

Standing in the shadows back of the camera as it turned on a love scene between Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby, was young Leif Erickson. Norman Taurog was directing "Rhythm on the Range." He knew Miss Farmer's husband was an onlooker.

Director Taurog couldn't seem to get what he wanted, no matter how many tricks of love-making Frances uncorked. Time after time he shot the scene, until Bing and the blonde in his arms were groggy. Then he turned to the cameraman.

"Was the last one all right?" he asked. Getting a nod, he said to the electrician: "Were the lights okay?" And then, as if by chance, he glanced at Miss Farmer's husband and—"How was her technique, Leif?"

Poor Leif turned several shades of red and beat a hasty retreat. When you're a movie star's husband, you've got to take it and like it!

It's a matter of record that John Barrymore, however, doesn't like it and won't take it. He didn't approve of Dolores' working in films and when her successor, Elaine, signed up for a stage play the gossips declare he chased her around the block with a shotgun. Some say he should have waited until he saw the play.

You never can tell how a husband will react, after you have him firmly hooked. That pretty German girl who frolicked in the movie "Ecstasy" caused her husband such concern that he tried to buy up the film. Yet Jane Wyatt, who swims in the altogether in "Lost Horizon," wasn't even chided by her husband.

Captain Philip Astley, wealthy and distinguished husband of Madeleine Carroll, has preserved his British aplomb through several trying situations. He made it a point to be on the set while his wife made love to the omnipresent Dick Powell, and aided and abetted her in exerting her devastating sex appeal. He is that rare fellow, a husband with a fine eye for clothes, and he was right on hand | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 |

When love is hot on the set for the little woman—her forgotten man gets plenty hot under the collar



From time to time PHOTOPLAY will ask famous writers to take you on tour to the playgrounds of the stars. This month Faith Baldwin invites you to Palm Springs

WHEN you read this, Palm Springs will be settling down to summer . . . the visitors will be gone and no one will remain save the Indians and some of the hardy very local people. For the Palm Springs season is from October to the first of June. Some of the hotels open a little later and close a little earlier than that but so far as the motion picture people go, it is Palm Springs during the autumn months and again after Easter.

It is almost impossible to put Palm Springs into words. It has to be seen to be believed. Situated at the foot of great mountains, it lies in a cup surrounded by snow-capped Santa Rosa and San Jacinto.

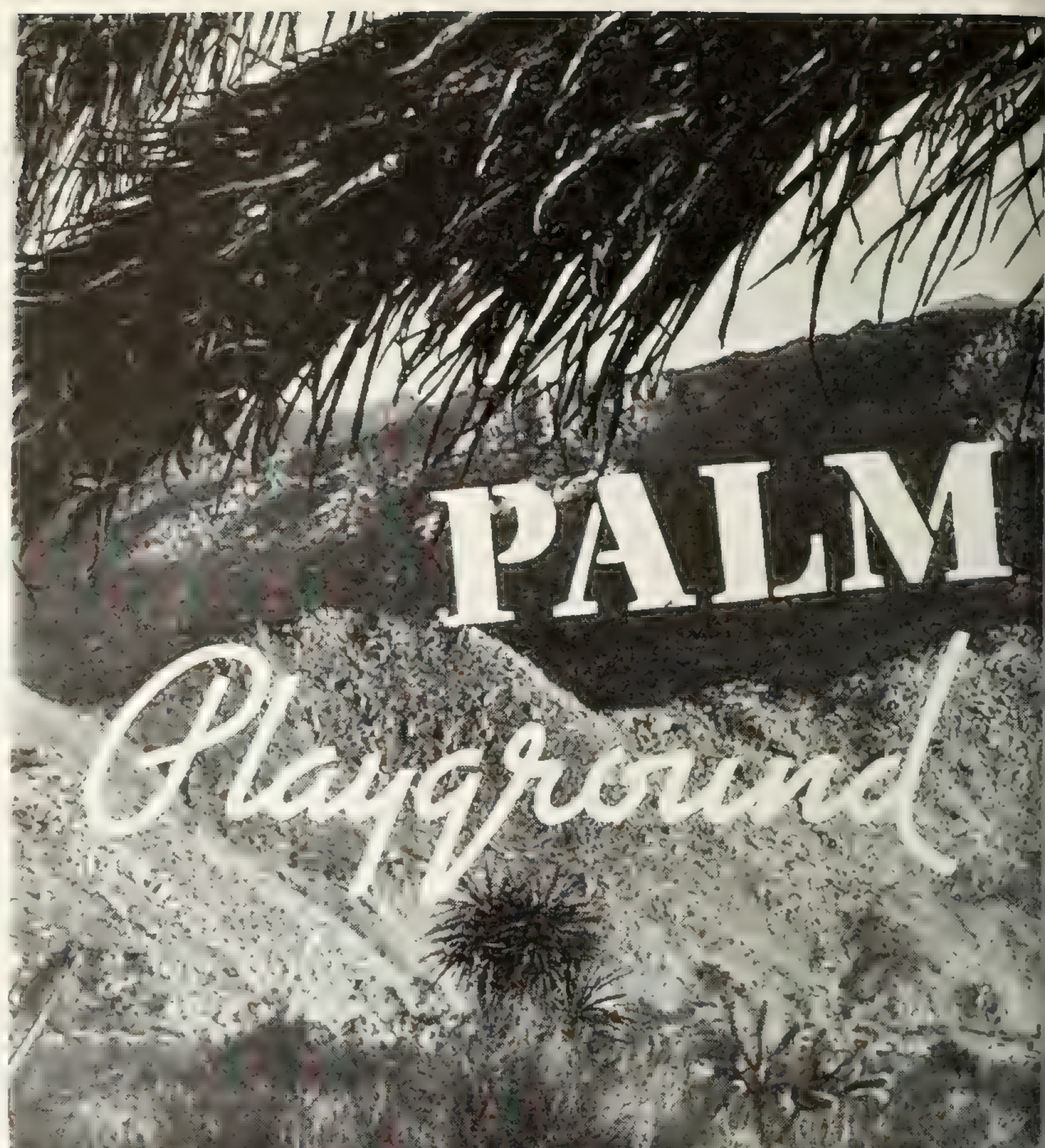
The village itself has a main street plentifully supplied with hotels, bungalow courts, shops, souvenir stores, a hospital, mud baths—and Neon lights. There are other streets of course, but the goings-on remain on Palm Canyon Drive. There are a great many hotels. The two largest ones are The Desert Inn, where I stayed, and El Mirador. It was Desert Inn, you know, that was established twenty-five years ago by that remarkable woman, Nellie Coffman, who was farsighted enough to see that Los Angeles was a growing city and that its people would need a sand pile to play in.

There are other smaller hotels, operated on both the American and European plan. There is one, to the south and right in the mountains, which is conducted like a house party—and takes only about thirty-five guests. There are two theaters and innumerable eating places.

If you go to Palm Springs by trailer, there is a trailer camp not far away. You can go by car—a little over one hundred miles from Los Angeles it lies—or by plane or by railroads. And you can pay almost anything you like for accommodations. In one hotel you can have a bedroom for two, a living room and two baths, three meals plus tea in the afternoon all for forty-five dollars a day. You can pay more, or you can pay less.

There are marvelous dress shops, Indian trading posts, beauty shops, drug stores, department stores—anything your little heart desires. And the most miraculous climate—warm in the daytime, cool at night. Even when spring sets in you rarely find the temperature higher than 82 in the daytime or

Dark Indians stride through the town. Their reservation is the most fertile spot there. If you want a famous mud bath, you take it with the red skins



Clothes? Anything goes. Pat Ellis wears shorts. They're mild compared with other get-ups



And for amusement? The Dick Powells have fun cycling but there are sports for every athletic person





SPRINGS

of the States

By

FAITH BALDWIN

53 at night. While I was there I slept under a multitude of blankets and the snowy air from the near-by mountains was something to write home about.

At the Desert Inn you can have a room or rooms in a bungalow, or in a two-story lodge. You can swim in the pool, play tennis, walk down the street to the movies, play golf on the course near-by. And most of the hotels have cowboy hosts who arrange picnics, breakfast rides, or moonlight suppers for

the amusement of the guests. There is always something doing.

Everyone rides something—horses, bikes or, as this year, motor scooters, a sort of motorized kiddie car which is perfectly astonishing and terrifying. The road seemed full of them.

As for clothes—I have heard Palm Springs referred to as a center of fashion but it seemed to my ignorant mind that anything goes. It depends on the weather—cool days brought forth sport suits, flannel skirts or tweed—and nights, no matter what the day had been, produced coats of mink and ermine, silver fox and sable.

But on warm days! *Shorts*. And if you have never seen ladies over forty in shorts you ain't seen nothing. Shorts, socks, shoes . . . and a halter. I give you my word! Sun suits, play suits. And not only the ladies—but the gentlemen, appear in shorts as well—and sometimes in a species of rompers.

The main trend, of course, is Western. Everyone goes Western. This year, from the first of March until after the desert circus, which took place, I think, the eleventh, if you didn't wear a Western costume you were fined by a Kangaroo court. I left before such an indignity menaced me but I saw plenty of Eastern cowgirls and cowboys before I left. Blue jeans or levis, high boots with heels brilliant checked skirts, silk handkerchiefs about the throat, ten-gallon hats, belts heavily studded with silver; or Mexican outfits, embroidered in gold or silver.

DURING our short stay we attended a rodeo held at the Field Club, and went on a picnic to one of the canyons. There are many canyons about, mostly Indian owned, for every section except Palm Springs is Indian owned. There were picnics at long tables with cowboys cooking your steaks, boiling your coffee and singing to you under a cloudless sky.

You can visit Palm Springs inexpensively, or you can stop at the Desert Inn or El Mirador and pay as high as \$45 a day. But whatever you pay, it's worth it



The Allan Joneses ride "kiddie cars" during the day but come dark and the entertainment becomes sophisticated



A genius with vision didn't forget tots like Shirley Temple when this retreat was planned



We also went on a breakfast ride . . . at least most of the people rode. As for us, we rocked over the desert on a stage coach, simply appalled, especially at the points where the road was washed out. The friend who was traveling with me remarked, as we alighted on the spot where the cowboys had made camp, that *she* was going back by car. She saw no reason why she should suffer for my art! So back by car we went.

We dined at El Mirador one night, that charming hotel, more conventional in plan than the Desert Inn. It is from its tower that Amos and Andy broadcast every night. It has lovely landscaped grounds, a marvelous swimming pool, a register crammed with famous names, a most attractive manager and the best looking publicity department these old eyes have ever seen!

We obtained, through the Mirador, a card to the Racquet Club, owned and managed by Charles Farrell and Ralph Bellamy. On the day we were admitted to the grounds behind the high board fence we saw Mr. Farrell and Mr. Bellamy playing tennis, and very well too. I talked to Frank Morgan who sat on the side lines, had a cocktail in the attractive bar, and shivered on the edge of the lovely pool. For that was a Sunday on which the sun did not shine. By the way, everyone wears dark glasses in Palm Springs even when the sun is behind a cloud.

Far outside of Palm Springs and right in the desert you drive to a couple of places where Lady Luck holds sway, where the turn of the wheel, the rattle of the dice and the click of the levers on the slot machines make sweet music to the ears of those who wish to try their luck.

One of these Clubs is very modern. It has charm and dignity, and serves excellent food—at a price. There is a bar, a lounge, a dance floor and gaming rooms. On the night I was there, I saw Adrienne Ames trying her luck, talked to Frank Morgan again and to Bert Woolsey. Buster Keaton was there, too. But *who* was the girl who took off her shoes and did an impromptu Hawaiian dance to the plaudits of the crowd?

Frank Morgan, by the way, owns an antique store in Palm Springs. At least so I was told.

The other Club is small, cosy, like the bungalow of a friend's. Here chili, sandwiches and drinks are free at a small room off the kitchen. The walls of the gaming room are plain board and covered with signatures of celebrities. And the chili is hotter than you know what.

If it would interest you I left sixty dollars at one spot.

IN Palm Springs itself one of the most popular places is Rogers Stables. This is really a stable. My proud stage coach came from there and many of the visitors rent their horses from the Stables. But the office has been turned into a little bar. Everything reeks of horses. The room has a bar, a wooden bench and a long wooden table. People find places at one or the other. Pretty soon there isn't room for any one else so you stand up. The cowboys who live over the stables stand over near the stove in the corner and sing. There is a tin bucket on the floor in which coins are thrown. That's all there is; there isn't any more. It is hot and inconvenient. Personally, I hate to stand. But the first time I was there, accompanied by the attractive cowboy host at the Desert Inn, I stood—and liked it. Or didn't I? The variety of costume was simply entrancing—men and women in evening clothes, in blue jeans, in cowboy outfits mink coats and silver fox capes, overalls . . . anything.

Most of them took their liquor straight. Few looked as if they liked it.

Every so often a barn dance is given in a room upstairs and a good time is had by all.

There is another place—The Barn. It is just that, but the music is good and I can vouch for the superiority of the coffee. And still another, which is Hawaiian in music and atmosphere. There is a thatched roof over the dance floor and dim lights . . . and, at stated intervals, a thunder storm arises and rain pours off the slanting roof and runs into gutters provided for it. The diners and dancers are not even made damp.

There's Claridges for little pancakes, and the Doll's House and a place where Spanish food is served. You can eat your way through various countries at Palm Springs. There's Carl's at the Plaza . . . and a dozen more.

At the Desert Inn, on warm days, you eat outdoors under umbrellas. When the spring nights are soft and balmy, lanterns are strung over the tennis courts and you dance there.

ONE day at the Desert Inn pool, I talked to little Sybil Jason. She wore a brief bathing suit but she wasn't swimming. She had recently recovered from an operation for appendicitis. She looked wistful, sitting at the edge of the pool, and her thin child's body was very white. She has dark hair and great dark eyes and a sprinkling of freckles across her nose. She has an enchanting English accent and very good manners. Her pretty aunt was with her, a brunette youngster who looked like Sybil's sister, a little older, of course. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

Alice Faye

"Wake Up and Live" is not only Alice Faye's current hit, it seems to be the vital little blues singer's every day maxim. Alice's Adventures in Movieland have taken her from the Bronx, to the chorus in the "Scandals" and singer on Rudy Vallee's hour to increasingly important rôles this year. Under contract to Fox her next is "Last Year's Kisses"





A bit of wistful wooing by a pair you've seen teamed before. This time they're keeping company in Sam Goldwyn's revival of "Stella Dallas." Remember the silent version in '25 when the late Belle Bennett and the still very debonair Ronald Colman wrung the hearts of the world?

John Boles & Barbara Stanwyck

Luisa Rainer

"Don't Ever Change" is no theme song for Luisa Rainer! There's nothing left of the dull-eyed Olan of "The Good Earth" in this provocative creature of the auburn curls. With her new fiery locks, the star of "The Emperor's Candlesticks" takes a new lease on allure and goes glamorous





THE LIFE STORY OF A

Problem Child

Tyrone Power, III, son of an actor, grandson of an actor, and a lad who had women trouble even at the early age of six

THIS application for a job, or life insurance, or entrance into a club, would read:

Name—Tyrone Power, III.

Profession—Movie Star.

Born—Cincinnati, Ohio, May 5, 1914, at 5:30 P. M.

Parents' Names—Tyrone Power, II, actor; Patia Reaume Power, actress.

And he might, if he would, write at the bottom of the blank, "Member of the lost generation, in good standing." For Tyrone is one of a group of young people in America today whom we all know well. They're your children, or your friends' children; they were born to War, reared to the Jazz Age, matured in Depression. They're twenty-two or three, with appraising keen eyes and a small smile for life and an almost pitiful sophistication and a sincere determination to squeeze every drop of color out of living, while living is possible. They're on intimate terms with age—and the years beyond them, with the works of Stravinsky and Duke Ellington and Krafft-Ebing. They speak a mongrel tongue, a composite of forthright slang, old proverbs used satirically, and Noel Coward.

Their code is simple: Get wherever you're going before someone else does, and stay there. Create something that will make money, lots of it, *quick*. Don't be sentimental. Take a cab if you're too tight to drive. And hurry, hurry, hurry—because anything might happen.

TYRONE POWER, since his first bawled greeting to life chronologically coincided with Europe's first shrieking salute to death, is one of these people. You could set two thirds of his biography to music and it would be a cacophony made of the exhaust sound of a speeding motor, the clink of ice in glasses of bathtub gin, the bleat of clarinets playing "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," the applause of packed theaters.

Make a surrealist portrait of him during those years, and you would have a collection of symbolic tatters: a portion of baggy, skirt-bottomed slacks, a slicker painted in india ink with figures from the comic strips, part of a white mess jacket, and (saved as mementos) six cards to speakeasies. The vivid

background would be a row of smiling girls, with slim tanned figures and bright, candidly artificial mouths and incredible eyebrows.

But somewhere, from the madness, a pair of intelligent, wise brown eyes would look out at you, belying everything.

Fortunately Patia Power, Tyrone's mother, was a tolerant woman and a clever one. She had to be. From the time Tyrone was out of his crib she knew she had a problem child. He was weak and undernourished physically, but mentally he was motivated by an outlandish curiosity and a restless propensity for mischief. The pranks he played, even when he was still in diapers, seemed inspired by the most destructive kind of malice. He was impatient under punishment, self-willed in the face of opposition, and loudly assertive when crossed.

Later, when he was old enough to reason, she found she could curtail his activities if she could make him understand, logically, that they were a detriment to his own happiness. But during those first years she was helpless—and the Power ménage existed in a kind of minor hell.

They lived, until he was two, in New York. Then, one afternoon Mrs. Power carted him off to a brain specialist and thereby changed her own destiny.

"He's got too much energy and too little brawn," the physician told her. "Like an airplane motor in a kiddy car. Get him out of this climate or he won't last six months."

So she packed him and his small sister and herself into a compartment on the first train going West and came to California, where the sun is bright and the air healthful to young lungs. Once settled, Mrs. Power organized a troupe to amuse soldiers in the naval base at San Diego, while resourceful Tyrone toddled furiously up and down Coronado beach in a sun suit, grew brown and fairly sturdy, began to acquire an understanding of the fundamentals of living. His outbursts of nervous energy, directed into constructive channels, were less disrupting; his temper, still vitriolic, became a means to achieve an end and not just an escape valve for fury.

Living with a precocious child is amusing, if wearing. Precocity usually manifests itself in an abounding ambition

By

H O W A R D S H A R P E

to get ahead of other people and Patia Power was first aware of this quality in her small son when she took him riding in her 1915 Ford, high and stuttering and affectionately known as "The Typewriter." Perched on the front seat, he would begin to strain forward as soon as he saw another car in front of them, pushing against the windshield and shrieking, "Faster, faster," until the other motor was behind. Then, invariably, he would turn and, grinning, put his tongue out at the slower car. "Blah!" he would shout, triumphantly.

WHEN Mrs. Power, after the Armistice, was signed as feminine lead in the San Gabriel Mission Play (a now extinct pageant depicting the early California priests and their troubles) and moved with her children to near-by Alhambra, Tyrone entered into a more normal sort of life. Across the street lived two other little boys; on the next block lived a little girl of special memory, numerous assorted children and a Saint Bernard dog. With these playmates the Power child discovered companionship, played wildly at games, fought and laughed.

But to be merely one of them wasn't enough for Tyrone. He wanted to be ringleader, and since he was neither brawny enough to bully the other boys nor old enough to awe the little girls, this distinction was denied him.

Then, after a hurried trip to New York to visit his father, he returned with a football. None of the neighborhood kids had ever heard of the game and they were fascinated when, one afternoon, he explained the use of the pigskin pellet to them.

"We'll make up a team," said the accepted leader of the gang, "and I'll be captain."

"No," Tyrone told him quietly, "I'm gonna be the captain. Because, you see, if I'm not I'll go on back into the house. And I'll take my football with me."

Wherefore he was duly elected; and thereafter his short legs carried him with a more assured swagger which Mrs. Power was quick to detect. But she was determined to practice the art of scientific child-raising on her offspring and to this end neither pried nor pretended nor commanded without reason. Tyrone and his sister made their own decisions, after consultation with their mother; but the argument for or against a project had to be a good one.



Mrs. Power: "I should think it would be a good idea if you didn't throw any more baseballs through the living room window."

Tyrone: "Why not? I like the sound it makes."

Mrs. P.: "Well, of course you may continue to do it if you like. But new glass costs money, which would mean you would have less nickels for ice-cream cones."

Tyrone: "Oh. Then I'll just get some bottles out of the trash box and break them with a ball bat. Okay?"

Mrs. P.: "Okay."

There was one problem she couldn't cope with. Tyrone's sister was a stolid, utterly calm, quiet child, stoic when punished, unmoved by events which sent her brother into nervous hysteria. And with these qualities in her he was completely impatient. He grew less and less tolerant of her stolidity until one night it became unbearable. Their nurse had read them the Twenty-Third Psalm, and after ten minutes of thought Ann had said, "Simpson, what does 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want' mean?"

Tyrone, erupting from the bedclothes, snorted. "For gosh sake, it means God'll give you everything that's good for you if you've sense enough to ask Him. Now shut up and go to sleep!" Which she did, without another word. But his sister's seeming stupidity continued to rankle somehow, in Tyrone's mind—until, after stewing for hours in the darkness, he got up and with his mother's manicure scissors cut off all of her long brown curls. Then he went back to bed and with his soul clear of turmoil went peacefully to sleep.

Even at this age, Tyrone's mind had acquired a subtle



Even as a tiny lad Tyrone was high-strung. His calm baby sister, Ann, suffered in his hands

Patia Power, a wise, tolerant mother, realized that her offspring was no ordinary child

Powers' bad boy at 5 years. He was soon to make his stage debut at the San Gabriel Mission

Tyrone was a frail child but California sun and warm sands of Coronado Beach helped him



detachment, an awareness. When anything new moved into his ken he observed it, dissected it, viewed each component part from the standpoint of its relationship to his own personality, and then shoved the whole into a corner of his memory. Thus when, at play in Patia's dressing room at the Mission Playhouse, he heard things not intended for his childish ear, they created no complexes and engendered no neuroses in him. He knew about Sex at the age of seven, and was unimpressed.

At about this age his mother discovered he had a retentive memory, an adeptness at mimicry, and a passion for the limelight. So she wrangled the rôle of Pablo, a neophyte, for him, rehearsed him for a week, sent him out to carry on the tradition of the Power family. He entered into the assignment with inherent drive, was decidedly superior in the part, and got special notices in the press; from that time on it was taken for granted, by himself and by his family, that he would grow up to be an actor.

He went on tour to San Francisco in "La Golandrina"—mad adventure, breathlessly exciting to him—and then Patia moved abruptly with her small brood to Cincinnati; she'd been offered the chair of dramatics at a school there, and anyway she wanted her children to have the advantage (perhaps dubious but nevertheless traditional) of an Eastern education. She took a flat in a house that tumbled casually along the side

of a hill, put both Tyrone and Ann in parochial seminaries, and settled down to living.

"It was then," Tyrone said to me, stretching his lean legs into the sun and hoisting up his swimming trunks, "that things really began to happen. What does it matter what your life's like before you're—uh—past the age of twelve?" We were lounging in the walled garden of his house, while he got a tan and I got a story; and the next hour was an orgy of reminiscence. Nostalgia is never more potent than when, at twenty-three, you remember fifteen.

The first few years after the arrival in Cincinnati, of course, were spent solemnly studying under the stern guidance of the Sisters, and Patia was heartened at the result. When Tyrone flunked the sixth grade she wisely transferred him to an academy taught by men, and his report card returned to normal. There was one brother who, with his back to the class, could still unerringly detect mischief and its perpetrator. Turning suddenly, he would exclaim, "Power!" and snap a piece of chalk into the air with thumb and middle finger.

"He never misses a shot," Tyrone had explained on those occasions to Patia. "Catches me on the nose every time. He's swell."

In the afternoons he played football on a vacant lot (which was strewn with broken glass and gopher holes) in company with four neighborhood boys, five Italians and three Negroes from across the tracks. This was forbidden, since Mrs. Power, while not a snob, felt one had to draw the line somewhere; and so when one day Tyrone broke a finger during a tackle he said nothing. By the time Patia discovered the injury, the knuckle was mis-shapen, and had to be re-broken.

"And all that sort of thing," Tyrone said impatiently, hitching his chair into shade; the sun was hot. "But quite suddenly I was fifteen, after those endless years of early adolescence, and I was ready for anything."

CONSIDER the period. 1928-29. It was then that skirts were at their shortest and young men's trousers at their fullest and music at its sweetest and youth at its craziest. It was especially during that era that respectable middle age, its sedan crowded against the curb by the racing bright roadster of its offspring, was wont to mutter, "Reckless young fools! What is this generation coming to, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

CAL YORK'S

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

AFTER the preview of "A Star Is Born" which tells the story of a screen star who was once on top, a group of Hollywoodites gathered in The Brown Derby Bamboo Room to discuss the picture.

"Bah," one producer snorted, "I think the story is an exaggeration. After all we're not that cruel."

At that moment, Buster Keaton who once was a biggee on the M-G-M lot approached a table where sat a reigning star of the same lot.

The star glanced up briefly at Keaton. "Hi, Buster," he said shortly and went on talking to friends, while Buster just stood.

A dead silence fell over the producer's party as they sat taking in the little drama. "Let's get out of here," the producer finally snapped, "I've got the jitters."

JOTTINGS: After four years of being just good friends, Jimmy Ellison turned to Gertrude Durkin one evening and said, "Gertrude, you know I've just discovered I'm in love with you." They were married next day in Yuma. . . If Sam Goldwyn catches up with Francis Lederer it's going to be fun. Francis it was who persuaded Margo to throw over the lead in Goldwyn's picture "Hurricane" and at the last minute, too. Dorothy Lamour will replace Margo . . . Warner Brothers are holding out the olive branch of peace to Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy refuses to touch it. Claims it may be poison ivy in disguise. . . According to reports and rumors any day now Tom Brown will lead Natalie Draper to the altar.

CLARK Gable claims a Los Angeles newsboy has the making of a shrewd business man. Coming down the court-

The Troc's *mâitre d'hôtel* almost turned away a couple of regulars. He recognized Bob but Barbara's blonde tresses fooled him

Claudette Colbert and her mother see "Tovarich." Claudette will play the starring rôle in the screen version of this amusing play

A dull moment at the polo game? Maybe. Anyway Rochelle Hudson, behind dark glasses, is more interested in her group of friends

Would you believe it? That's Kay Francis. Gone is the sleek, brunette coiffure and in its place is a curly blonde hair-do. Dudley Chambers, kneeling, has been coaching her in singing





Intimate news and chatter about the West Coast settlers whose famous di-does Ily-mie Fink catches with his candid camera



house steps after his recent combat with Mrs. Violet Norton who claimed Gable was the father of her child, Clark hailed a newsboy to buy a paper.

As the actor reached for the coins the lad cried, "Aw no, Mr. Gable. I've sold more papers today on account of you than I've sold in a week. This one is on me."

THOSE New York models brought to Hollywood by Walter Wanger for "Vogues of 1938" have caused more commotion than a dozen prima donnas.

First, business on the Wanger lot was brought to a complete stand still when every man in the studio spent all his working hours on the set viewing the models. Finally Wanger was forced to post signs forbidding males visiting the set.

Next, the girls absolutely refused to pose in bathing suits for publicity stills. "Teddibly sorry," they snooted, "but we're reallah hand and head models, you know." When bathing suit stills of Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers were shown them, they reluctantly consented to pose.

But the real headache for Wanger came when, after a vigorous campaign concerning the models' youthful charm, husbands began appearing on the scene. And not only husbands, but husbands leading children by the hand who lustily cried for "mamas."

NEWs: Warner Brothers groaned loudly when Fred Waring and his orchestra nicked them for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make one picture. Their groans turned to cheers when the Lane sisters, who sing with the orchestra, proved to be sensational screen material. Lola Lane is a sister of the newcomers. . . . Too happy for words.

A couple of Broadwayites meet far from home—Walter Winchell gives Strip Teaser, Gypsy Rose Lee, the lowdown on Hollywood

The honeymoon isn't over. Not while Brian Donlevy and his bride, Marjorie Lane, still sip from the same glass right out in public

Was it romance? Some say not. But Beverly Roberts and William Keighley had everyone fooled if it was only a publicity stunt

Arline Judge and her husband, Dan Topping, stopped off in Hollywood just long enough to say hello and good-by. They're honeymooning now but Arline will be back on the screen shortly

Left. Harvey Karles stops to talk with two of Paramount's most promising, Dorothy Lamour and Martha Raye. Next, Simone Simon, looking cuter than a bug's ear, at the Tennis Club with Jinx Falkenberg



are Bette Davis and Kay Francis these days. Bette is happy because she claims in "That Certain Woman" she has the story she had longed for, in Edmund Goulding she has the director who suits her, and in Henry Fonda and Ian Hunter she has the men she wants. . . . Kay is pleased over the appointment of Stanley Logan to direct her new picture "First Lady." It's Logan's first directorial job. Two weeks ago Logan, a dialogue expert, and Kay weren't speaking. Kay called him a prig. Today he's a darling. Tomorrow—? . . . That captivating Frenchman, Fernand Gravet, is reaping more fan mail after his one picture "The King and the Chorus Girl" than most stars do after ten pictures. Result is, Gravet comes back in September. We hear several of our bigger glamour girls have spoken for him but (shhhh) it seems none other than Gloria Swanson has the deal sewed up! There's news for you . . . Clark Gable is farming his horses on Bob Taylor's new ranch. Gable says he's going to breed race horses. Taylor says there will be no race horses on his ranch. Well, boys, what's this?

TEMPERAMENT ITEM: Luise Rainer has to wear a new kind of hair-do in her current picture, "The Emperor's Candlesticks." She had a lot of trouble with it.

So she went to the big bosses.

"I want you to re-shoot the first week of the picture," she said, "so I can eliminate my bangs."

It would only have cost a mere tens of thousands of dollars!

WHEN James Stewart was rushed from the "Vivacious Lady" set in great pain, director George Stevens anxiously sought out Ginger Rogers.

"Could it have been the corn Ginger?" he asked. "I'll never forgive myself

But Ginger hushed him and assured Stevens it was arthritis and not those three dozen ears of corn the director had framed Ginger and Stewart into eating during the making of a scene.

Even though only a part of each ear was consumed, enough retakes were made to dispose of thirty-six ears. And to top it off when Stevens took Jimmy and Ginger to dinner that night, he had a large ear of corn set before each place. No wonder the director wears that guilty, woebegone look. But it was arthritis that laid Jimmy low and the picture's postponed.

Above. Is she scheduled to be the next Mrs. John Barrymore? Sally Allen has been Don Juan's constant companion since his recent divorce from Elaine Barrie. They were at "A Star Is Born" together

SHE was young, pretty and redheaded. As she strolled down a shady avenue in Beverly Hills she clasped the hand of a little three-year-old lad who trotted beside her.

"Well," smiled a woman in passing, "what a fine little man you are. I should think a handsome lad like you would be in pictures."

"Mama," the little boy said as they walked on, "what's 'in pictures'?"

"It means to act in movies," his mother explained.

"Oh," he said indifferently and turned his attention to a passing scottie.

The mother smiled. A million people once knew that famous smile. For the mother was Clara Bow.

Once she was the "It" girl of Hollywood, adored by fans everywhere. Now she is the wife of cowboy Rex Bell, adored by that three year old lad. Even a proposed test for the coveted rôle of Scarlett Barrett brought only a negative shake of the famous red head—for being "in pictures" interests her no longer.

HOLLYWOOD MUMBLE JUMBLE: Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell liked the Whitney racing horse (used in "Broadway Melody") so much they bought it—and it will run under their colors in forthcoming meets. Bob will stable it in his new ranch. . . Anne Shirley, after paying up a large annuity for her mother, gave the parent a new house in Beverly Hills, just as a topper. . . Norma Shearer is really back in the social swim once more, what with giving a big party on the opening night of "Tovarich." Her friends are so glad she's beginning to take an interest in things once more. Suzanne Kaaren is moping because Tommy Warner, her heart, went to South America. . . Racquel Torres' sister, Rene, is having husband trouble, says rumor. And they just married, too. She's married (at least at this writing) to Ermon Pessis. It wasn't temperament after all when Aline MacMahon left the set of "Make Way For Tomorrow" without a word and planed East. Her husband, it turns out, was gravely

Below. A lovely lady gets caught in the rain but Joan is enjoying it. Right. Olivia de Havilland and James Blakeley at the Troc. And all along we thought Phil Huston was Olivia's best beau

ill in a sanitarium. . . Ken Murray and Florence Hellis say they will make it legal almost any time now. . . We're still laughing at the new gag the souvenir hunter played on Myrna Loy. She looked out of a second story window a few days ago, and was amazed to see a strange man calmly digging up one of the new trees in her lawn, preparatory to carting it away in his car. She sent her butler out to investigate. "I just wanted something that belonged to Miss Loy," sighed the man. Trees, by the way, are worth their weight in diamonds in California; they can't get a twig for less than five hundred dollars. . . Hazel Forbes has given Jack La Rue the go-along for Bill Boyd. Luise Rainer has just bought her fifth new car in two years, and not just for swank. She really wears them out, motoring around the State. She's an inveterate tourist visits all the chamber-of-commerce picture spots and the like. And, although she refuses to comment one way or the other, the rumor is persistent that she and Clifford Odets are wondering whether to purchase a blue or pink layette. . . Richard Dix reports he is running sixteen M.M. films at milking time on his farm, and getting more milk as a result because, when the cows see the pictures, they settle back and just give and give. . . That new Australian import, Mary Maguire, had a nervous breakdown and for no good reason—at least neither she nor her doctor can figure out why the ganglions started vibrating. . .

NOW mind, we don't positively guarantee it but 'tis whispered the Miriam Hopkins-Anatole Litvak romance has cooled considerably since Litvak's picture "The Woman I Love" proved to be far from the sensation they both anticipated. A noticeable cooling, indeed.

THERE have been many speculative rumors cropping up about Garbo's health—but this time it does look like the real thing. Those who know tell us she is so ill she may not even be able to finish "Marie Walewska," her current picture.

Certain it is that her studio has been holding up stills of her and other advance publicity, fearful that, after all, they may have no picture. We have watched the Swedish Legend walking from set to dressing room on the lot—and she looks completely sick.

In addition, her studio chauffeur reports that every evening, after the last scene is

[PLEASE TURN
TO PAGE 108]

Far right. Another upsetting cupid note. Anne Shirley puts in her appearance at the Tropics with John Payne when rumor has it that she will be married to Owen Davis, Jr., in the early fall. Or is it off?

A

Star

IS BORN AGAIN

JUST the other night a slight, girlish looking woman with hair as red and shining as new spun copper paused at the edge of a churning crowd which swamped the great forecourt of the Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Above the freckles on her cheeks, her eyes glistened like dew in the sun. She drew her breath in quickly.

"Let's find some—some side door," she faltered to her escort.

"Nothing doing," he smiled, "this is your big night!"

"That's right," she said slowly after a second's silence.

"This is the biggest night of my life."

The woman, the star, was Janet Gaynor. The event was the big Hollywood preview of "A Star is Born," David Selznick's simple, yet poignant picture of a little Cinderella girl who found fame and love—and heartbreak in Hollywood.

That night the reels had whirled to spin out, as they had done ten years ago, the precious and mysterious stuff of which great screen stars are made. The next morning the daily film trade papers, sensitive to Hollywood reactions, gave the verdict of "A Star is Born" in impulsive, extravagant praise—no, not extravagant, because what they said was true. Janet Gaynor was a genuinely great star.

Only six months ago these same papers had printed this item:

"Twentieth Century-Fox has abandoned its plans for individually starring Janet Gaynor . . . in her next picture she will share billing with Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon . . . the decision to eliminate individual star billing follows exhibitor check-up of her drawing power, the studio states."

Right now Janet Gaynor is causing more excitement in Hollywood producing circles than you'd think possible for a

young lady her size. The question isn't "Is she worth a starring picture?" It's "Can we get her to star in our picture?" The bids are high and very handsome. They're in the Garbo and Dietrich class, if money talks to you. And the little red-headed girl who found that the glass slipper of Cinderella fit her ten years ago has shown them it still fits—perhaps even better than the day when *Diane* worked her wistful way into the hearts of the world.

THE other day I talked to Janet in the small, comfortably lived-in front room of her house which nestles tree-hidden just a block below the busy commerce of the Sunset Strip. It was in the fading hours of sunlight, a time which seldom flatters physical features or spirits flagging with the waning day. Yet I have seldom talked to a more alive, attractive and really vivacious person than Janet was that evening. She was merry, she laughed a lot, her eyes danced and her smile was honest and gay. Her figure, something I had never bothered to notice before, was trim, young and definitely appealing in a fresh plaid jacket and sport skirt. She had just breezed in out of the spring air and her eyes were shining.

Frankly I was surprised. If this was Janet Gaynor then the Janet Gaynor I had been hearing about all these years was somebody else. Either that, or something had happened to change her.

The answer, I think, is—a whole lot of both.

The Janet Gaynor you and I and everyone else have been hearing about *was* somebody else. She was a symbol for sweetness and light and a wistful-smiling-through-persecutions Pollyanna.

But the Prince Charming of ten years ago wasn't in a jovial mood, apparently, when he picked Janet for his Cinderella. He

In a rôle that closely parallels her own

career, fiction blends subtly with fact.

It's a Cinderella story and the glass

slipper fits the wearer—Janet Gaynor

By

KENT BAILEY

When her career and reputation threatened Janet's career. Then came a chance that is rarely accorded a Hollywood star. *Twentieth Century-Fox* shares stellar honors



glimpsed her in a sad scene and he found what he had been searching for with a little glass slipper in his hand and a prayer in his heart.

His name, of course, was Frank Borzage—and it was he who happened in on one of Janet's scenes in "Peter Grimm" only to rush out to the front office exulting "I've found my Diane!"

Thus he had launched the wistful Cinderella illusion that was to cling to Janet for many years.

"She doesn't need a test," Borzage had declared, and on the set of "Seventh Heaven," with tears coursing down his cheeks, he had cried as he watched her, "She is Diane! She is Diane!"

So that's what she was—forever after—Diane. She was a personality and a personality that paid off. For six years Janet was the number one box office attraction. No star has ever touched that record, or even approached it.

I don't suppose I have to explain that what pays off is gospel in Hollywood forever more. Winfield Sheehan, who held the reins of Fox studios, assumed the personal career

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



The same winsome quality that made her famous in the never-to-be-forgotten "Seventh Heaven" with Charles Farrell is evident ten years later in this poignant film



Hoodlums

AT HOME

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Mrs. Chico Marx was a Brooklyn Karp. They have a daughter Maxine (right above), a darling who has survived a thousand gags and pranks. She's just nineteen



Mrs. Groucho Marx (center above) thought Groucho was insane the first time she met him. Could this have anything to do with their 16 years of wedded bliss?





Can love survive the eating of a rubber plant?
The Chico Marxes' has—for twenty-one years



Harpo—when love, in the person of Susan Fleming, finally came along—eloped. He took no chances with the old wedding technique of his brothers

You tell *me*. I don't know. All I know is that before you get to first base investigating the non-professional tenor of that terrifying triumvirate's existence you stumble over some upsetting little domestic episode like the one above between Groucho and his young daughter, Miriam, and it's all off.

It's true, however, that the Mad Marxes are not only three of Hollywood's prime unpredictable paradoxes, but three of its milder mysteries as well. Once every year, like groundhogs, they pop up into the light and then the whole world quivers with an abysmal, uncontrollable belly laugh. Right now they're up for air after making "A Day at the Races."

THE head of the house was entertaining at dinner. He was about to help himself to some peas when a small voice behind his chair said,

"Don't take any. I had some. They're lousy."

The host looked around. His daughter, aged nine, stood in her nightgown surveying the dinner party.

"What are you doing down here? Get back to bed," commanded the father, dishing out peas in the teeth of the warning.

"I can't sleep," replied the little girl. "I've got a sore throat."

"Then take some medicine."

"All right," the child agreed. "Which bottle?"

"The little brown one," her father instructed, "with the skull and crossbones on it!"

THE boss said to go out and get a serious story about the home life of the Marx brothers. Too many people, she suggested, are under the impression that all three reside at Patton, the California state nut farm, being released once a year to make a picture, and then returned to the tank.

I set out with good intentions. I still have them. Why shouldn't the private lives of Julius, Arthur and Leonard Marx, all strictly as stated above, make a straight-faced story?

JULIUS GROUCHO MARX, "Grouch" to his pals and brothers, isn't the eldest, as I'll bet you thought. I did. He's the youngest of the three. But he is the ringleader. It's Groucho who makes the important decisions and works out the important business deals.

Groucho was also the first home owner and solid citizen. He lives in the heart of Beverly Hills, in a big family-sized place, with his wife, Ruth, his son, Arthur, and his daughter, Miriam.

All of the Marx brothers knew how to pick 'em. All three of their wives are unusually beautiful women. And happy wives. Not a divorce, separation, or domestic rift on record. It is hardly normal.

Mrs. Groucho, sixteen years ago, was Ruth Johnson, a Chicago dancer. She joined the brothers in a vaudeville act, their first on the Big Time. It was called, ironically enough, "Home Again." She thought Groucho was insane when she first met him. Everything she said he turned into an insult or a wisecrack. It was his way of making love, she soon discovered.

Groucho never did propose, Mrs. Groucho recalls, in fact, he never even came across with a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

In what is laughingly called their private lives, those mad Marxes raised their daughters in vaudeville tricks, used firemen as wedding witnesses, tried everything—but read about them for yourself



When "Alibi Ike" was aired Joe E. Brown, ardent diamond fan, amused Bill Frawley, Roscoe Karns and C. B. DeMille with a tall story of a home run. Below, radio's champ ribbers, Burns and Allen and the Jack Bennys, take Director DeMille for a ride

HOLLYWOOD

RIDDLE: What's good about the good old summer time if everybody goes off the air? Answer: If your favorite air-star takes a run out powder to gather mosquito bites and sunburn, don't use the hatchet on your radio set. The big Hollywood shows are going right on through—bigger and better. If one star ducks out to dally, one more will step up and rally. Yes, sir!

Getting back to the summer outlook business—the casualties will be Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny and Fred Astaire. Old Groaner Crosby plays hookey around the first of July, scrambling immediately down to his new race track at Del Mar where he'll djg in among the gee-gees for two long month

Bing opens his new racetrack and not even the lure of spilling his fancy vocabulary in the Music Hall can keep him away from his pony premiére. That looks like it's up to Bobbin' Robin Burns again, and according to our private Gay-Pay-O' the Arkansas unraveler is none too happy about it. Last year, remember when Bing skipped off to Blue Hawaii, Bob had to emcee the whole Kraft show. He didn't like it. Bob believes his stuff is just right for a short spot and when you stretch it out over an hour it gets a little yawny. But Bing's a pal, so what can he do?

Speaking of Bing's show, John Barrymore and Amelia Earhart had a little contest the night they both guested. Amelia had just been spread all over the front page with her around-the-world flight and Honolulu crack-up. The incomparable Jack strolled up. "Hello," he said, "you've been over to Hawaii, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Amelia, "I took a little trip." !!!

John gave a superb reading from Hamlet that night but nearly scared everybody out of



their seats with one of the worst cases of the shakes we've ever witnessed. How he ever got through without knocking over the mike is still a marvel. His script looked like a cocktail shaker and a couple of times he clutched at his head as if the strain was too, too much. Barrymore, we'd say, looked dangerously shaken and in need of a good rest. But the next night he was out with a new girl friend—so?

Bing will be back in September. Afraid we can't make any

Good news! The glamour city licks that old radio of the star names and big programs that will come



ON THE AIR

Mutual admiration society—Fred Astaire breaks up Sunday rehearsals to hear Winchell's programs and W. W. tosses orchids to the famous tapster. Below, Gracie "GrapeNUTS" Allen made her debut on a new program. That's Dick Foran beside her



Jack and Mary Livingstone will sail the ocean blue any week now to do Europe (but not Spain!).

By the way, we happened to sit with Jack and Mary when George Burns and Gracie Allen went dramatic in "Dulcy" on the Lux Theater.

Suppose you know how close the Bennys and the Burnses are. We didn't realize it until we asked Mary, clear out in the audience, why she was so jumpy. "Nervous," she explained.

"What have you got to be nervous about?" we queried, looking anxiously at the jittery Mrs. Benny.

"I'm nervous for Gracie!" said Mary

COMING back to summer radio entertainments, summer entertainment and some are not, if you ask us! Eddie Cantor eases off the air in person only; he'll still produce his show while he gets ready to make a comeback on the screen in "Ali Baba Goes to Town." Eddie has been off the screen for a year and a half and wants to be sure he'll click on his new contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. The personal highspot of his three months layoff, however, will undoubtedly be the day a son—or a son-in-law anyway—comes to his house. Daughter Natalie and Joe Metzger, a young Hollywood antique dealer, will team up for butter and wurst this month, and of course Eddie plans to send them off in style. A great family guy, Eddie, which of course, is no news to you.

The remaining runaway, Honest John Oakie, the eminent prez of Oakie College, leaves the hallowed halls for three months any day now. But his contract is all sealed and signed to start [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

promises about Fred Astaire. From where we sit it looks a lot as if Fred signs off for keeps in June.

Incidentally, Fred is a big fan of Walter Winchell's. He always breaks up rehearsals on Sunday evenings to catch the latest scallions and orchids hot from the flash fellow.

As for further flashes, there's rumor that Stuart Erwin might make a pass at a mike this summer to pinch hit for Jackson Jefferson Washington Benny, that funny Sunday guy.

eases off the air in person only; he'll still produce his show while he gets ready to make a comeback on the screen in "Ali Baba Goes to Town." Eddie has been off the screen for a year and a half and wants to be sure he'll click on his new contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. The personal highspot of his three months layoff, however, will undoubtedly be the day a son—or a son-in-law anyway—comes to his house. Daughter Natalie and Joe Metzger, a young Hollywood antique dealer, will team up for butter and wurst this month, and of course Eddie plans to send them off in style. A great family guy, Eddie, which of course, is no news to you.

bugaboo—summer slump! Here's a bird's-eye view over the air waves to make the heat waves bearable

By JIM NEWTON

IN HAIR

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

No ribs and wise-cracks between Bob and Roz. They co-work and co-temper in deadly politeness

THE banquet room was jammed to the doors. Movie stars by the gross were parading and being paraded in the name of Sweet Charity. So worthy was the occasion that even the little keedies, Shirley Temple and Freddy Bartholomew, were on hand to lend their juvenile luster to the affair.

As the evening wore on toward nine o'clock (the kids were leaving in an hour because ten o'clock is bedtime for movie starlets, charity or no charity), an enterprising cameraman approached Master Bartholomew.

"How about coming over to Shirley Temple's table, Freddy?" said the excited and perspiring cameraman. "I'd like to get a picture of you two together before you have to go home."

"Of course," said Freddy, and you know how he says it. "I should be delighted."

There's a time lapse here while Freddy, with the cameraman running interference, smashes and tackles through the crowd—and we pick up our story again as he and his rear guard approach the table of the Box-Office Darling of America.

"Miss Temple, this gentleman has requested that we pose together in a picture," said Freddy, carrying off the honors as only Freddy can do it. "I should be so happy if you would do me the favor of appearing in a picture with me."

Across the most Famous Child's Face in the World, there crossed a look of surprise, then flattery, and then pure caution. Shirley said nothing before turning to her parents for her cue.

The 1937 edition of Hollywood's first-class feuds and sulks and



These two blondes
clashed over a
dressing room. It
took a brunette to
settle the storm



Master Bartholomew, with his best Oxford accent, graciously invited Miss Temple to pose for a picture with him. What happened from that point on is one of those things a lot of people have been busy keeping out of the newspapers

the sweetest slow burns on record. And what's more—something tells me that if they live to be character actors, this is the first and the last time Master Bartholomew ever invites Mademoiselle Temple to honor him with a pose.

With this not too hectic proof that even little children have their moments of temperament in good old emotional Hollywood, the season of feuding, 1937 edition, is once again upon us. While we wouldn't go so far as to say the edition is better than ever, it is certainly slightly bigger, perhaps because of the rains.

HERE'S nothing like having to remain indoors to work a sulk up to the point where it is liable to break out in a gossip column at any moment.

Breaking out in print is really one of the worst things that can happen to a stellar feud, because the minute a feud is columnized the stars feel duty bound to be good scouts about it and try to laugh it off, at least while folks are looking. I've known some of the finest hates of past years to simmer down to mere repugnance just because they were spotlighted into attention and the principals had to grin through gritted teeth just to prove how far above "such pettiness" they were at heart.

Take the pretty well-rumored [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Suddenly there was enough whispering at the Temple table to dub in for a beehive. Freddy stood rooted to his tracks. Slowly blood began to rise to his neck.

Now no one was close enough to catch the exact Temple reply, but a moment later Freddy was bowing politely from the waist (by this time the blood had reached his face), and Mamma Temple and Papa Temple were shaking their heads as graciously as possible.

Why the Temples would not permit Shirley to pose, or just how Freddy reacted to the entire event is one of those things a lot of people have been busy keeping out of the newspapers. But if Freddy had been twenty years older it might safely be assumed that the Temple clan had landed in his hair in one of

peeves breaks out bigger and better and hotter than ever

meet

HUMPHREY BOGART

"THE trouble with me," said Humphrey Bogart, he of "Black Legion" "Marked Woman" and now "Dead End," "the trouble with me is that I'm an extrovert. And that's worse than admitting to murder. Everybody I know is being psychoanalyzed. Moss Hart is being psychoanalyzed. He's pushing those psychic blocks out of his mind. He's shuddering over his wish fulfilments and he's telling the analyst things he's never told anyone before. That's all because he's an introvert.

"But me—I'd be no fun for an analyst because there's nothing in my life I couldn't tell anybody, which, I understand, is what being an introvert means. I've done everything, but I'm not ashamed of it." He paused for a moment and looked out over the blue-green golf course of the Toluca Lake Country Club. His sunburnt, super-masculine face was serious. There was no smile on his mouth, only that straight scar on his upper lip. But his brown eyes laughed as he added, "Well, maybe there are a couple of things I'd rather not mention . . ."

A couple of things? If so, he can skip them. For extrovert Bogart talked straight through five hours of a California afternoon.

He talked about the curious way people have of threading themselves through your life—how, had it not been for the completely haphazard circumstance of his living, at the age of eight, next door to a little boy named Bill Brady, he wouldn't at this moment be talking to me in a golf club in Hollywood, California. He talked about the times he has been in love, about his war experiences, about his two marriages—one of which ended in divorce and the other which seems to be tottering.

He talked about actors and he talked about boats. He told me about how he felt when he didn't have a dollar. He talked about forging his own name to get overseas.

You've probably gathered that Humphrey Bogart talked. You're right! And it was stimulating, exciting, aware sort of talk. If Humphrey Bogart is an extrovert—which he is—then I'm glad I know one.

"The psychoanalysts," he said, "always begin by trying to dig out of your subconsciousness your first recollection. They wouldn't have to dig it out of me. I'd tell it gladly—even if it does make me blush.

"What I remember was dancing around a Maypole. Yes, that was me—the tough guy in 'Petrified Forest,' the hard-boiled mug in 'Black Legion.' At three and a half I was in love and dancing around a Maypole. Do you suppose that's a symbol?

"I must have been terribly in love with the little girl I danced with to have remembered her so vividly all these years. I know I was just three-and-a-half because my mother assures me that was positively the last time I ever danced around a Maypole."

We decided it would be a good idea to have a highball.

"FOR a long time after that," Humphrey went on, "I wasn't in love with anybody. I went to Trinity School in New York and we didn't think much about girls. At ten I was in love again—with a marvelous English actress whose name I should remember—but don't. Young Bill Brady, my pal who

*He's new—he's news—and he's
the most fearless talker
in Hollywood*

lived next door, used to go to his father's show every matinee. We'd sit in a box and watch H. B. Warner act and sometimes at a very tense moment we'd yell, 'Go it, Harry!' We should have been shot.

"Then we'd go backstage and I'd see the leading lady. It was with her I was in love. I'd hold her coat for her and shake all over.

"That was long before I thought of going into the theater. My family was rich. My mother, who is a grand woman, was Maude Humphrey. She had exhibited at the French salon and was a fine artist but starving in a garret didn't appeal to her when she discovered she could make \$50,000 a year drawing covers for magazines and illustrating short stories.

"My father was a physician and he made a great deal of money. I have two sisters. I thought my family was swell. They were pretty discouraged about me. Very early in life my father saw I wasn't going to be a student. It was the way I was taught, I think now. They made you learn dates and that was all. They'd say, 'A war was fought in 1812.' So what? They never told you why people decided to kill each other just at that moment. I discovered I could learn the why of things better outside of school.

"Every summer we went to a lake for three months. I had my own sloop and played with some kids named Sayre.

"Because I loved boats and water," Humphrey went on, "I joined the Navy when we declared war. I was just seventeen and I think my father, who had a hunch I wasn't going to learn anything, thought maybe it was just as well.

"The war was a big joke. Death? What does death mean to a kid of seventeen. The idea of death starts getting through to you only when you're older—when you read obituaries about famous people whose accomplishments have touched you—and when people of your own generation die. At seventeen, war is great stuff. Paris. French girls. Hot damn!

"At training camp I was a messenger and I carried the lists of those assigned to foreign duty back and forth. One day I typed my own name on the bottom of the list.

"I saw active service but I was lost in Washington. They didn't know what had become of me and for months I was listed as a deserter. That worried me not at all. Nothing worried me. Submarines? A big thrill. Now I tremble when I think of those death dealing machines sticking their noses up over the water. Shells? Why, it was all part of the fun when one hit the side of the boat and splintered it. A piece of wood lodged in my lip. That's where I got this scar." He touched that thin white line on the right side of his upper lip.

"So I came back from the war without ever having had it touch me mentally. I was sorry it [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

By

KATHERINE ALBERT



JUST

Pinger!





Gay, graceful, glorious. Ginger, whose abandon, charm, and slim agility in "Shall We Dance," her newest picture, leaves her reputation as America's Number One Dancing Darling still way above par. You'll turn into a wilder Rogers' worshiper when you see her slick syncopated rhumba, shown in these performance photographs. Pete Theodore is Ginger's partner for this particular sequence, though, of course, Fred Astaire with his nimble feet co-stars with her for the seventh time



Two of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, but very different in type. On this page, Fay Wray, wife of John Monk Saunders, the playwright, and mother of the very young Susan Saunders. In fact, Susan was Fay mother's co-

reer-interrupter last year (by being born). Fay's first picture since that important event is "Once a Hero." Excellent pianist, good versifier, Fay rounds out her talents as feminine table tennis champ of Hollywood

This is June Lang, most exquisite of 20th Century's baby stars, still in her 'teens and just beginning her success story. June's rôles have become progressively more important this year. The missing beauty of "Nancy Steele Is Missing," she

will soon appear in "Wee Willie Winkie" and make history by being the first person to give Shirley Temple a good spanking on the screen! June collects china, uses no make-up but lipstick, isn't concentrating on any one beau at the moment





Bette

Something new under the sun! It's man-biting-dog stuff when the screen's bad girl gets caught with a pair of knitting needles instead of a cigarette. Between doses of worldliness in "Marked Woman" and "That Certain Woman" Bette Davis helps herself to a portion of demureness with a new paisley outfit

Irene and Randy



A heaven in a hayloft for Irène Dunne and Randolph Scott. In "High, Wide and Handsome" Irene, as a carnival girl, continues to kick up her Theodora heels, and—you'll be happy to hear—once more trills her golden notes to Jerome Kern's music; while her leading man causes a vast amount of swooning



This field of California wild flowers is a perfect setting for one of the youngest and loveliest of the child stars, now grown-up, Anita Louise. Though Anita really prefers costume pictures, Warner's have slated her for a modern rôle in "That Certain Woman"



ENCHANTMENT *in Hollywood*

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

YEARS ago, she played the lead in a drama of mine which David Belasco produced. In spite of it, we remained good friends.

I met her the other day. She was coming out of a Fifth Avenue department store.

"Been doing a lot of shopping," she said. "I'm going back to Hollywood."

"Oh," I inquired. "Signed a long-term contract, I suppose, to appear in pictures."

"No. I'm going out there to live. All your fault, too. Remember that place, high upon the hill, overlooking the whole of Los Angeles, next to where Lionel Atwell used to live? Well, I bought it."

I was delighted but not surprised.

Our last meeting, many months before, had been in Hollywood, at a Sunday noon breakfast given by Louis Lighton, the

M-G-M producer. At that time, she had just come to Hollywood "out of curiosity," as she put it.

"Oh, but you will enjoy Hollywood—love it—as I do," I told her then.

"What is there to enjoy?" she queried.

"Glamour. Romance. Enchantment. I'll prove it to you. I'll be your guide, philosopher and friend . . ."

I was.

During the next few weeks, I showed her many things of glamour, romance, enchantment. Things, too, stark and simple in their humanity. And things of that salty, earthy American humor that has *not* died with Mark Twain.

For Hollywood has all these things—if you know where to look for them—clear away from the motion picture studios, the make-believe of the state, the paste jewels, the cardboard castles and canvas cathedrals . . . [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]

FASHIONS IN FEMININITY



WILL THE STRIP-TEASY VIRTUES OF GYPSY ROSE LEE SUPERSEDE THE LESS SHOWY ALLURE OF LA HARLOW?



Photo by Murray Korman

Just when New York, that "den of iniquity," closes its burlesque houses and has night-club owners shivering in their boots, Hollywood imports Gypsy Rose Lee who earned her Ph.D. via the school of Minsky (burlesquers) and the university of Broadway. For years Hollywood depended on the blonde allure and exquisite figure of Jean Harlow to set the men ga-ga. Will the dark, exotic beauty and very attractive figure of Gypsy Rose start a new trend in sex-appeal? Your guess is as good as ours. Her imitating sisters have filled the money tills in their efforts to follow her technique of disrobing bit by bit—commonly known as strip tease. But alas and alack, Gypsy Rose will be in full regalia for her screen debut





On the set that was once the Casa da Bonnyfeather in "Anthony Adverse," Academy Award winner Paul Muni, looking less like himself than usual, and his wife, Gloria Holden, bargain with a market woman on the Boulevard de Clichy in a scene from "The Life of Emile Zola"

HOLLYWOOD once thought it would never feel sorry for Constance Bennett. She was the girl who once asked—and, moreover, got—\$30,000 a week for working during her vacation. Remember?

But now Hollywood thinks it sees a chance to indulge in a large, lachrymose dose of pity for a Bennett. And Hollywood, good old Hollywood, is getting a kick out of moaning, "Poor Connie! She's finally making another picture. But did you hear who's producing it? Hal Roach—if you can imagine it! Poor Connie!"

Little does Hollywood know whereof it weeps.

Connie still has enough in the bank so that she doesn't have to work, unless so inclined. She can still afford to be choosy about her pictures. And if she chooses to make a picture for Hal Roach, there must be a reason. There is.

Mr. Roach has reformed. Or, if you like, he has changed with the changing times. There was a time when audiences were convulsed by comedians whose cleverest form of repartee was a custard pie. Mr. Roach promptly cornered the custard-pie market. Now, audiences demand to be convulsed by something more subtle. And, again, Mr. Roach is out to deliver the goods.

"Topper" is his latest effort—and *what* an effort, we discover, as we start out to cover the studios this month.

Constance Bennett is the smart, svelte heroine. Cary Grant is the hero. Roland Young has the title rôle, with Billie Burke

for a wife, and Alan Mowbray for a butler. The script is something new in ghost stories. To film it, they've had to invent new camera tricks.

They're being pretty secretive about these tricks—not only to agitate your curiosity and ours, but to guard them against idea-pirates. That's why the set is closed practically every time Connie and Cary are working. And *not* because of Bennett temperament.

Connie and Cary are a pair of gay sophisticates, irresponsible though married. Very early in life, by pushing an accelerator to a car floor, they become ghosts. That, if you must know, is only the beginning.

It seems they can't get into heaven until they've done something worthwhile on earth. And what could be more worthwhile, they ask, than changing Roland Young's ways? That appeals to their sense of humor, their mad impulses.

Thereafter, Young leads a bedeviled life. Visible and distressing things happen to him, by invisible means. He is in a lingerie shop, for example, when a pair of lace panties rises off the counter, floats through the air to a near-by mirror, and there attains a ravishing fullness. Embarrassed beyond words by this particular prank of his ghost-friend, he thinks of nothing but snatching the netherwear and running.

We witness the sequel scene.

The setting is the interior of his home—a setting so "ultra-ultra" that it has figured damask, rather than wallpaper, on its

WE COVER THE *Studios* BY JAMES REID

PHOTOPLAY'S super-snooper brings you another intimate glimpse of what happens behind the scenes and on the sets of Hollywood's movie lots

walls. Not that you will notice that. What you'll notice is Billie Burke, looking more beautiful than ever, sitting in a wing-back chair, sewing on some petit point. Near-by stands Roland, fussing with a cigarette box.

She is chiding him again. Some ladies have been calling on her, hinting darkly of his doings. Roland comes around to her to explain. He reaches into his hip pocket for a handkerchief with which to mop his brow, saying, as he does so, "I'm just a faithful old dog." Simultaneously, from under his coat, something drops to the floor—something silky and lacy. Billie leans over, picks it (or, rather, them) up, rises to her full height, and says, with hurt indignation, "Faithful old dog!! . . ."

The timing of the first "take" doesn't satisfy Director McLeod. Neither does the second. On the third try, Billie on her upward rise, asks Roland, with hurt indignation, "Since when have *you* been wearing lace?"

The ensuing burst of laughter all but shatters the "mike." When the set is sober again, for another try, Billie says, "Now, with that out of my system, maybe I can follow the script." The show goes on.

WE go on to near-by M-G-M, to see "The Emperor's Candlesticks," starring William Powell and Luise Rainer.

This is Luise's fourth picture, the third she has made with Bill, and the first in which she has been allowed to be exotic. It is Bill's last picture on his present M-G-M contract. When it's finished, he plans a long rest. One eye has been troubling him ever since the eyeball was sunburned last fall; it is demanding specialists' attention.

He is a baron at the moment, and Luise is a countess. They are rival spies in a Polish setting. Each has a hiding place for dangerous documents—a secret compartment in one of the Emperor's candelabra. The candlesticks become switched, with the result that each comes into possession of the other's papers. Then the fun *really* begins.

When we come on the set—an ornate reception room in the Countess' home—only the camera crew is in sight. Bill has not yet reported for duty. Luise is in her new, modernistic, portable dressing room.

The only person who is actually working is Eddie Claremont. He has one of those jobs that only Hollywood could create. His sole task, eight hours a day, is to play mood-music on a phonograph. Today he is playing for Luise. Other days he plays for Joan Crawford or Jean Harlow. He gets a healthy salary and has the responsibility of producing the right music for the right mood.

The phonograph is now emitting an operatic number. With this as a cue, we look forward to a dramatic scene. We get it.

When Luise appears, she is wearing blue velvet, ermine trimmed and floor length. We'd call it an off-the-shoulder model. It has that well-known Glamour. Especially with the addition of a tiara on Luise's reddish-brown hair.

In this scene, she is sitting in a chair talking with Frank Conroy, who is standing beside her. The chair is raised up on blocks, as are all chairs in sitting-standing scenes, so that his head won't be at the top of the picture while hers is at the bottom. The block trick brings the players closer together.

They are fencing verbally. He implies blandly that he suspects her of caring for the Baron; self-possessed, she pretends that she does not know what he is talking about. Her voice has a selective, subdued vibrance. (The girl isn't the same in any two rôles, even in her voice tone!)

Suddenly, her maid announces the Baron. Suppressed terror comes into Luise's eyes and into her voice, instantly, naturally, without any visible effort. Here is real acting.

Director George Fitzmaurice likes the rehearsal. The scene begins, when, suddenly, the sound "mixer" on the sidelines lets loose a loud burst of blue profanity. Everyone stops, in amazement.

The sound man yells, "Quick! The Flit! There's a — fly in the 'mike'!"

No one else has heard the buzz, but that is all that he *can* hear. The buzz is annihilated; the microphone is covered with a kitchen-type strainer as a safeguard. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Rioting in "The Road Back" furnishes a thrill for our movie-wise rambling reporter on this all-night set



Director James Whale and shouting assistants start placing 900 extras hours before the actual shooting

It's the largest single set ever built in Hollywood and represents a public square in war-stricken Germany



Fred is from



TO a comparative few of us has been given the fun of knowing well the Astaire who makes the Astaire *you* know tick. Not a smart international citizen, a cosmopolite in top hat, white tie and tails equally at home in London as in New York, in Hollywood as on the Continent, but a great big kid with a simple, boyish and totally delightful sense of humor—that's the Fred I know!

When the two of us are working out a routine, a sort of running gag, a kind of continued rib goes on between us.

Whenever I have a particularly tough piano solo, Astaire stands by—sort of half-kidding-on-the-square attitude—waiting for me to hit that "clinker." If I do hit it, the Astaire eyebrows zoom skyward—then he tells me no one would notice the mistake anyway. If I get through the solo without an error, his sigh of relief is like a small tornado.

When he rips into some difficult turn with his feet, I look straight up to the ceiling, hold my breath and wait. If he gets through it perfectly, we both laugh—but loud! If he misses it, we both laugh—but loud! Then Astaire drives himself crazy worrying about the step that he missed and doesn't stop worrying until he does the dance again and does it correctly.

But there is a bond between Fred and me which is perhaps even greater than our musical one. We're a couple of full-fledged cinches for a dialect

During the days of the most hectic and turbulent preparation for the première of our Packard show, the phone would ring at some odd hour and I would be told Mr. Astaire wished to speak to me.

"John," he would excitedly advise, "I've just thought of the most marvelous 'Englishism'." And off he would go into some bit of completely authentic London West End colloquialism that would panic us both. As a matter of fact the most important item that Fred had to relate to me of his last summer's trip to England was his London tailor's comment on discovering that the trousers of one of Fred's new suits were too long:—

"We shall have to nip them up *just* a sensation, sir," and as I recall, both Fred and I fell right down at this one and laughed for two solid days.

It became virtually a contest between Fred and me to see which of us could get the jump on the other with a new bit of dialect.

I well remember the no less childish enthusiasm with which Fred greeted the idea of doing "Christopher Columbus" on the Packard program. Yes, and don't think that it was the tune or the thought of what I might perhaps do with the arrangement of it that intrigued him. He could hardly re-



*A famous orchestra leader turns author
and sheds a new light on an old friend—
Fred Astaire—gagster, ribber, screwball*

By JOHNNY GREEN

Fred was a great star when Johnny was but a youngster. They clowned their way to a lasting friendship

Thirty-nine weeks of gruelling broadcasts was a test but this Astaire guy can leave 'em with a laugh



strain his joy because I had suggested that he do part of it in Italian dialect. I want you to know that he was like a sophomore playing his first part in a high school dramatic club play about that bit of Italianized English. His reaction to the "I Love Louisa" number, which was done with a German twist, was just the same.

However, all during the piano rehearsals of one of these linguistic bits Fred would go completely turn-about, complain that he wasn't a dialectician, virtually scream that his dialect was no good and then timorously ask me if it sounded all right. I would assure him that no one would believe that he was an American after hearing it, that the dialect was positively sensational and that he would probably never do another number in straight English again. This mood would usually hold until the hour of the show when he would live for the dialect spots, sail into them with a will and not only get laughs from the audience but break himself up to pieces.

"Do you kill YOU!" I whispered to him during the program one night, just after he had panicked himself with a bit of Scotch brogue.

"Yeah! Isn't it awful?" he hissed back through difficultly restrained hysterics.

I think I shall never forget the time when we did the "Piccolino" as the finale to the first half of our broadcast. I practiced it and practiced it. Came the rehearsals with the orchestra. Astaire listened, remarked, "Why don't you give yourself something that you can play instead of all that?"

"I'll have to remember that next time you practically break your ankle," I retorted.

For your information, I'd better tell you that in this arrangement of mine Fred had a vocal cue which was the key to the whole sense of the number following my piano solo. Well, we came to the show and everything was going splendidly. I sat down and literally cavorted through my entire solo—not a mistake—just one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110



★ CAFE METROPOLE—20th Century-Fox

THIS offers handsome young Tyrone Power and exquisite Loretta Young in an unbeatable combination of sly satire, speedy humor and romance. It's solid entertainment without being too precious in any respect.

Gregory Ratoff, who wrote the story, snatched the best lines for himself; but there are plenty left for the others. It's a casual story of a young heir who, having spent his inheritance, falls into the benignly villainous clutches of Adolphe Menjou, maitre d' hotel of *Cafe Metropole*. Menjou needs money, persuades Tyrone to pose as a Russian Prince and make love to heiress Loretta Young. The trouble begins when the two really do fall in love.

Nicely dressed, the entire cast deserves special credit. Charles Winninger and Helen Westley contribute neat bits. Direction and production are smooth, photography excellent.



★ KID GALAHAD—Warners

AN exciting story of the prizefight ring with a smashing thrilling climax that fairly lifts the audience from their seats. Edward G. Robinson is at his best as the self centered manager who becomes interested in Wayne Morris, a country boy in the big city. Robinson decides to make him a champion. Then discovers his sweetheart, Bette Davis, is in love with the fighter and accuses the boy of double dealing. To prove Bette's innocence, Morris admits it's Robinson's own sister Jane Bryan, he has been secretly meeting. Unreasoning anger seizes Robinson and he determines to sell out his own fighter to Humphrey Bogart, rival manager. Still trusting his manager, Morris puts up a losing fight until Bette begs Robinson to be honest. It's punchy, he-man material with young Morris proving himself winner. Bette Davis delivers a beautiful performance.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ A STAR IS BORN—Selznick-United Artists

AT last, a story of the real Hollywood comes to the screen, glorified by the finest color photography yet revealed. A story that neither satirizes, whitewashes or lampoons the glamour city but reveals with true insight, reality and humor, the heartaches as well as the glories of the motion picture industry. Typical of the town itself is the tale of the little country girl who comes to Hollywood seeking fame. Through the aid of an assistant director, she finally secures a job as waitress at a film party where she meets *Norman Maine*, reigning screen idol. Impressed by her unaffected naturalness, *Maine* secures for the newcomer a screen test that wins her a rôle in his picture. Their marriage follows her screen triumph and as the new star arises, *Maine* sinks to obscurity. The building of one star's rise against another's fall is tremendously effective in providing great emotional suspense. The locale of the story provides an opportunity for a close-up of such famous spots as the Hollywood Bowl, the Trocadero, the Santa Anita race track and Grauman's Chinese Theater.

Janet Gaynor as the small town girl who becomes the glamorous star, does her best work since the advent of talkies. Fredric March is superb as the fallen actor and wins only sympathy for the character he portrays. Adolphe Menjou as the producer, Andy Devine as the assistant director, Lionel Stander as the bitter publicist, contribute greatly to the picture. We urge you not to miss the best Hollywood story to date.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

A STAR IS BORN

KID GALAHAD

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN

CAFE METROPOLE

NIGHT MUST FALL

WOMAN CHASES MAN

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Janet Gaynor in "A Star Is Born"

Fredric March in "A Star Is Born"

Tyrone Power in "Cafe Metropole"

Loretta Young in "Cafe Metropole"

Edward G. Robinson in "Kid Galahad"

Bette Davis in "Kid Galahad"

Wayne Morris in "Kid Galahad"

Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall"

Rosalind Russell in "Night Must Fall"

Dame May Whitty in "Night Must Fall"

Miriam Hopkins in "Woman Chases Man"

Spencer Tracy in "They Gave Him a Gun"

Franchot Tone in "They Gave Him a Gun"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 122)



★ THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—M-G-M

STARTING with such smashing force that it will throw you back in your loges, this dwindles into melodrama of the old school toward the end. But, excellent characterizations by Spencer Tracy, Franchot Tone and Gladys George make it artistically good and the almost over abundance of action makes it thrilling entertainment.

The story concerns war buddies Tracy and Tone who both fall in love with Miss George, a nurse. Tone essentially adolescent is brave only when he has a gun. Tracy backs out in favor of his friend. Time shifts to the present, and Tone is discovered as a ruthless racketeer and killer. You are then offered the struggle of the innocent wife to right her husband's wrongs, a jailbreak, and a finale in a circus. Tracy with great feeling makes every line count. Tone handles with restraint and ability his difficult rôle. Unique and worth while.



★ NIGHT MUST FALL—M-G-M

THIS is like no horror story ever brought to the screen, yet it holds an aura of the dankest terror from start to finish. With the utmost restraint and imagination Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell and an exceptional cast build the portrait of an English family involved in murder. It is not a children's picture, since the neurotic blood-lust, the sheer, frightening baldness of the story create an emotional chill which is almost unbearable at times. Montgomery, as the nice-looking page boy with a twisted psychosis and a knot of complexes for which he compensates by killing people, creates with unerring skill the difficult character. Brought to task by testy old hypochondriac Dame May Whitty for getting a servant girl in trouble, he ingratiates himself in her affections and plans to kill her for her hidden money. Miss Russell, the old lady's niece, is the only one who understands his twisted psychology; she is alternately repelled and attracted, eventually proves his nemesis.

Although no actual scenes of bloodshed or violence are shown, by implication the sense of danger and horror is synthesized into suspense which will make your mind creak with apprehension. Direction and production are artistically superlative, and each individual performance is an acting triumph. Dame Whitty's sequence of hysteria will linger in your memory for months. Alan Marshall contributes a nice bit. This will have you looking under beds at night.



★ WOMAN CHASES MAN—Sam Goldwyn

STEPPING directly from her traditional dramatic rôles to nonstop raucous comedy, Miriam Hopkins appears as the woman who chases the man in this bit of frothy nonsense. Her ability as a comedienne places it in the top flight of this season's cinema offerings.

As a penniless architect she approaches Charles Winninger, a screwball but nice promoter for a job. He tells her she's hired—if she can get enough money from his son to finance a current project. The son is Joel McCrea, sensible and reactionary. The rest of the picture is concerned with Miriam's frantic attempt to get him drunk and tease him into signing checks. You'll like Erik Rhodes as a money grabbing foreigner, Ella Logan and Broderick Crawford as makeshift servants, but all brilliance is exuded by the almost naughty dialogue and by Miriam's work.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARDS



**AS GOOD
AS MARRIED**
—Universal



**THE GO
GETTER—**
Warners

AUDACIOUS, gay and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary, Doris Nolan, in order to save on his income tax and insure himself against breach of promise suits. But his secretary-wife, really loves her boss, grows tired of his philandering. Walter Pidgeon, Tala Birell, Alan Mowbray are a giddy lot.

PETER B. KYNE'S famous story of a man who, despite the loss of a leg, still fights against all obstacles to finally win out, is brought to the screen with sincerity, fast movement, and humor. Charles Winninger is splendid as Cappy Ricks, Anita Louise is charming as his daughter, and George Brent as the ambitious young man is sympathetic.



**ANGEL'S
HOLIDAY—**
20th Century-
Fox



**MAKE WAY
FOR
TOMORROW**
—Paramount

AGAIN Jane Withers proves herself a rare trouper in this rollicking comedy of a kidnapped movie star. Jane provides her uncle's newspaper with plenty of headlines when she not only locates the missing actress, played by Sally Blane, but helps capture the kidnappers. To cap the climax, Jane even sacrifices her heartbeat, Robert Kent to Miss Blane.

ATENDER heartstirring story of two old people who are unwanted by their own children. Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore offer a richly sympathetic portrait of the devoted couple, who having lost their home, are farmed out to their children. Thomas Mitchell, Porter Hall, Fay Bainter among strong cast. It's splendid.



**DANCE
CHARLIE
DANCE—**
Warners



**TALK OF THE
DEVIL—GB**

STUART ERWIN provides what comedy he can in this old-plotted picture of a small-town boy who inherits a fortune and puts it into an unsuccessful Broadway stage production. Jean Muir is the sympathizing secretary who guides the inexperienced boy to success. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards, Glenda Farrell contribute to the general hilarity.

AN extremely diverting mystery involving the ability of Ricardo Cortez to imitate anybody's voice. This aptitude can do a lot of damage, and he succeeds in bringing tragedy to Sally Eilers, her ship-building guardian, and Basil Sydney, who also had a hidden talent. He forges checks. The cast is nice; the direction very able.

AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



KING OF GAMBLERS—
Paramount



NIGHT KEY—
Universal

THIS shocker-type melodrama reveals the sinister maneuvers of Akim Tamiroff, slot machine racketeer, who grimly murders any who stands in his way. In love with Claire Trevor, night club singer, Tamiroff lures Lloyd Nolan, his rival in love, into a murderous trap that catches the wrong fellow. Smooth performances of cast make a top-notch thriller.

THE transformation of Boris Karloff from boogey man to sympathetic character is an important feature of this pleasing story. Karloff, an inventor of electrical burglar alarms, finds himself at the mercy of crooks who plan to use his inventions for their own selfish purposes. There is suspense and even humor in the inventor's scenes of revenge.



THE WOMAN I LOVE—
RKO-Radio



BIG BUSINESS
—20th
Century-Fox

HERE once more is the melodrama of the triangle, with Paul Muni the husband, Louis Hayward the lover, Miriam Hopkins the Woman. Against the background of war the three work out their destiny, with God and the Germans to help. In every case the performances are excellent and powerful. Very grim, but see this for direction and acting.

THE Jones Family again deliver an excellent piece of entertainment in this story of how they are almost ruined by Jed Prouty's (*Mr. Jones*) entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Gleason is good as the procrastinating florist who loves Shirley Deane, and Kenneth Howell does fine work as the son whose invention saves the family from ruin.



THE GOOD OLD SOAK—
M-G-M



LET THEM LIVE!—
Universal

FILM veteran Wally Beery again shows the younger players in a cast how it's done. As the wayward, rum-guzzling father who finally untangles the family problems, Beery rightfully takes all honors. Janet Beecher and Una Merkel supply exceptionally strong support, with Eric Linden, Judith Barrett and Betty Furness registering faintly. Hokum but good.

VIVID and fast-moving, this story of a young doctor's effort to better sanitary conditions in the slums is engrossing. Balked by a crooked politician, Edward Ellis, the doctor finally gains his help when the infantile paralysis epidemic touches Ellis' protege, Bennie Bartlett. John Howard and the cast are swell. | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 |

Charm

IS SELF-MADE

HAVE you ever said about some girl whom you know that she seems to accomplish as much in a day as six ordinary humans? Why do you say, "ordinary humans?" Do you judge the ability of so-called "ordinary humans" by your own capabilities or by the lack of them? Did you ever stop to think that this girl may be the normal one and that you are below par when it comes to energy? You think of her as unusual, superhuman—but is she? She is simply the personification of health, energy and aliveness. Is that so unnatural? No! A thousand times no!

This girl doesn't wear the most expensive clothes, is not particularly witty and her social graces are nothing to write home about. She's well-bred, behaves herself and is a lady on all occasions. She doesn't talk baby talk, isn't a strip tease queen and there's nothing of the obvious siren about her at all. Yet she's the one that has all the Robert Taylors of the village stumbling over themselves for dates, trying to be number one boy on her list, while the rest of you sit back flabbergasted, wondering how she does it and asking yourselves what in the world they see in her.

I'll tell you, babies. She's potent! She radiates a certain something that an alert, healthy male can't mistake. Call it magnetism, personality, charm, allure, glamour, sex appeal, hot stuff, vitality or whatever you wish, but by any other name it would be just as sweet and important to possess. And it all comes from glandular perfection and health!

Your entire personality can be affected by the condition of the glands. Your bodies are full of them. Two of the most potent are the thyroid and pituitary and they are closely associated with the sexual glands. Your appearance, the state of your mind and condition of your body generally are dependent upon them. Everyone of you should occasionally have a thorough check-up by a competent and reliable gland specialist to keep tabs on your metabolism. That means the rate at which your food and body tissue is used up. Have a test at least twice a year, particularly if, for no apparent reason, you find your sex appeal is lagging.

To register sex appeal, to be vivacious, sparkling, healthy and have that certain flair, you must constantly create a flow of high-powered energy. Energy is the force of life, a magic wave created by the smooth action of the organs and glands of the body.

The food that you eat plays a leading rôle in maintaining the normal function of those organs and glands. That goes for digestion, too. Proper food makes healthy blood that is needed to supply the glands and nerves with the minerals and chemicals they require to build strong and healthy tissue. If, by overeating and indulgence in wrong foods, fat is allowed to get a strangle hold it suffocates the organs and makes them function improperly. You become listless, weak and irritable. Then the panic is on!

Today there are more smashed romances and divorces than ever before. In many cases, despite the fact that the woman is usually the divorce getter, these break-ups can be blamed on the lack of healthy physical appeal of the woman. By



Eleanore Whitney of the fast tapping toes has no difficulty in keeping her figure in perfect trim but she also knows the secret of keeping her vitality intact

Sex-appeal, glamour, allure—call it what you will—but vitality is the secret to every woman's personality and magnetism

by Madame Sylvia



her indifference to physical fitness and refusal to keep herself as alluring as possible, she herself creates the grounds upon which she eventually sues. A woman who is sloppy and unclean about her person is unforgivable. There are no two ways about that. When she allows fat to squelch her vitality, her flair, her enthusiasm and her sense of humor, it is sometimes forgivable. . . but never forgettable. If that fat is allowed to remain undisturbed and accumulate, it becomes a definite threat to love, health, beauty and happiness. It's an eyesore to the male.

ON the other hand, just as most men hate fat, they very easily tire of looking at a haggard emaciated female that has been foolish enough to starve herself down to her last mineral in an effort to reduce and who is constantly reminding him what a martyr she is, whining that she can't eat this or that for fear of fat. Listen, darlings, why don't you be wise and understand that a man isn't concerned about your discomforts in your reducing regime. And let me say right here, if your regime is a *sensible* one, you won't have any discomforts. A man is only concerned about you being the best looking thing that walks on two legs. He wants his woman to have a slender, slick, well-proportioned figure. He wants softly rounded arms and nicely molded neck and shoulders. He wants a healthy, vigorous companion, not a finicky fussing frostbitten female.

You can be all of this to him, but only if you use your little noodles about this reducing business. If you don't and go in for stupid fads, vicious starvation diets, drugs or some so-called quick-and-easy-way-to-melt-your-fat-away, you'll discover too late that such bunk is fatal. The inevitable scrawniness, flabbiness and crepey skin that result will only repel your man's caresses and make them less and less frequent. That's not what you want, is it? I should hope not!

So before I forget it, let me settle this little matter about "quick, easy, effortless methods of reducing." If you want to reduce properly, healthfully and in the right places, there isn't such a thing as a "quick, easy, effortless" method. It takes time and plenty of work and you are the babies that have to put forth the effort. It's a cinch for any one of you to lose a few pounds in a short time by starving, physicking or sweating yourselves to death. But believe me, in even a shorter time you'll get it all back again—if the regime hasn't killed you in the meantime. By the time you get through with your starving, physicking or sweating routine to lose those few measly pounds, you're so weak and so sapped of your vitality that you haven't the strength to continue with it until you reach the proportions you desire. Furthermore, when you finally give up, your [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



Lovely Grace Moore is an outstanding example of the new school of opera singers. She proved that it was unnecessary and unhealthy for prima donnas to be fat



Molly.

"You're kind of like my mother as I remember her, Mrs. Bunch—the same look in your eyes, and you laugh the same way too, and—"

by
*Frances
Marion*

ILLUSTRATION BY
R. F. SCHABELITZ



The story thus far

WHEN Sol Rimbél, Molly Drexel's theatrical agent, failed to get her a part in "Gay Blades," she knew she was through, done with the stage forever. Without funds, desperately in need of a job of any kind to keep the shabby apartment which she shared with two other down-trodden actresses—Julia Fayne and Lily Pringle—Molly applied at the Doyle Agency for a job as housekeeper with a Mr. Graham, living on Long Island.

Back at the apartment, she broke the news.

"But Molly, you'll be a servant," cried Julia in her best Duse manner. "Oh, it's all too, too tragic!"

Molly's sense of humor stood her in readiness. "Don't make

it sound like Custer's last stand, Julia—what worries me is that I might not get the job. Mr. Graham is sending his butler to interview me tonight—"

When Peabody, the Graham butler, arrived, Molly, who had given her name as Mrs. Bunch, recognized him as Harry Phipps, a former friend and fellow actor. They huddled, and Molly got the job, on her promise of strictest secrecy.

Molly arrived at the Graham estate to find she had an unfriendly group of servants to deal with. Mr. Graham, himself, was reticent and austere; his son, Jimmy, away at school, returned only for an occasional week-end.

Molly set about making the place livable, but her manner

BLESS HER

*THE story (soon to be screened)
of a gallant actress who played
her greatest love rôle with-
out grease paint or applause*

"—and I'm getting happier every minute," Molly concluded for him. But her heart ached! How could a mother, no matter how young, desert a lad as fine as Jimmy?



chilled Peabody, who lived in terror that their ruse would be discovered.

The climax came when Molly blithely discharged the gardener and hired Ronny Burgess, the man who had written the play—which had made Molly a Broadway star.

Now continue with the story

WHEN Molly stepped off the train with Ronny Burgess and presented him to Peabody as the new gardener, she wore an air of aggressive triumph such as is seen on the faces of conjurers when they produce a rabbit out of an opera hat.

She was not at all disturbed, in the days that followed, be-

cause the other servants eyed Ronny suspiciously and whispered behind his back. Not until Mr. Graham said, "Who is that strange man on the terrace?" did she have a qualm of conscience.

"That's only Mr. Burgess, our new gardener, Mr. Graham," she answered meekly.

"When did he arrive?"

"About two weeks ago. He seems very conscientious, too; always studying at night and—" Molly moistened her lips to relieve the feeling of cotton in her mouth. "I think the garden's going to look very beautiful if Mr. Burgess can carry out his plans . . ."

"He doesn't seem to be in any hurry about getting to work," Graham interrupted, dryly.

"Oh, he must be thinking about something," Molly apologized quickly. "He's a great thinker."

A smile flickered at the corners of Graham's mouth. "Perhaps he is thinking about the *Ampelopsis*. It ought to be clipped before it chokes the chimneys."

"The what, sir?"

For a moment, Graham wondered at the startled expression on his housekeeper's face. "I was speaking about the ivy, Mrs. Bunch. *Ampelopsis Hedera helix* is the botanical name for it. Years ago I took a course in horticulture and was very much interested in it."

Molly longed to wipe off the dew that sprang to her forehead, but she endured its uncomfortable tickle and said, politely, "Shall I tell the gardener to cut the Am—ivy, Mr. Graham?"

"I shall speak to him myself before I leave," Graham answered.

"I'll tell him so he won't be at the far end of the grounds." It took surprising control on her part to walk slowly and with apparent ease out of the house and up to Ronnie.

Lowering her voice until it took on the tone of Julia's fiercest stage whisper, Molly jabbered, "Mr. Graham's coming right out! Knows all about gardening! Learned it at college! Calls ivy ambidextrous or something like that! Use all those big words you've been learning from the catalogues Ronnie—and don't get scared! I'm shaking all over!"

Graham never would have suspected her nervousness, for, as he approached, she beamed pleasantly. "Mr. Graham, this is Mr. Burgess, our new gardener."

"How do you do, Burgess?"

Ronnie bowed and, with an even glance, his eyes met his employer's steely gray ones. To Molly, it seemed an intolerably long time before Ronnie remarked: "I was just looking at the *Ampelopsis* on the house, Mr. Graham. It's menacing the chimneys; besides, it's a pity not to show some of the warm red bricks."

Graham gazed long and critically at the house as if he were viewing it for the first time. "You're quite right, but won't cutting it involve a great deal of work?"

"Not at all, Mr. Graham," Burgess answered, eagerly. "I'll enjoy doing it. I like ivy when it makes an attractive pattern on a wall, though I must say, if we planted climbing roses on each side of the porte-cochere it really would enhance the beauty of the house."

"Wouldn't it, though?" Molly interjected, quickly. "My, what a nice idea, Mr. Burgess!"

"I had a cherished idea years ago," Graham went on, ignoring Molly's remark, "of trying my hand at raising orchids. Know anything about orchids, Burgess?"

"No," answered Ronnie, quite truthfully, "I've had very little experience with—with—orchids, sir. I—that is—" By this time, his nerves were so on edge and the beads of perspiration that trickled down his bald head were so annoying, that he felt as if nothing but a frank confession would relieve the situation. He was saved from it by Molly, who divined his purpose and rushed headlong into conversation, pyramiding her words until Mr. Graham stared at her in amazement.

"Flowers, flowers everywhere, Mr. Graham! Won't it be simply wonderful! I can't wait until all those little hootnannies you were talking about come up and I can pick armfuls of them and put them in every room in the house!" Her laughter grew hysterical. "And I'm terribly glad you're not angry with me

for tying the can—er—getting rid of Fritz, and I do hope you'll get along nicely with Mr. Burgess because I'm sure he'll always have your interests at heart."

When she stopped, breathlessly, Graham turned to Ronnie. "I'm delighted to find that you have a technical knowledge of your profession, Burgess. I'll discuss my plans further with you soon." As he walked away, Pierre, the chef, and Aggie, who were peering through the kitchen window, saw Mrs. Bunch reach over and press the gardener's hand.

"Well, if that don't beat all," Aggie remarked as they solemnly turned away from the window, disheartened by the calm ending of the scene they had just witnessed. "I tell you she's got the evil eye on this house and we've all got to look out for her. If anything more happens, I ain't gonna stay here!"

AFTER his alarming interview with Graham, Ronnie worked very hard during the day, clipping and trimming ivy, and by night reading gardening catalogues. Molly's fertile brain, meanwhile, had conceived a plan whereby Lily, still out of work, could be added to the Graham staff of servants. It was the pickling and preserve season and Lily could assist Pierre, the chef, Molly calmly decided. No sooner said than done.

She introduced Lily to her staff as Miss Lily Brown and, although she tried to convey the impression that Miss Brown had been sent down by Doyle's Agency, the housemaid Perkins' suspicions were instantly aroused.

One afternoon while listening at the keyhole of Mrs. Bunch's room, she heard Miss Brown distinctly call Mrs. Bunch, "Molly," and Mrs. Bunch call Miss Brown, "Darling." She hurried downstairs and, drawing Pierre, Hilda and Aggie into a safe corner, she confided her latest discovery. She saved her most cherished piece of gossip to the very last.

"And then!" she exclaimed, almost losing control of her high-pitched voice, "I heard her say to this new woman, 'What with Harry, and me, and Ronnie, and now *you* here, Lily, the plot's getting thicker than pea soup!'" She waited a moment, her large vacant eyes rolling in their sockets like marbles in a teacup, as she watched the effect of her startling revelation.

"Well, what do you make out of that?" she demanded, when the staff was too stunned to speak. "You can't say *now* that there isn't some dirty work going on right under our noses! Sure! We might be in the hands of a dreadful band of crooks, for all we know! Or *detectives*! It certainly looks mighty queer to me."

Aggie, who had been listening openmouthed to the unfolding of this dark mystery, grew very pale. "Yeah," she drawled, and her knees sagged under her weight so that she had to grab a kitchen chair to keep from falling, "we might get our throats split from ear to ear some night and never know nothing about it!"

But it wasn't her fear of impending death that terrified Aggie. Secreted in her trunk was a fine lace tablecloth, six linen towels, a collection of silver spoons, forks and knives that she had filched from time to time, and also a pair of Mr. Graham's expensive cufflinks that Hilda innocently had sworn to Mrs. Bunch were lost in the laundry. Suppose that Mrs. Bunch suspected her! That night, after the housekeeper was safely in bed, Aggie gathered together all her belongings and stole out to a cab she had ordered to wait at the foot of the drive, and never was heard of again.

Molly smiled pleasantly at the news. It meant simply that Lily's job could now be permanent. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

NEXT MONTH!

"ONE YEAR WITH OSCAR"

The uproarious tale of what actually happened to Bette Davis when Oscar, idol of Hollywood, came to visit her.

THE GAYEST STORY OF THE YEAR!



Jeanette MacDonald's favorite trousseau negligée is from Margaret Smith. Over lush white bridal satin is slipped a dramatic coat of accordion pleated sheer, the sleeves of which swirl almost to the floor. Gold brocade sandals add a brilliant accent

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HURRELL

PLAYBOY
fashions





For evenings in Honolulu, on her wedding trip, Jeanette MacDonald chose the gray chiffon gown with full skirt and sash shown on the opposite page. The little jacket is of periwinkle blue woven with gleaming silver. From Margaret Smith

The dress above is black and white printed crêpe in a small pattern and has a black suède belt. Scarlet poppies accent a white straw hat which is lined

Company. White handmade linen gloves; white suède shoes trimmed with black patent leather; a white leather bag

Jeanette's favorite in her trousseau is the lipstick red chiffon dinner dress at top right. A frou frou outlines the split-up hem

Jeanette wears size three and a half, despite her height. Here she wears navy linen sandals



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GEORGE HURRELL

FOR A HONEYMOON IN

Honolulu

HOLLYWOOD PLAY CLOTH



Dorothy Lamour, appearing in "High, Wide and Handsome," knows that an all white suit is perfect for her, so she dons one of satin lastex, and slings a wicked straw hat over her back or wears it atop her superb braids

Stars and crabs chase each other over Dorothy's white satin lastex bathing suit. With no back at all the narrow shoulder straps are conveniently adjustable

Here she looks devastatingly smart in a brown and beige coat of plaid wool, worn with tan Kentucky jodhpurs. Brown hat and scarf of red and white



WITH A

Snap



Mary Carlisle, getting fit for her part in "Double or Nothing," leaps high in a play suit designed by Edith Head. The shorts and bandeau are of white silk linen laced with navy silk cord. She wears varicolored raffia sandals

Ring toss makes an ideal finish for a day outdoors and for it Ida Lupino wears white linen shorts, made with cuffs, a blue linen shirt and blue shoes

After that gentle exercise Ida cools off in a gray and white pyjama, with a scarlet scarf matching her fingernails. Her shoes are made of canvas





LIKE
mother
LIKE
daughter

"Good morning, Mother," says Sandra. "We look so much alike that nurse wrote my name on my collar so Daddy could tell us apart." Breakfast for two in white tailored slacks

Sweaters and skirts for a run in the garden. Gracie wears a blue sweater and white skirt, and Sandra's box sweater has run-around stripes in blue. A pleated skirt for Sandra

Ever since Sandra has been able to walk and talk she has demanded clothes "like mama's." So Gracie Allen has to shop and shop, for Sandra is her shadow and follows her round their lovely home from breakfast until bedtime. They play for hours in the sunny garden or do a bit of weeding amongst the flowers. Sandra is obviously worried about the orange crop, though. Sandra's parties are given in the beautiful living room of their new home, where every bit of furniture is a veritable antique. The staircase leads up to the nursery for two, which is a riot of toys and games. A big sundeck opens off it. Its floor, also, is littered with go-carts and toys.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. B. PAUL



Top of page: Gracie bought a gay cotton smock for gardening so Sandra has one, too. Big coolie hats for both, tied on with ribbons

Above: Party dresses, of course. Sandra bows to the guests in her favorite frock of shell pink taffeta, printed in blue and white flowers. Blue grosgrain ribbon bands it. Gracie has the same color theme in a silk linen, hand blocked, designed by Howard Greer

Bedtime and soft kimonos over pink nighties. Sandra has been a good girl all day so Gracie will take her up to the nursery and tuck her in



PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION

FOUND in the Shops



Joan Fontaine's new picture is called "You Can't Beat Love," and neither can you beat the double-breasted "jigger" coat seen above. It's of white fleece.

Right: Angora rabbit's hair makes a suit in several shades. The cape is lined and rejoices in an ascot tie made of its own fabric.





At upper left is a topper of angora rabbit's hair, taffeta lined to give you that swish. Note the clever front treatment, and length

Joan's suit, upper right, shows the short jacket, after Schiaparelli. The stitched fronts and the triangular breast pockets are noteworthy, as is the tucked shoulder. Belt and scarf in contrasting shades

A useful and flattering cape to wear over almost anything is worn here by Joan. Made of angora rabbit's hair the tucked shoulder and tuxedo front give it the new look. Inside straps are for convenience



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHO-
TOPLAY HOLLYWOOD
FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 124

FASHION

You can't blame Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas for feeling that way about Claudette Colbert, in "I Met Him in Paris," either on or off the set. Travis Banton has made her ultra delectable in mist gray chiffon, banded with platinum fox. The bodice of her gown, which is hidden here by the brief jacket of silver and gray brocade, ties with quaint bows, with the surplice treatment of the chiffon, with the soft bows repeated on the shoulders





PRETTY LADY

WHEN I went to Gracie Allen's lovely house to see her and her daughter Sandra, Gracie was having a massage and Sandra was in the doghouse. Why? Because she had been crying and had been told that she could not come down to see me and show me her new clothes unless she stopped crying. The Allen doghouse is the bathroom and Sandra was in it, silent and thoughtful. Pretty soon, however, she emerged in a short, white-linen costume with a navy blue sail boat appliquéd on its little front. She stood in the doorway, looking me over, very sweet, very clean, very solemn.

But her shyness did not last long. My big Chinese bracelet broke it down and she slipped the heavy ornament proudly on her wrist as we made friends. Then Gracie asked her to sing "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" and the weirdest duet ever heard ensued. Gracie started a line in her sweet, famous voice and Sandra finished it, choosing a key at random, but never missing a cue. That led straight to a piece of candy as a reward. Indeed, Sandra has been known to add the word "candy" to the end of every line, in this fashion, "Is it true what they say about Dixie? Candy?" so as to be sure that Gracie understands the whole business.

We went upstairs to Sandra's nursery, guaranteed to melt any woman's heart, with its rows and rows of toys spread out on a sunny shelf round the room. Here we opened the closet and saw dozens of tiny frocks, each on its little hanger. From these we selected the ones we are showing you.

Sandra was going to the hospital next day, she told us, beaming, to have her tonsils removed. It seemed to be all

which I could slip into when I get home in the late afternoon. Something which would look well if guests should drop in for tea and which I could wear on for dinner if I liked. Pyjamas would be too informal for the city, I thought, and for stargazing on my roof after dinner, but I wanted something as easeful as they are, something which could be worn without a girdle, and overlaxpanties.

I asked to see the chintz house gowns and found an adorably quaint one of striped glazed chintz in mauve and lavender and warm chocolate brown. The neck was cut square and was edged with a tiny ruffle of the brown, which also finished the short sleeves. That one I took for mornings, for pottering round my roof and watering my flowers in their boxes. But the one for evening is the one I love. It is of cotton challis, they told me, but it feels like silk; a sort of twilled weave. It has an all-over printed pattern in bright colors on a white ground and cherry red buttons chase themselves down the long trim bodice front. The skirt, and here is the relaxation note, is full and long, rather of dirndl kleid inspiration. It will be perfect for week-ends in the desert, for the flies will not get at my legs and the material is uncrushable. Wudge it

Billie Burke, that amazing woman, keeps the sun out of her blue eyes with a huge Panama, circled by a printed fringed scarf. Round her neck, she ties a printed silk bandana and defies the years with great success

mixed up with ice cream, and beds that rolled up, and flowers promised by Gracie. In fact, it seemed to be a grand party Sandra was going to have and she could hardly wait for it.

I HAVE found something in the shops that is going to be a delight for warm weather. On a hot, hot day the less you wear the happier you are, as you know, so I went shopping for something

up into a bundle when you pack and it still comes out as fresh as a daisy.

I noticed in Palm Springs that a lot of girls have shirts of thin wool to wear when they come out of the pool in the late afternoon. One was in tiny blue and white checks and was worn with blue linen shorts. The minute the sun goes down behind the snow-topped mountains the desert cools off miraculously, and the wool is a good idea. It makes the change into a dinner frock so easy, too, if one has to go on to something more formal.

Lots of girls wear blue denim overalls all day on the private ranches in the desert. They keep the flies from biting and fade into softer blues as the season goes on. If a desert stroll is indulged in, the trousers are turned up into deep cuffs over cowboy boots, so that the snakes you always hear mentioned but almost never see would have their exploring tongues baffled by leather, just in case you should step on one over a clump of primroses and verbenas. You see lots of small silk handkerchiefs tied, peasant fashion; over longish bobs, but get the men's size linen squares if you prefer to tie them round, gypsy fashion, and keep your hair out of your eyes.

I ATTENDED the opening of "Tovarich" in Hollywood recently, and have never seen such a brilliant audience. The curtain had to be held a full half-hour because the snap shooting in the foyer was continuous, and the stars practically had to battle their way into the great theater.

I saw quantities of short fur capes and jackets. They seemed to be the favorite wraps, in ermine, silver fox, white fox, or palest gray. I saw one lovely evening cape, though, of soft French blue wool made with a little turn over collar of dull red. It was worn over a white crepe gown and carried out the French red, white, and blue color scheme.

Judith Anderson, of the New York stage, had a

severely cut coat of scarlet duvetyn, collarless and fitted. They say we are going to see a lot of these brilliant red coats in both velvet and duvetyn.

Hedda Hopper was radiant in pale blue crepe, cut with a cape in the back. Hedda is piling her hair up on top of her head these days and it suits her, as you will see in "Vogues of 1938." It is nice to see the nape of the neck again and Hedda says Antoine told her to get all the short hair in the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

Fashion Letter

FOR JULY

by
Kathleen Howard

SWIM SUITS THAT ARE NEWS



1 RKO's young starlet, Anne Shirley, prefers the dress-maker type of suit, crinkled crêpe in an aquamarine design on a white background. Lined with lisle

2 Beige is high fashion this season and here is Mary Carlisle of Paramount in a most practical suit of that shade. The vertical weave makes for slenderness

3 An excellent idea is the guard strap under the arm of Evalyn Knapp's white suit. The high waistline is stressed and the shoulder straps tie at waist

4 Olivia de Havilland, that delightful Warner Brothers' star, wears a matelassé knit pastel suit. The ends of her shoulder straps are tied round her pretty waist

5



7

5 A sleek new Lastex fabric molds Dixie Dunbar's youthful figure in a suit which has adjustable shoulder straps. Dixie calls Twentieth Century-Fox her home lot

6 Universal's Jean Rogers swims in a white two-piece rubber suit. The flaring skirt buttons at both sides and there is a becoming quilted effect at the neckline



7 Columbia has signed up Jean Parker. Here she wears a dusty pink suit made with a flaring skirt over trunks. The close knit design is woven in a neat pattern

8 Madge Evans of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer slithers into a turquoise suit of sea satin. It is brocaded, almost iridescent, and is flattering to her figure



6

8





YOU know how often you've felt like slapping Mamie's face for talking about you behind your back. Or telling Susie what you thought of her taste in hats, especially when Susie criticized the bargain dress you bought. Or advising the boy friend in plain pointed language just how annoyed you really were about his coming for you fifteen minutes late.

If you haven't done any of those things, you probably envy the people who do them, for "obey that impulse" is an American creed. It's a slogan. It's a form of wish fulfillment. You see it in advertising. You read it in the newspapers. The magazines are full of it.

Now, if anyone could get away with such a creed, the motion picture stars should be able to. With wealth and power behind them, it would seem as if they could always do pretty much as they wished.

One girl who has been accused of living exactly as she wishes, of never catering to other people, of obeying every whim and impulse is Sylvia Sidney.

There was a time when that accusation was almost literally true of Sylvia. An impulsive, undisciplined young individualist, she wanted what she wanted when she wanted it, and did not care who was hurt in the process of getting it. The person who was usually hurt was Sylvia Sidney.

"I'll stand or fall by my own decisions," she used to say. "I won't turn to anyone for advice."

Recently Sylvia told me, "I was a fool. My creed didn't work. It got me into nothing but trouble. It may have sounded workable, but it wasn't. It was no comfort at all, when the mistakes kept piling up, to say to myself, 'Sylvia, these are all your own fault.' It was no comfort to say, 'I obeyed my impulses.'"

After a terrific slump, Sylvia Sidney's career has recently taken a turn upward. With "Mary Burns, Fugitive," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Fury," "You Only Live Once" and "The Woman Alone" to her credit, she is now the brilliant star she gave promise of being when, substituting for Clara Bow, she burst upon the screen in "City Streets." That wasn't her first picture, but it was her first important one.

Several exquisite screen performances followed and then, suddenly, the career of Sylvia Sidney fizzled out.

She is on top again today because she has learned to disobey her impulses!

But before I tell you about that, let me try to give you a picture of the forces which fashioned Sylvia into a difficult young individualist.

SYLVIA was born in the Bronx section of New York, the daughter of Victor Kosow and Rebecca Saperstein. And unhappiness stalked that home.

Sylvia, in speaking of it, said, "When I was a little girl, I wasn't really a little girl at all. I did none of the things that other little girls did. I wanted none of the things that other little girls wanted. I was painfully shy.

"I am certain that all this shyness was caused by the trouble between my mother and father. It is not so much that I remember definitely unpleasant episodes between them; it is more that I lived with a saddening and permeating sense of my mother's tears."

Perhaps it was because Mrs. Sidney felt that Sylvia had been

robbed of one of the most precious things a child can have—a home in which two parents dwell in peace with each other—that she tried to make it up to her in every way she could. Never was Sylvia made to feel that there were things she couldn't have because they were too expensive. Her mother saw to it that the child wore beautiful clothes. When she was only four, she had a blue velvet coat with an ermine collar, so lovely that even to this day Sylvia, who isn't ardently clothes conscious, remembers it.

Deprived of her father's love and seeing him rarely, it was only natural that Sylvia should feel that her mother's love was a bulwark and protection against a mysteriously hostile world.

Her mother worried because Sylvia was so different from other children. So painfully shy. So sensitive. So stubborn.

Even as a child, once she had made up her mind to a course of action, she would persist against all odds, and never admit that she had been in the wrong.

There was the time, for instance, when Sylvia was sent to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon for some childish offense. She remained in bed the rest of the afternoon. Dinner was brought to her.

"You'll stay in bed," said her mother, "until you apologize."

Sylvia remained in bed all the next day, and when her mother asked her if she was ready to apologize she said defiantly, "No, Mother." Then she looked out of the window. "Anyway," she remarked, "it's a rainy day, so I don't want to go outside." She never did apologize.

Months later her mother sent her to boarding school, in the hope that she would be forced to make friends with other children. The first night she sat up in bed and shrieked, "Mother, I want my mother!"

She remained in school but she made no friends. She wanted none. And in boarding school began that series of infringements

of the rules, that series of petty rebellions that were to make the life of everyone around Sylvia miserable, and in the end to make Sylvia the most miserable of all of them.

She made things so difficult for her instructors that finally her mother took her out of boarding school. It looked to small Sylvia as if her obedience to her impulses had worked again. For the purpose of her rebellion was to go home, to find a haven in the kindness and understanding of her mother.

She found out very promptly that her supposition was wrong. Her mother was in business just then, and it was difficult for her to take care of young rebellious Sylvia. So partly as punishment and partly because there was really no room in her tiny apartment for Sylvia, she sent the child to an uncle's house in the Bronx.

However, that failure to get what she wanted taught Sylvia very little. She next persuaded her mother to let her go to the Theatre Guild Dramatic School. Again she was a disrupting influence.

"I wanted to be a great big bomb," she told me, smiling, "but I'm afraid I never succeeded in being anything more than just a little firecracker."

When Linda Watkins was given a rôle on which Sylvia had counted, Sylvia, again on impulse, feeling that she had been treated unjustly, broke a strict rule of the school by going for a drive with a boy she knew. The next morning she was expelled for her defiance.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

NO MORE *impulses* says SYLVIA SIDNEY

who now admits that counting to ten before you let the fur fly is a pretty good idea

By DORA ALBERT

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A

Pre-Vue

OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS



Above right. Gail Patrick, appearing in "Artists and Models," prefers her blue felt Breton with the brim snapped down in front. The radial stitching and square crown are a new note in summer chic

Above. Gail chooses another charming felt that fits so perfectly with the "strictly tailored" mood. The brim turns sharply up in back and belting forms the band and bow which ties in front

Another view of the same felt which can be worn bonnet-wise, straight back on the head, or as Gail wears it. Both hats come in pastel and other shades



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT.

Enchantment in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

And I said to her:

"Consider, for instance, the case of the bird."

I showed it to her, one day, on the road to Santa Monica. It fluttered like an autumn leaf from one tree to another.

It was a sparrow, and, by every rule of nature, it should have been melancholy gray and bister brown. But as it flew in the wash of the afternoon sun, its plumage was brushed with ruby and flecked with old gold; and it came to rest on a cluster of eucalyptus tree flowers which were cherry red—a cherry red that was luminous, yet without sheen.

THERE is gold in the mellow, man-fashioned marbles of Sicily, ruby in the thousand flowers of my New England garden, and cherry red in the New Hampshire foliage when October has tinted the maples. There is ruby-and-gold and cherry red in the Great Canyon of Southern Utah where the White River winds through the quicksands. But there is no ruby-and-gold like that of the small, down sparrow, no cherry-red like that of the clustering eucalyptus flowers . . . and I asked my actress-friend:

"How d'you like it?"

And she replied:

"I think it's swell."

And I said:

"Consider now the case of the desert . . ."

* * *

So I took her far out beyond San Fernando. I showed her a single palm soaring rigid and solemn and austere, with a certain masculine arrogance that is typically of the Far West; the silhouette of a cowboy etched against the tightly stretched sky like the scrawled handwriting of a forgotten era; a rock worn to its naked bones by the erosion of the centuries; the contours of a little brand-new boom town—hard, dazzling white, compactly folded into an ochre, purple-stippled dip of the desert; the desert itself, rolling out, spawning its ironic, yellow eternities of shifting sand; a sky holding a greenish tinge in its master-blue, like a transfusion of emerald in the heart of a sapphire . . .

And, words being my trade, I announced:

"A keen, dry land! And the winds here like crackling spears. And—look!—the air like a rapidly whirling wheel of gleaming dust, shedding silver and violet sparks, giving to everything a touch of the fantastic, the sudden, the unexpected, the dramatic, even—playing with the lines and forms of the objects—accentuating them harshly, mercilessly—then lulling them with a diapason of gently curved rhythms and washing them over with the lazy gold of a far sun . . ."

And she laughed and exclaimed:

"I wager you've rehearsed that last bit."

And I, since she had spoken the truth, was annoyed and replied rudely:

"Shut up! Consider now the case of . . ."

"Food," she interrupted. "I'm starved—which won't do me much good, since Hollywood cooking is the worst in the world."

And I said:

"Consider now the case of Bill O'Donnell . . ."

* * *

So we drove out on the road to La Crescenta. There I took her to a lunch-wagon where, some years earlier, my dear, departed friend Lowell

Sherman had introduced me first, and introduced her in my turn to Bill O'Donnell, lording it in lonely glory behind the counter, a wide-brim, twenty-dollar Stetson on his bullet-shaped head, a large and evil-smelling cigar between his teeth.

He looked disparagingly at my friend's lean, tenuous greyhound curves of which she is so proud.

"Lady," he announced, "you ain't got enough bosoom—" that's how he pronounced it—"what you need is a hunk a steer."

I assured her, as I swung the car into the stream of traffic.

"Where are we going now?"

"To consider the case of the exiles."

"Exiles—like you and me—from New York and London and Paris?"

"Nothing as drab as that. Exiles from their own high dreams—dreams that are over and done with, and dreams yet to come. Exiles from the kingdom of romance. But, even in exile, carrying this same romance about their shoulders—like a crimson cloak . . ."



Flash! Walter Winchell gets caught making love to some one else's girl, and look whose girl it is—Gable's! But Clark neatly turns the tables on Walter and does a little snooping and note-taking. This was snapped at Marion Davies' circus party which accounts for the Wild Western frippery

He gave us hunks of steer broiled to a turn. He gave us fresh corn, tomato salad, apple pie, strong coffee. And, when I had packed away about two dollars' worth, for which he charged me sixty-five cents, he inquired:

"How was the steer, brother?"

"Lousy," was my mendacious retort.

"Oh yeah . . .?" He reached behind the counter and came out with an ugly automatic which he pointed at me. "How did yer say the steer was?"

"Elegant!"

"Okay, brother. Another hunk of steer—on house!" He turned to my friend. "How about you, lady?"

"You bet!" she exclaimed, becoming rapidly Westernized. "Good for the bosoom!"

We left the lunch-wagon.

She observed:

"I liked the hunk of steer. I liked Bill. I—" she was a little on the defensive—"I think I'm beginning to like Hollywood."

"You'll like it a whole lot more by-and-by,"

So I took her down into the City of the Angels; and, presently, we left behind us modern America, modern California, and drove into the Mexican quarter. There, in a winding street that smelled of garlic and red wine and was named after a gentle, forgotten saint, we came to a small, whitewashed house; and we beheld, on the veranda, seven men, sitting side by side—sitting there stiffly erect and in melancholy silence.

THEIR broad-brimmed sombreros were as black as their staring, opaque eyes; their beautifully tailored clothes as black as their long, thin cigars. They bowed deeply, gravely, in unison, when I introduced them to my friend. They kissed her narrow hand with the exquisite and angular grace of Castilian grandees; and, since she knew only English and they only Spanish, I was the interpreter; and, like many another interpreter, I followed my own fancy—and, I am afraid, my own sense of humor—in translating. I grew quite eloquent and witty

about a number of subjects, though they, after the manner of strangers, spoke mostly of the weather.

After a while, my friend and I got up to go. And again the seven men bowed deeply, gravely, in unison and kissed her hand; and, as we re-entered the car, she said:

"They are like people out of a play."

"A romantic and tragic play—don't you think?"

"Yes. Who are they?"

"They are the men who make history—and, at times, unmake it. Four of them have been presidents—call them dictators—of Central American republics here and there. Three expect to be presidents—call them dictators—of Central American republics here and there. And, between revolutions, they come here, to California . . ."

"Why here of all places?"—aggressively. "Why not rather New York?"

"Because they prefer sun to soot, and nature's warmth to steam heat—essence of roses to essence of subway. Also, because they remember that, not so long ago, California was Spanish. And because to them it is still Spanish. As Spanish as a glass of ruddy-brown sherry. As Spanish as a black lace mantilla and a tall, carved tortoise-shell comb. As Spanish as a secret patio where a fountain tinkles under the sun and a dagger, belike, might glisten under the moon."

"I don't believe a word of it," she announced.

"Don't you?"

"No. I think these seven men are—oh—stage props to impress greenhorns like myself . . ."

"Well," I countered, "suppose, for the sake of argument, that you're right"—which, incidentally, she was not—"are they not romantic all the same?"

"Painted romance! Man-made! Not God-made!" was the contemptuous answer. And that, though I did not say so, was funny, coming from an actress.

"All right," I replied. "God-made it shall be. For we shall now consider the case of the sky—and the night—and the morning to come . . ."

* * *

So we went to the very top of Doheny Drive. And there, with the town, like a deep-cleft canyon, at our feet, we parked the car and looked out.

In silence. Hour after hour. Not caring how fast time passed—or how slow.

And we watched the sun die in a haze of coppery brown—decayed, I thought, like the sun on the Day of Judgment. We watched the moon come up, stabbed on the outer horns of the world, dispassionate, calm, indifferent to the heart of man—the moon, I reflected, that

shone serenely on Hollywood and Broadway alike, that had wheeled across the arc of the heavens long before either came to existence, would be here long after both had been forgotten.

We watched the hiving stars swirl and swarm past the horizon. We watched them vanish, one by one.

We watched young day shoot up, racing along the rim of the world in a sea of fire, with purple shafts of light that put out the paling moon.

We watched the West flush with green, like a curved slab of thick, transparent jade. We watched the East flush with pink and lemon and faint heliotrope.

We heard the noises of waking day.

Noises in a near-by garden. A drowsy canticle. A bird gurgling and twittering. A tiny bat cheeping. A metallic buzzing of flies.

Noises in the streets far below. Seething in frothy, brutal streaks . . .

I gave a little shiver—and, I am afraid, a little yawn.

I said to my friend:

"Consider now the case of —"

"Breakfast!" she interrupted firmly.

And so, twenty minutes later, we were in a drug store, having orange juice, coffee and toast; and I heard her murmur, half to herself:

"Glamour — romance — enchantment — Hollywood . . ."

The Life Story of a Problem Child

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

for heavens sake!" Middle age didn't know, and neither did youth. The difference was that youth didn't care. Youth gave neither a whoop for the future nor a damn for dotage and its opinion.

You cut classes when and if you could. You borrowed your father's car and took your girl up into the shadowed hills overlooking town and, if allowed, got familiar. You drank a great deal of a kind of liquid popularly known as "rot-gut" since it was strictly outlawed and easy to get. You did these things if you were on the crest of the young wave, in the swing of things at all. And Tyrone Power the third had to be there; his personality demanded it.

Understand: to those with a bent toward the romantic there was nothing crass or unvarnished about this way of life. It was polished with the sort of glamour that only the teens can know; the long dreams were cloud-wrapped, the short loves heartfelt and painfully sincere.

In Cincinnati there is a place called Ault Park, which straggles along the river's ragged edge. In the midst of the trees there's a pavilion like a giant pastry cake, with a marble floor and terraces and an orchestra; you may dance there for twenty-five cents admission and ten cents per number—a price eminently suited to pocket-books of fifteen-year-olds. Tyrone had an allowance from his mother, which he augmented by working at the corner drug store as a fountain clerk. And Patia, pursuant to her policy of letting the children discover the world in their own way, was lenient with her car.

So that Tyrone, in company with a crony named Wilbur Wright, began during that first incomparable spring to recruit dashing young misses from the Purcell High School and to make the Ault Park Pavilion his Saturday night headquarters.

"Those Saturdays . . ." crooned Tyrone happily. "There'll never be anything like them again. D'you remember—? In the morning you'd play tennis, with a warm sensation inside you because you knew you were going 'out' that evening. Then in the afternoon the guy with whom you were double-dating would come over and you'd polish the car—we always tried a new polish each week and completely ruined the finish—and then, long before it was time, you'd have your shower and dress all up. And the evening would come on, full of warmth and fragrance—You'd get a couple of pints of liquor in an alley on the South side, whiskey aged two years in three days with an electric needle, and then you'd call for the girls. And you'd be so in love. . . ."

THERE were other highlights too! For instance, there was the car he bought with his own money; his first big possession. It cost him \$35 and was too high to get into the garage. He poured gallons of oil daily into the thing, and a few hours later all that would come out was hot water. This disconcerted him until he discovered the engine block was cracked, whereupon he sold it to a friend for \$50 and bought an Essex coupe.

And so the months went on, always faster, always more hectic. And eventually with their passing went much of the callowness of Tyrone's spirit, many illusions, and part of his youth. When, finally, he stood on the platform of his school and waited for his diploma, the shell of maturity about his spirit was already forming. The Depression had happened, unaccountably, unbelievably, and in company with his fellow students Tyrone was thinking carefully of the future and of work. There was so little time, and so much to do, and his ambitions were so exacting.

He understood, somehow, that he would get the things he wanted to have; after all, you do not have a superior intelligence, a ruthless determination, and a charming face for nothing. So clearly did he see things that, after commencement, when his mother called him into her study one afternoon to discuss plans for college, his mind was inexorably made up.

"I'm not going on to school," he told her. "If I'm going to be a successful actor, I've got to start early. You understand—I'll be bored with the idea if I wait too long. For that matter I'm bored sick anyway with the things I've been doing lately—studying, running around, working at stupid little jobs and taking my living from you. That last isn't idealism. I know when I'm well off, and if things go badly I'll be back, don't worry. I'm not a fool."

"No," agreed Patia, grinning.

"But I want to get on, d'you see? I want success and money quick, so I can enjoy them right away. I'm impatient, I suppose, but you never get anywhere if you aren't. Anyway, I haven't time for college. Dad's promised to take me up to a summer place in Canada and give me a course in Shakespeare. You've been swell, teaching me all these years and everything, but—"

"I understand," Mrs. Power said. "Your father's a great actor, and he can be of inestimable value to you." She stood up with a gesture of finality. "You've always made your own decisions and you'll make this one."

That was in June of 1931, just a little less than six years before a man named Darryl Zanuck decided to make a picture called "Lloyds of London" . . .

More eventful data on the thrill-packed life of Hollywood's most sophisticated young modern next month in PHOTOPLAY.

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Brief Reviews

OF CURRENT PICTURES



The sunnier side of life makes a hit with Carol Hughes, Warner's starlet

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

Page

A Star Is Born—Selznick International	60
Angel's Holiday—20th Century-Fox	62
As Good as Married—Universal	62
Big Business (The Jones Family)— 20th Century-Fox	63
Cafe Metropole—20th Century-Fox	60
Dance Charlie Dance—First National	62
Hollywood Cowboy—RKO-Radio	117
Kid Galahad—Warners	60
King of Gamblers—Paramount	63
Let Them Live—Universal	63
Make Way for Tomorrow—Para- mount	62
Night Key—Universal	63
Night Must Fall—M-G-M	61
Slim—Warners	117
Talk of the Devil—GB	62
The Thirteenth Chair—M-G-M	117
The Good Old Soak—M-G-M	63
The Go-Getter—Warners	62
The Tenth Man—GB	117
They Gave Him a Gun—M-G-M	61
Wings Over Honolulu—Universal	117
Woman Chases Man—Goldwyn- United Artists	61
The Woman I Love—RKO-Radio	63

★ **A DOCTOR'S DIARY**—Paramount.—Introducing John Trent, a former air pilot, this is a muddled business about medical ethics. Trent plays a young doctor who befriends a crippled genius. He is handsome but inept. Just don't bother. (April.)

★ **A FAMILY AFFAIR**—M-G-M.—The dialogue is excellent, the direction clean-cut in this amusing chronicle of a typical upper-class American family. Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney are splendid. You'll like it. (May)

★ **ANOTHER DAWN**—Warners.—A story of sand, and death and love in British India with Ray Francis, Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter being so, too honorable about it all. There is a lot of polite killing of the natives. Go for the stellar cast. (June)

★ **BILL CRACKS DOWN**—Republic.—Rough and ready action in a steel mill. Grant Withers neglects his sweetie for work, with the usual trite outcome. Beatrice Roberts, Judith Allan, Ranny Weeks, Pierre Watkins and Roger Williams try hard. Dull. (June)

★ **BORDERLAND**—Paramount.—Another Hop-A-Long-Cassidy story with William Boyd pretending to be a thief to catch a thief named The Fox. Jimmy Ellison and George Hayes skip along with Bill scenic locations are beautiful. (April.)

★ **BREEZING HOME**—Universal.—A stock horse-racing story with a few new twists provided by William Gargan as the honest trainer who suspects Wendy Barrie and Alan Baxter of double-crossing the horse. Binnie Barnes is Wendy's rival. Mild. (April.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES**—Paramount.—Light melodrama with Ray Milland moving ebonairly against a background of fog, murders, kidnappings and counterfeiters to rescue Heather Angel. Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive provide the comedy. (April.)

★ **CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—John Wayne, Louise Latimer and Robert McWade se above an unbelievable slice of bologna dealing with a coast-to-coast race between a freight train and a fleet of trucks for a million dollar contract. Kipit. (June)

★ **CALL IT A DAY**—Warners.—This records the collective problems of an English family ruck silly by the first spring day. The result is positively brilliant. Ian Hunter, Bonita Granville, Rita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Walter Woolf King, Frieda Inescort, Roland Young, all play with matchless technique. It sparkles and so will you when you see it. (May)

★ **CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—Simplicity, dignity, magnificent photography and superb acting by all the principals combine to

make Kipling's powerful tale of Portuguese fisher folk the best picture of the season. Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy and Melvyn Douglas surpass their most brilliant efforts. Positively a "must." (June)

★ **CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS**—20th Century-Fox.—Warner Oland again dishes out his Chinese homilies with aplomb in this mystery of stolen airplane inventions located at the Berlin Olympics. Kaye Luke is again his eager helper. Fast moving and intriguing. (June)

★ **CHINA PASSAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Introducing Constance Worth, Australian actress, in her first American picture, this winds through a maze of unbelievable situations involving murder and jewel thieves. You've seen it all before. Skip. (May)

★ **CLARENCE**—Paramount.—Clarence's re-entry as a fixer-upper in a wrangling family is made a sprightly business by Roscoe Karns. Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney, Spring Byington and Eugene Pallette keep the home fires burning, finally put them out. Frivolous. (April.)

★ **DANGEROUS NUMBER**—M-G-M.—A dull little tale with Robert Young as a wealthy gent who marries a brainstorm actress, Ann Sothorn, finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors, and Reginald Owen in a beard. Pretend it isn't there. (April.)

★ **DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES**—Warners.—Plenty of action in this yarn about a cowboy boxer (Wayne Morris) who wants love and the heavyweight championship. Barton MacLane gets the fight crown, Wayne gets the sister, June Travis, and everybody's happy. (April.)

★ **DON'T TELL THE WIFE**—RKO-Radio.—A boondoggle plot lifted from the old story of a fake gold mine that miraculously proves a bonanza. Lynne Overman, the promoter, and Una Merkel, as his wife, are simply grand. Amusing. (April.)

★ **DREAMING LIPS**—Trafalgar-United Artists.—A problem play of the triangle school that allows Elizabeth Bergner as the wife, Romney Brent as the wronged husband, and Raymond Massey as the weak lover, full play for their magnificent talents. If you like your psychology tragic, see this. (June)

★ **ELEPHANT BOY**—Korda-United Artists.—Tropical jungles and Oriental magnificence are the background for this simple tale of a boy's friendship with the biggest elephant in existence. Based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" it is a completely diverting photographic masterpiece. Don't miss it. (June)

★ **ESPIONAGE**—M-G-M.—A skillful spy story that is downright diverting with the up-to-the-minute-love-on-the-run antics of Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans and Paul Lukas. Gay surprises and a proper amount of suspense make this a honey. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Who's In Whose Hair?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

difficulties arising between Fred Astaire and Ann Sothorn—and all because Ann gave out a story on what a great guy Fred is! You wouldn't think this would be the type of article to annoy any actor, even one as cloistered as Freddy.

But apparently Fred is sensitive in all directions, nice or not, if they in any way apply to his private life or to him as an off-screen personality. Along with Garbo, Astaire has gone to no end of trouble being another Great Unknown, and so I suppose it is highly disconcerting to have somebody come out in print and reveal him as one of the nicest guys in Hollywood, who adores his wife and child, and doesn't even mind when relatives come visiting from the East.

THE big difference between Fred and Franchot Tone in matters of this kind is that Franchot can't quite lose his sense of humor, even for a first-class feud.

For a long time now Franchot and one of the best known woman columnists in Hollywood have been at swords points. For six months or so, things went on back and forth, with "friends" of each carrying tales of what "she said about you" and what "he said about you." Finally, and quite accidentally, believe me, they met one night at a party.

For two hours they played hide and seek which is always difficult in a small group.

Finally, Franchot could stand it no longer. Marching right smack up to the lady, he said:

"I have heard you are the rudest woman in Hollywood. I *know* I am the rudest man. Couldn't we have a cocktail together in honor of our terrible manners?"

They had the cocktail together, and while I wouldn't go so far as to say they've been thicker than thieves ever since, I've a sneaking hunch this is one feud liable to be chuckled into a friendship any moment now.

Where Martha Raye and Shirley Ross are concerned, however, not even their closest friends are holding out hopes for a happy ending. When you see Martha and Shirley on the screen in "Waikiki Wedding" you may see them together in several convivial scenes. They are paid for this. But their own time was their own time!

Funny part of this is that even the insiders can't dig out the cause of the trouble between the two girls, both so popular on the Paramount lot. Everybody likes Martha. Everybody likes Shirley. Only Martha and Shirley don't—if you know what I mean.

Perhaps it just isn't in the cards for two girl singers to get along together even on a happy lot like Paramount's. Apparently stealing a song number in a picture is just fifty times worse than stealing a scene. That theory is probably worked out on the principle that although another scene will come along in a minute it's a long time between song hits. On the other hand, it might be something purely chemical that caused Martha Raye (of all people!) to say of Shirley: "I just don't care for her mouth!"

If you were to wander over the M-G-M in search of a good feud, you'd go a long way before you would find a more deadly polite set than "Night Must Fall" where Rosalind Russell and Bob Montgomery were working

Far be it from me to insinuate that the better co-stars get along the more likely they are to insult and rib one another, but at any rate, you won't get any such camaraderie out of Bob and Rosalind.

They were so polite to each other that they went into a mild co-temper together when the story they were feuding broke out in print. Both immediately marched into the publicity department demanding a retraction. It seems they thought the very idea was absurd, ridiculous.

So I suppose Rosalind was just playing the day she went around answering all questions put to her with: "I really wouldn't know. You'll have to ask the *star*!" It wasn't exactly what she said. It was the way she said it.



A gay and carefree pair—and why not. Both are on top of the heap, but they were a couple of scared youngsters when they made their first big picture together—"Broadway Melody of 1936." They're re-united in the new version, "Broadway Melody of 1938" Who? Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell

It would be a little difficult for Bette Davis to go around with the entire Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in her hair without attracting considerable attention. So just let's leave it that they aren't *sympathique*.

In the first place, it took the Academy a long time to get around to awarding Bette the "Oscar" for the best performance of the year, when she really won it a year or so previous. But that little matter might have passed off all right (they finally got around to recognizing Bette's talent) if another little matter hadn't cropped up again this year:

It seems that Bette, who is a gracious and charming and very thoughtful girl, had the

bright idea that it would be very nice if she, last year's winner, was on hand to present this year's trophy to her successor. Victor M. Laglen was to do the same for the lucky m. winner.

Considering that the ladies are seldom generous, it was really quite a nice gesture for Bette to suggest herself for the presentation exercises with Luise Rainer.

So along came the big moments! Vic M. Laglen did his stuff in honor of Paul Muni, but when Luise Rainer stepped to the platform, somebody had forgotten to find Bette, and Georgie Jessel did a pinch hit while Bette did a slow burn.

You can hardly blame her. It looked pointed, almost as if she had changed her mind or something, about Luise's performance "The Great Ziegfeld."

Yet the poor Academy meant no malice. It was merely a case of forgetting. But it's little things such as that that keep Bette and the Artists and Scientists from being as close as they might.

On the other hand, there is even a story that Bette planned to say to Luise, "I hope this award brings you as much luck as it brought me." Considering Bette's award year featured her being off screen and losing her contract fight with Warners that speech could have torn down the house!

THE announcement that Helen Vinson was coming out of retirement as Mrs. Fred Perry to cast her svelte shadow on the screen in "Vogues of 1938" was not half as interesting to people with good memories as the idea of Helen and Joan Bennett's being reunited for the first time since "Private Worlds." And mean—for the first time!

Just by way of refreshing your memory you may recall that Helen and Joan formed a girls' club of mutual admiration during the making of their first picture. First, there was the little matter of the hairdresser. I dare say she was a very good hairdresser, but you would never have been able to convince the harassed Wanger executives she was so good that both beautiful blondes had to have her at the same time. But oddly enough, that seemed to be the way it was all through the picture.

Then a little later there was the added matter of the set dressing room. Joan had one and Helen didn't. Before that issue was settled Helen had one, too—but it wasn't Joan's. Claudette Colbert donated *hers*—just to have a little peace and quiet on the set. I hope that doesn't give the wrong picture. From the best authorities, I hear that not a voice was raised while all this was going on. But the silence was deafening!

Of course, there are several other strained relationships that crop up unexpectedly at parties and on the sets (for one, I hear Joan Crawford and Clark Gable aren't professing such mutual admiration for one another as they used to).

But in the long run I don't think we can complain about this year's bumper crop of large and small peevish.

It wouldn't be human if they didn't have them in Hollywood same as in Podunk, Paris, or Pittsburgh.

The only difference is—ours are more fun!

A Straight Tip— and a Good One!



USE COSMETICS
ALL YOU LIKE!
BUT DON'T TAKE
CHANCES WITH
**COSMETIC
SKIN...**

**LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES
COSMETICS THOROUGHLY—
HAS AN ACTIVE LATHER THAT
PREVENTS CHOKED PORES.
I ALWAYS USE IT!**

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

HOLLYWOOD STARS can't afford to take chances with dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin! That's why 9 out of 10 of them use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap. It has an **ACTIVE** lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Keep *your* skin smooth and lovely with the same gentle care Joan Blondell uses. Before you put on fresh make-up, **ALWAYS** before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap.




Girls everywhere
follow Hollywood's
lead—use Lux Toilet
Soap for a bath
soap, too!

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

That's how movies are made—sometimes.

From there, we amble over to the set of "Broadway Melody of 1937," where the fly may have come from—they're working with horses today.

Neither of the stars—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor—is on the set. This is a scene with the two next-most-important principals—George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen. George was the first dancing partner that Eleanor had on either stage or screen. He is dancing today without Eleanor and without music.

The setting is an areaway between two rows of tenements, with a New York skyline in the distance. George and Buddy, a couple of horse trainers in the script, have their horse pastured there. In one of the tenements, Charles Gorin starts singing. The horse goes crazy, first loping around its small yard with Buddy aboard, then leaping over a few fences. George, doing some nimble side-stepping, tries to stop both the horse and the singing. His footwork is unrehearsed, but fast.

The dirt on the sound-stage floor, about six inches deep, is raked and rolled. The daylight-producing arc lamps are adjusted and the wind machines turned on to fan the family washings on the tenement clotheslines. Buddy mounts, to do the first part of the scene—the wild romp around the small yard. The "take" begins.

George and the horse do most of the acting in this scene; Buddy is too busy just hanging on. The horse gets his cues from the crack of a trainer's whip out of camera range, and George gets his cues from the horse.

Buddy surprises everyone, including himself, by staying perpendicular. "That's more work than keepin' up with Eleanor Powell," he drawls afterward.

Then comes the tough part of the scene—the fence jumping. Despite the hirsute mat on the back of Buddy's neck, neither M-G-M nor Buddy is risking said neck for this. A double does the stunt, wearing a large wig. But the pay-off is: even the horse has a double!

BEFORE the M-G-M magicians can produce a double for us, we double-quick out of there, past the sound-stage where Charles Boyer is locked in with Greta Garbo making "Marie Walewska," out the front gate, and up Washington Boulevard to Selznick International.

There, between two color pictures, David Selznick is producing "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Ronald Colman as the dual-rôle hero, Madeleine Carroll as the heroine, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the dashing villain, and Mary Astor as the scheming courtesan.

Everyone else has covered the coronation scene in "the palace of Ruritania" this month. In a desperate effort to avoid duplication (and be different) we cover a dungeon scene.

Ronald, the royal prisoner, lies unconscious in a dank, dark cell, the stones of which have been made on the lot out of plaster of Paris and human ingenuity. To his rescue comes Ronald, the very similar Englishman who has been doubling as king. Barring his way is a guard, armed with a sword. They have a lusty duel and carefully we watch to see how a duel is filmed.

The guard is Ralph Faulkner, a tall, lithe man, who was international fencing champion in 1928. But he is no champion in the script.

Colman topples him backward through an open trap door to a watery doom in a moat.

Colman is a good fencer, but he is not up to the stunt necessary now. Faulkner is to appear pierced, suddenly and thoroughly, before he topples. To deliver this last quick thrust, in the "safe" inch between arm and chest, an expert swordsman is on hand—his features just beyond camera range in this shot of Faulkner. His name is Wilfred Holroyd, and, oddly enough, his features are those of a younger Colman. He has screening possibilities.

The camera is reversed, for a close-up of



Luise Rainer and Howard Strickland, director of publicity at M-G-M, welcome Norma Shearer back to the studio the day she returned to begin her first picture since Irving Thalberg's death

Colman, half-prone, making the last desperate thrust.

Colman, beaded with "perspiration" (fresh out of an atomizer), asks for a target for his thrust. Two prop men hold a square of compo board at the right height. Colman shakes his head. "It won't do," he says. "I see about five pairs of hands." They have to rig up a mechanical contrivance to hold the target.

That's Colman, the "killer."

Unfortunately, we can't wait to see his meeting with himself. We have a date at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, where another famous silent picture—the one in which, by the way, Colman first found stardom—is now in the remaking. This is "Stella Dallas," the all-time high in heart wringers, starring Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, and Anne Shirley.

As the sacrificial mother, "the most natural girl on the screen" has her chance to rise to the heights as an actress. She is taking it seriously. No publicity is going out about that Taylor-Stanwyck romance nor is Barbara giving any romance-flavored interviews. She is being *Stella Dallas*, not Barbara Stanwyck, this month.

The setting we see is the living room of *Stella's* flat. It characterizes her in its untidi-

ness—newspapers lying about, clothes strewn on furniture, shoes on the floor where they have been kicked off.

As the scene opens, Barbara is at a sewing machine in the foreground, working on a surprise party dress for Anne, who is supposed to be (and looks, in clever make-up) only twelve. Barbara hears Anne coming and hides the dress form in a closet. The child has brought her teacher (Anne Shoemaker) home to meet her mother. The teacher, dignified and refined, makes the best of an awkward situation. You suffer with her—and with *Stella's* pitiful attempts to be a lady.

The scene is a long one. It is rehearsed all of an hour by Director King Vidor, who has a hundred quiet suggestions. At last he is satisfied, except for two things. The closet "isn't messy enough." That is fixed. Then, Barbara isn't untidy enough, although her hair makes her look like a harridan, her polka-dot dress is wrinkled, and her feet are in black slippers with ugly red bows. An added touch is needed.

Someone has an inspiration. An assistant director, on bended knees, pins up the back hem of Barbara's dress, so that her slip shows about an inch.

Going from Goldwyn to Paramount, we get another clothes surprise from one of the glamour girls.

Marlene Dietrich, famous on the screen for gauzy glamour, is wearing one of her off-screen outfits. A suit. A skirted suit. She's in her stocking feet. And still she's glamorous!

Marlene is tall. Not too tall but going shoeless in scenes where her feet won't show enhances that illusion of feminine petiteness. Then, too, there's the comfort angle. Loretta Young also is an advocate of more stocking-foot work.

"Angel" is Marlene's first picture since her return from England, and her first, ever, under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. The Lubitsch label guarantees clever comedy. Moody Marlene is going definitely lighthearted.

SHE is married to Herbert Marshall, high British statesman who is too busy with the League of Nations to remember his wife. On a brief trip to Paris, she has an affair with Melvyn Douglas, who does not know who she is or where she is from and calls her "Angel." Their parting is a warning from her never to try to find her, lest everything be spoiled. Then Douglas meets his old school chum, Marshall, who asks him home to dinner. . . .

We see the scene in which Marshall introduces his wife to her lover.

Marlene approaches the two men, smiling impersonally, stretching forth her hand to Melvyn. "How do you do, Mr. Horton?" she says. "My husband has told me so much about you. Won't you sit down?"

She satisfies us on the first "take." But Lubitsch, who has been acting out the whole scene himself in unconscious pantomime on the sidelines, is looking for a certain nuance of expression. "Mar-lain-ah," he says, "you should have a more quiet smile—the most conventional greeting in the world." He works, and she works, until together they get it.

Marshall goes through all the "takes" unscathed. He says he is carrying a good-luck charm. He shows it to us, with a grin. It is a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

THIS *Freshening Up*



DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

- The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."



Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."



Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 15-CG, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

tiny gold electric fan, sent to him by an admirer "because he was so hot."

DRIVING ourselves to partake of some fresh air for a change, we go to Universal after nightfall to see a night scene actually made at night. It is a mob scene for the anti-war epic, "The Road Back" in which nine hundred extras are working.

This is the largest single set ever built in Hollywood. It covers four acres, includes thirty-eight buildings, and represents the public square and branching side streets of Klosterburg, Germany. A group of boy soldiers return here from the trenches and find hunger riots flaring up. The scene tonight is a riot.

The west side of the square is a cathedral, on the steps of which stand soldiers of republican Germany, rifles ready for action. The south and east sides are stores topped with dwellings, in front of which, behind police lines, is a mass of humanity. The north side is vacant except for a thousand lights and three cameras, one mounted on the world's largest camera crane, which is capable of swinging forty-five feet upward for bird's-eye shots.

Director James Whale and shouting assistants start placing the extras at eight o'clock, and it is 9:30 before the filming begins. As each extra enters the set, he falls under the eagle eye of "Doc" George Cantillon, first-aid specialist to the studios. He is watching for "stingers"—people with injuries who will claim later that they got them on the set. One unwelcome worker is ushered off the set.

It takes so long for the extras to be placed

that by 9:30 few of them are in a working mood—if extras ever are. Whale has to lash them verbally to make them properly riotous.

"You people by the pastry shop—will you break up the poker game? Would the gum-chewers mind parting with their gum? All you people in the windows—stand up! The man with the red necktie—come up this way more! Everybody turn up coat collars. It's freezing cold, and you feel it. And people have been shot. You're very, very angry!"

Despite the unwieldiness of a cast of 900, Whale has a rehearsal of the first push against the police lines. That gets everyone in a riotous mood. The scene is about to be shot when one of the street lamps starts smoking from a short circuit. When that is fixed, a thin mist starts falling. This isn't in the script—but Whale goes ahead with the shooting, anyway. Nine hundred extras cost too much money to pay them off without working them.

NEXT morning, after drying out, we start afresh at Columbia, where Richard Dix and Fay Wray are making "Once a Hero." It is Fay's first picture since the interruption of her career by motherhood, and the newest picture with Hollywood as a background.

The story has possibilities. It's about a cowboy star of the silent era, with a fan following of millions, who takes a career nose dive when talkies come in, while his leading lady takes a new lease on fame.

This morning they are making a scene for a movie within the movie—a glimpse of silent picture complete with the old written subtitles. Rich and Fay are both on one horse, riding off into the great open spaces.

Between scenes, Fay asks the horse to tell its age. He paws the floor three times. "That isn't right," the owner says. This time the horse paws five times.

"He's almost human," comments Fay. "After one day in pictures, he's hesitant about his age."

MULLING over that truism, we drive on to 20th Century-Fox, where everything has just finished or is just about to start, except for "Escape from Love." This is a comedy about a young married couple. Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen are starred.

Mike is in white tie and tails—"and heartily sick of both." Gloria wears a blue evening gown, but she sighs, "Oh, for a pair of slacks!"

They play a scene in which Mike stands by Gloria, who is on a chaise longue. Like Luise Rainer's chair, it is raised up on blocks. We see the rehearsal, then see a half-hour wait for a cigarette lighter to go on the table beside Gloria. Somebody doesn't like the one already there.

Then, after a new lighter has been found neither Gloria nor Mike uses it in this particular "take." That's Hollywood.

From there, we head out of Hollywood's spring haze to Warners-First National in sunnier Burbank. There, for a beginning, we see a scene from "The Life of Emile Zola," starring Paul Muni.

The setting is outdoors on the back lot. Once it was the Casa da Bonnyfeather in "Anthony Adverse." Now it is a market in the Boulevard de Clichy in Paris. The camera, like the olfactory nerves, is focused on the sea-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



A Mothers' Day party in Hollywood—but it's really a field day for the smart younger set of the colony. The host, clad in his party linen, is young Ricky Arlen, posing grimly on the teeter, while in the back row are Mrs. Arlen, Mrs. Robert Young, Irene Hervey, June Collyer, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Gracie Allen (holding young Ronald), Mary Astor, Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. Front row line-up, left to right: Carol Ann Young, Susan Ann Gilbert (Virginia Bruce's youngster), Gail Jones, Billy Erwin firmly grasping sister Judy, Mavourneen O'Brien, Ricky, Sandra Burns, Michael McHugh, Marilyn Thorpe, Susan McHugh, Manny Robinson

*"The snapshot wouldn't
let me forget her"*



"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



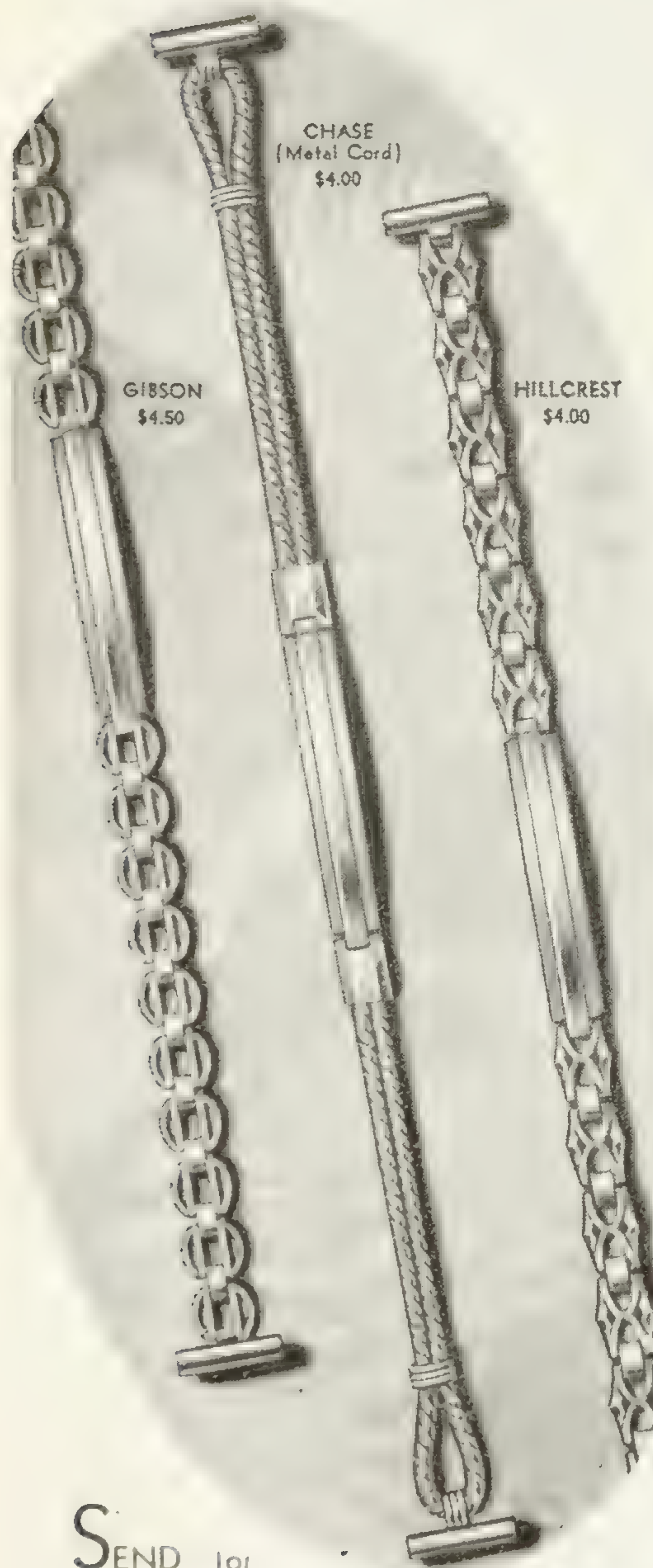
By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances. use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

The
FINEST WRIST WATCH
is Complete—
WHEN FITTED WITH A

HADLEY

Bracelet



SEND for
'Smart Wrists,'

a folder presenting many new HADLEY Watch Bracelets, Bands and Straps for Men and Women,—and inspect other HADLEY creations at your Jeweler's.

For the Wrist Watch you are wearing . . . or the one you plan to purchase there is a pleasing variety of HADLEY styles, and a wide range of prices

HADLEY • CO
INC

303 DEXTER ST. PROVIDENCE • R. I.
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
TORONTO • CANADA • LONDON • ENGLAND

food sector. Zola and his wife (Gloria Holden) ride up on bicycles, alight, and are discussing lobsters when hoodlums start shouting for the death of Dreyfus, "the traitor." This inspires Zola's long fight for Dreyfus.

Muni looks even less like Muni than he usually does in his pictures. He has a heavy beard—an extension of his beard in "The Woman I Love." He wears pince-nez. And—*parbleu!*—his head is square.

"I have been a guinea pig in the hands of a make-up scientist, Perc Westmore," he says, relishing a chance to talk about make-up. (He is a scientist in it, himself.) The super-structure for his head is made of crepe paper and plastic wax. It takes two hours every morning to put it on, one hour every night to take it off.

"It makes me look forward to the year's vacation I'm going to take," he adds, with a smile. "But I know, too, when I get away from it all, I'll be unhappy."

Muni is one man who is an actor for acting's sake, and admits it. Few do.

THEN, just to see the publicity department look shocked, we ask to go on the Marion Davies set. It's Hollywood legend that the "No Visitors" sign is permanently posted on Davies' sets. No one within memory has asked what we ask now. But do we take the publicists aback? They take us. They take us on the set.

The name of the picture is "Ever Since Eve." It is a comedy about a pretty girl who can't keep a job because all the men in sight go for her. She makes herself up like a hedge fence to work for a young author (Robert

Montgomery), and wants him to fall in love with her. He doesn't . . . until he meets her after working hours, and then he doesn't recognize her.

In all seriousness, the publicity department assures us that it takes "ninety-five minutes daily" to debeautify Marion for the secretary scenes. We expect to see a female Frankenstein. Instead, we see a schoolmarmish type, with dank straight hair and horn-rimmed specs, who looks as if it might have taken a lifetime to get that way.

Marion has no phonograph player furnishing mood-music before a scene. She has a four-piece string orchestra, which goes in for the gayer modern melodies, played softly. It's a nice, if expensive, idea.

There is no tension on this set, no temperament, and everyone seems to be having a good time. This must be Marion's fault since the star usually sets the mood for a picture crew.

We see her do a scene with Bob in his library, wherein he goes into a rave about the beautiful girl he met last night (Marion, without the hedge-fence make-up). She tries to make him think of something else.

It is a long exchange of dialogue, which requires delicate timing. Bob and Marion take turns blowing up in their lines, until finally it becomes a sort of game, to see which can forget first. Then they start all over again, grimly amused at themselves. They are almost through this take when Marion has another encounter with amnesia.

And does she put on the fireworks of frustration, as some actresses would at this point? She does not. She heaves a comic sigh, and mutters, "Gone with the wind again!"

Fashion Letter for July

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

back up high on her head, if she wanted to look like a Parisienne.

Simone Simon, whose name is *not* pronounced Simoan Simoan, by the way, wore a white crêpe frock and a short ermine bolero. The photographers pursued her down the aisles with their flashlights. I saw lots of vivid satin prints, which suit our already suntanned girls perfectly. Anita Louise, who is even lovelier off the screen than on because of her ethereal coloring, wore black taffeta with a bouffant skirt and collar and cuffs and dust ruffle of demure white embroidered batiste.

AT a Sunday morning breakfast in a shadow splashed patio two of the smartest printed frocks I have seen were worn by two screen favorites. Maureen O'Sullivan was in one of them; a crêpe of Gauguin coloring, with an off-the-face hat of black straw. The other was worn by that brilliant young actress Rosalind Russell. Rosalind has everything a girl should have, charm, beauty, brains, good manners, and an utter lack of affectation. She looked as chic as possible in a black crêpe frock printed with upstanding tulips in red and green and a wide black straw hat with red ribbons down the back. We sat and talked "pictures" while we ate popovers, sausages, scrambled eggs, waffles served with piles of strawberries and desert honey and cream; chocolate cake with soft, gooey thick frosting;

all washed down with enormous cups of coffee. I sat beside Billie Burke for a while, that amazing woman who has the smile of a young girl, and the charm of an ingénue. She wore a little flowered toque on her head, into which our host, Adrian, stuck lavender sweet peas.

We visited the monkeys, the thousand pigeons, the newly hatched chicks, the rabbit, the tame magpie, the bad parrot, "Laura," who hates women and loves men and who has an amazing vocabulary. Tony, the black poodle, presided over all, super intelligent, perfectly mannered, anxious to have everyone happy.

BATHING suits are divided into three categories this year. The satin lastex ones are most certainly excellent for confining the figure and even the slimmest girl likes to do that. The knitted swim suits are, of course, the standard and seem to be more cleverly cut every year, to afford a maximum of efficiency for active bathing and for sun tanning. Then there is the dressmaker suit for girls whose curves are more ample. I saw a good one at Palm Springs. It was cut in coat fashion with a slightly flared skirt, was made of black crêpe printed in white polka dots and buttoned all the way down the front. A good idea is to have a suit of each type as they all have special qualities to recommend them.

Attracting

it's the Jantzen

CONTINENTAL

● This new Jantzen radiates smartness. It's versatile...it's chic...it's debonair. Christened the "Continental" because it is a favorite along the Riviera. There are as many ways to vary the strap and neck-line arrangements as you have moods! Designed from a diagonal Kava Knit fabric of luxurious quick-drying wool and seamed down the center front to achieve pencil-like slenderness. Like all Jantzens, it fits perfectly, permanently, with an amazing degree of figure-control, through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. *Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.*

Jantzen

FIGURE-CONTROL SWIMMING SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 382, Portland, Oregon.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models.

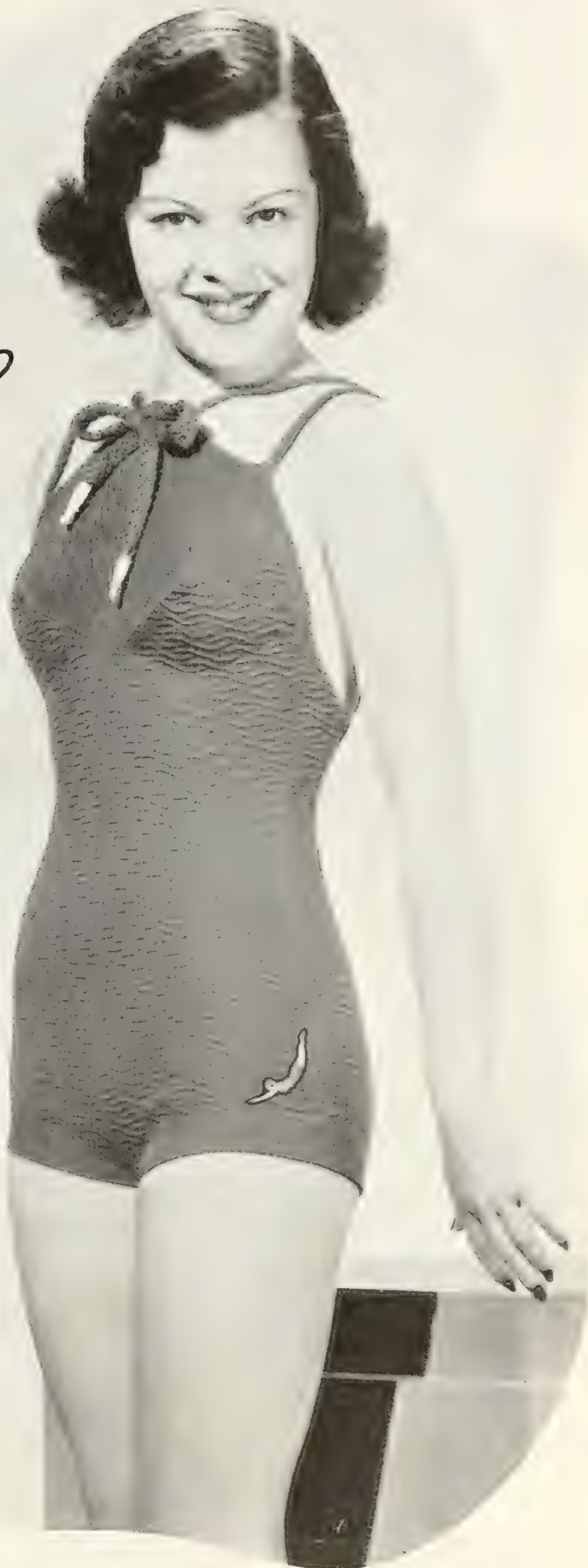
WOMEN'S ☐

MEN'S ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____



DIXIE DUNBAR

20th Century-Fox Featured Player
in "**Sing and Be Happy**"
The Continental (illustrated) with,
tailored-in elastic Bra-Lift 5.95.
Other Jantzen Creations 4.50 to 10.95

**"I'VE BEEN
HANKERING
FOR THIS FLAVOR"**



"So have I. It's a flavor that fairly melts on your tongue—a fresh pep and tang that sends a tingle right through you. That tight-sealed package keeps the gum chock-full of freshness and flavor. Your digestion is stimulated too; when busy days demand quick eating, chew Beeman's Pepsin for digestion."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

A Star Is Born Again

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

guardianship of Janet Gaynor. Sheehan was solidly sold on the idea of keeping her in little slavey Cinderella rôles, and, what was more, of keeping her publicity character in tune with those rôles. And his theory certainly seemed to work.

Old-timers at Fox can recall a thousand things like this: Soon after "Street Angel" had been produced, for instance, a letter elaborately embossed with coronets arrived from Italy. It was from an Italian woman of the aristocracy and she asked for Janet's measurements. She wanted to send some clothes and things to make the poor child more comfortable! The poor child, indeed—the most potent box-office draw in the world!

Or the veterans can remember the day when photographers in the portrait gallery, gagging the Gaynor illusion, draped white chiffon around Janet's head and snapped her as she looked soulfully up at the ceiling. Just by accident, the nun-like pictures were printed and sent out. They were the only ones in the sitting that clicked. The studio couldn't supply enough for clamoring newspapers!

There is no way, of course, to tell just how much a fabricated personality insinuates its way into the real being of a star. When an artificial build-up is as concentrated and prolonged as it was in Janet's case, the fiction sometimes blends subtly with the fact. Certainly it did with Valentino and plenty of others you could recall without much trouble.

AT any rate, little Janet Gaynor, whether for this or another reason, gradually became one of the town's milder mysteries, as far as her personal life was concerned. Nothing much was actually known about her; everything, however, was rumored. She was supposed to be in love with Charlie Farrell. Then he married Virginia Valli, and she was supposed to be heartbroken. Then she married Lydell Peck and she was supposed to be happy. Then she was divorced and for years thereafter she and Winfield Sheehan were supposed to be in love. But nobody knew anything.

Doubtless Sheehan worshipped Janet. Whether his worship was fostered by romance or friendship would be hard for anyone but Mr. Sheehan to say. Certain it was that his attention to her was personal, and carried all the hints of adoration. Up until a few months before he left Fox, when their personal career relationship was finally and definitely severed, not a day passed without flowers from him in Janet's studio bungalow, the best bungalow, by the way, on the lot. Not a morning on the set without a personal visit from Sheehan to see if things were all right. Janet's career flowed along smoothly under Sheehan's benign protection. She was completely sheltered from the storms and flurries of the outside world. On her own lot she was a pet, coddled, pampered and catered to—a queen bee: Miss Movie Star in person.

Then came the dawn. It came, really, with a bump on the head. It was a welcome dawn—that is, except for the bump—to Janet, because she was desperately tired of herself. True, she had kicked up her heels and rebelled times enough to be branded as "going Garbo," but basically she had remained grateful to Winfield Sheehan and loyal to his

wishes. And Sheehan still believed in the Cinderella illusion.

But the bump—probably you remember the accident. It happened while Janet was in early scenes of "Way Down East," when a head-cracking scene with Henry Fonda was too realistic. She dropped, stunned. They carried her off, but she came back to work the next day. Then she collapsed.

For weeks she tossed in bed with brain concussion. While she was sick, Fox merged with Twentieth Century and Winfield Sheehan bowed off the lot. Darryl Zanuck moved in as head man.

The shelter that had warded off terrifying reality from Janet all her Hollywood life was gone.

If she had been well and strong this might—possibly—have been a different story. If Darryl Zanuck had not been so pressed with the many details incident to revamping a great studio, it might also have been different. But Janet was too ill to care what happened, and Zanuck too busy to plot her future in the new organization.

There has been much misunderstanding about the reason for the break-up between Janet Gaynor and Darryl Zanuck's Twentieth Century-Fox. All sorts of things have been said and most of them have been untrue.

Zanuck apparently did hold small faith in Janet's future as a star when he came in. But even geniuses have off days, it seems. Janet, on the other hand, had all the queen-of-the-lot traditions and background to make the shock of readjustment even greater.

Her contract had a few months to run. She decided to work it out and then go on her own. She sailed for Hawaii and rested in her little grass shack. When she came back a loan to M-G-M for "Small Town Girl" eased the situation. It was when she returned to her old lot for her last picture there, "Ladies In Love" that the studio made the announcement in the trade papers quoted earlier.

Janet Gaynor no longer a first line star! The thought shocked her. These stories hurt her deeply. For a while, I know, she considered suing the studio.

She should have thanked them. It was to be escape at last, escape from the weary garments of the old Gaynor illusion.

Because the very minute Twentieth Century-Fox was figuring that Janet Gaynor's starring career was over, another producer who had just been waiting for something like this to happen, grabbed the telephone and called her number. He was David Selznick and he had an idea. He was ready to take advantage of the other fellow's mistake. And is some of Hollywood's face red!

IT'S probably quite obvious to you, if you've been lucky enough to see "A Star Is Born," that Janet Gaynor is different than ever before. Color helps, of course. Oddly enough, Janet told me she asked Selznick not to do the picture in color; she was a little afraid of it. His answer was to make color tests. When they were run off, there was no further argument. It is generally admitted all over Hollywood today that Janet Gaynor is possibly the best color subject yet discovered. Color gives her added life and warmth.

But what you may have noticed even more

than this is her spirit, up-to-date "it," yes—and sex-appeal. There is nothing technical about this. It is simply the real Janet Gaynor at very long last released from the bondage of banishment.

There are some, among them David Selznick, who are saying now that Janet Gaynor is the greatest actress in Hollywood. This may surprise you. But don't forget they said Gary Cooper was just a cowboy for years, until he stopped trying to be something he wasn't and started letting Gary Cooper come through. Then they said he was the finest actor on the screen. Janet Gaynor, like Gary Cooper, acted from inside in "A Star is Born"—and that is the greatest kind of acting there is.

What will this great triumph mean to Janet personally? I asked her, of course, about her plans, and she said the truth was she just hadn't had time to make any. Victory will probably not alter any part of her private life. Five years ago it might have perhaps, but not now. Janet Gaynor is not likely to change her ways.

Janet still has practically no close friends in the Hollywood set. She still runs off incognito on trips. She dashed back from New York, driving clear across the country, for the preview.

Probably the most important coming event of her life is her new hilltop house, the first she has ever built. It's going up soon in the Hollywood Outpost district, without, Janet says, "a projection room, a bar or a swimming pool." But if it means any imminent change in her life, you'll have to read a Mona Lisa smile better than I did. I doubt it. The closest thing to romance is a doctor in New York and that's not serious.

As for her career—every producer in town is chasing her with a contract as this is written. Who will win? Don't be surprised if it's Mr. Selznick. He certainly seems to have the inside track. Janet told me, however, she won't make more than two pictures a year—whatever happens.

But whatever does happen, you can be sure of this—when those bright lights blazed at Grauman's Chinese the other night they signalled the start of a glorious new destiny—a destiny which will at last be in Janet Gaynor's own hands.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

June Lang is wearing Vic Orsatti's engagement ring again!

The suit which Mrs. Violet Norton brought against Clark Gable claiming he was the father of her daughter was won by Gable. Mrs. Norton was fined for using the mails to defraud.

Greta Garbo is being sued by David Schratter, German film producer, for \$10,500, but the case has been postponed because La Garbo is busy making "Marie Walewska."

Natalie Cantor, the second of Eddie's five girls, married Joseph Metzger, antique dealer on May 6th.

Ralph Ince, screen pioneer, died in London on April 11th.

Snitz Edwards, film comedian, passed away May 1st after a lingering heart ailment.

SPARKING

Joan Marsh and Earl Kramer.

Adrianne Ames and Harry Ruskin.

Olivia de Havilland and Phil Huston.

Vic Foran and Ruth Hollingsworth.

Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Martha Raye and Bill Morrow.

Prelude to Allure...



THIS
LOVELIER
WAY TO
AVOID
OFFENDING



A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the lovelier way to avoid offending!"



SO BEFORE YOU GO STEPPING OUT, take this wise precaution! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet—the perfumed soap that keeps you fragrantly dainty! Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's lingering perfume still surrounds you. But remember that only a perfume as rare as Cashmere Bouquet's has this lingering quality. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps.

MARVELOUS FOR
YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢



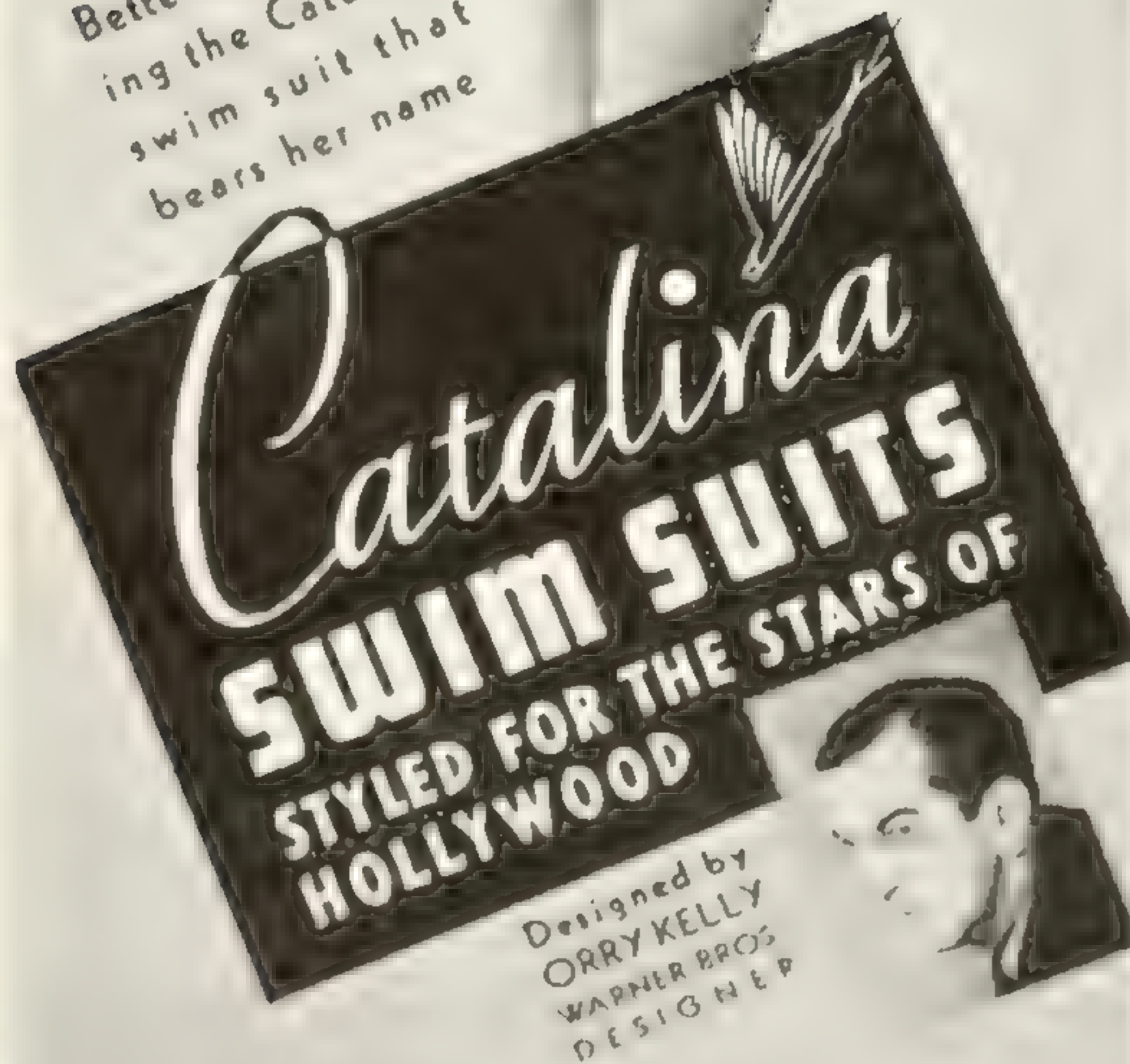
TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Do Their Husbands Mind?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]



Bette Davis wearing the Catalina swim suit that bears her name



Style 4780... At better stores everywhere, or write, giving weight and choice of color. Retail price \$7.00
Send for booklet showing other smart CATALINA Styles Priced from \$5.00

PACIFIC KNITTING MILLS
443 SO. SAN PEDRO ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

for Miss Carroll's fittings when she was trying on clothes for "On the Avenue," shaking his head or nodding approval.

Only once did Captain Astley's magnificent composure show signs of strain. Madeleine had taken a great liking to Sun Valley Lodge in Idaho, and had made several trips to this new winter resort which had even named a ski run after her. On the last trip there, before starting "Prisoner of Zenda," Madeleine was passing through the lobby when someone said: "I made Carroll in two minutes yesterday."

It was just one ski enthusiast boasting to another about making a difficult ski run, but it shows what can happen when your wife is in the movies!

It's not so bad if friend husband also works for the movies, and knows the ropes, but it's tough when the husband is a doctor. They are thoroughly averse to publicity, due to the ethics of their profession while actresses swim in a sea of printer's ink.

Dr. Joel (Jack) Pressman, husband of Claudette Colbert, is not jealous of his wife but he is extremely jealous of his medical reputation, and the stigma of publicity horrifies him. To put his picture in the papers or even mention his name is like stabbing a Jack in the back. (Pardon our knife, doctor!)

The same goes for Dr. George Snyder, able medico married to Evalyn Knapp. His wife is listed as unmarried in the Motion Picture Almanac, and Dr. Snyder will run, not walk, to the nearest exit when anybody mentions movies.

Dr. Francis Griffin keeps well in the shadows when Irene Dunne appears before the rude gaze of the public eye. He has finally given up his New York practice. Doctors' wives usually moan loudly; in Hollywood it's the doctor who weeps and wails.

Even worse for wear and tear on a husband's nervous system is the job of directing his own wife. Even unmarried sweethearts crack under the strain of cultivating such an impersonal attitude toward kissing technique that the lady turns from wife or sweetheart into an animated puppet.

Director Wesley Ruggles probably found that out when he was married to peppy little Arline Judge. Once he was so absent-minded as to order his wife to take a screen test of her legs for a certain rôle.

"Gosh, doesn't he know what my legs look like?" exclaimed Arline.

When "The Judge" throws herself into a love scene she really gives it the business. A husband would have to be darn impersonal to be able to send that shapely lass into action, and experience no tinge of jealousy.

Then there's the problem of the wife's friends, acquired in movie circles, all strangers to the husband.

Arline knew a lot of the "collitch" crowd and the house sometimes would overflow with them, much to Ruggles' objection. He stayed away three days once, objecting. That was evidently too long. Arline is now Mrs. Dan Topping.

Even if you don't mind your wife's going into a clinch with a handsome star, there are other angles to being married to a movie actress. Austin Parker, ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins, fought with the Lafayette Flying Corps, and then fought the Riffs as a flyer for the

Sultan of Morocco, but when it came to living with a movie star he couldn't take it.

Parker has made his pile as a novelist and playwright, and while it didn't bother him to write love scenes for his wife to play, the movie-go-round got the best of him.

"A movie star can't live like a wife," Parker told me. "There'll be six or eight weeks when she's up at dawn and home after dark, exhausted. The husband can't go out alone without causing talk; he can't stay home and listen to the radio because it makes too much noise; he can't do this; he can't do that. Then the picture is over and the wife is ready to step out and enjoy a vacation with energy and élan—just when the husband finds himself head over heels in work. The result is unhappy."

Miss Hopkins and Parker remain good friends because they got a divorce. Do husbands mind? They certainly do!

Unless, of course, it's a perfect husband, like Arthur Sheekman, who does most of Shirley Temple's scripts. He's married to Gloria Stuart, who is definitely the home-loving type. She'd rather sew a dress or try out a recipe than gad about.

Playing bridge with the Sheekmans one evening (40th a point) I asked Arthur if he minded when his wife went into a torrid scene.

"I don't mind a bit, so long as the lights are on," he said.

All in all, being the husband of a movie star isn't all beer and skittles. Bright lights, spotlights, autograph hounds, screen lovers, expenses, and—fan letters.

"Dear Myrna Loy: Why don't you get a divorce and marry Bill Powell?" Those letters come in by the thousands, insisting that she can only be happy with Powell, whose wife she plays so beautifully on the screen.

Does Myrna's husband mind? He would, except that Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is the producer who snagged Myrna out of those Oriental rôles and started her in the type of acting she does now. But most of us would be disturbed to have a wife whom ten thousand insistent letter writers declare should be married to somebody else.

So you never can tell . . . some husbands object violently to everything; some are resigned to it all; and some mask their feelings with a great show of unconcern. And then, of course, there's Marlene Dietrich's husband.

But that, my children, is another story.

NEXT MONTH WE GIVE YOU— DO THEIR WIVES MIND?

—When screen-lover husbands put on big necking scenes?

—When strange blonds keep a night watch on their doorsteps?

—When love letters by the ton arrive with their oatmeal?

Some wives don't mind—some wives do violently! Which do—which don't—and why—are secrets that are yours for the reading in August Photoplay—on the newsstands July 9th.

Hollywood on the Air

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

in the fall, when Jack promises to weigh at least three hundred pounds. When we mentioned the rather alarming state of his midriff the other day at rehearsal Jack delivered himself thusly: "I kept thin and handsome for years, and what did it get me? I got fat, and I'm getting along okay, neighbor. I think I'll let it ride. Keep in touch with me."

WE promised you just as much Hollywood on the air as ever this summer, didn't we? Okay—get a light advance load of the Don Ameche variety hour. Chase and Sanborn hope to make it the top Hollywood air show, which means it'll have to be good, what with Hollywood Hotel, the Lux Theater and Bing Crosby hanging around the broadcasting studios.

No young man in Hollywood has had a more spectacular rise than that wide-grinning Ameche boy. When he starts the new show he'll be the busiest guy around these parts, because the First Nighter show doesn't go off until a month after he starts! First time our old weary brain recalls any big star's being on two differently sponsored coast-to-coast shows at the same time. And don't forget that Darryl Zanuck isn't going to let the new male star on his lot fritter away the summer days.

Don plans to have screen stars on his show every week, which is bound to swell the air-minded movie tribe. His musical director is Werner Janssen, so who do you think will be the first guest star? Mrs. Werner Janssen, of course. Maybe you've heard of her. Calls herself Ann Harding on the screen. Don is depending on Edgar Bergen and his dummy pal who clicked so on the Rudy Vallee hour, for laughs. And here's some inside dope—Nelson Eddy is all signed up to join the show in the fall!

Shirley Ross will do her best to make you forget the vacation slump, too. She'll be on the Ken Murray hour all summer, and probably longer. Shirley is just about the hardest working girl in town. We hung around watching her rehearse for the new Campbell program and bought her lunch a couple of times just to find out what made her tick. Take it from us, it's talent and intelligence, plus hard work. Shirley is one Hollywood High School girl who proved that you can crack the movies from the inside. Guess we'll have to tell you this one on her. Lud Gluskin (what's in a name?) the band leader burned her to a crisp all through rehearsal. He kept calling her "Shirley Temple"!!! The Ross' real tag is Bernice Gaunt, but she didn't like "Bernice" so, in her adolescence, she changed it.

Now she's sorry, she told us. "Shirley" is awfully little girly; it just doesn't match one of the smartest girls in this town.

THE heat waves will have to be stronger than anticipated to close the doors of Hollywood Hotel or the Lux Radio Theater. Louella Parsons and her scriptease stars have radiotions on a hot weather schedule of even hotter new pictures. Louella consistently grabs off the cream of the movie crop for early airings, and the way she's been cutting up lately is a caution. Roland Young, for instance, nervously awaiting his cue on the "Call It a Day" broadcast, looked up from his script



No matter how sweet and fresh you are, if moisture has ever collected on the armhole of your dress, a stale "armhole odor" will be noticeable to others

THAT MAN you just met will never explain why he doesn't ask you to dance the second time. *He can't.* Bewildered and hurt, how will you know that it is just your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm that is losing you a wonderful new friend!

If you have been deodorizing only, before you see him again, take the precaution, *no matter how certain you are that you never offend*, of giving yourself this "armhole odor" test.

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be painfully surprised to find that your dress carries a stale "armhole odor."

Single-action preparations, that deodorize only, though quick and easy to use, cannot give you absolute protection because they are not made to stop perspiration. In spite of them, perspiration occurs and the moisture is absorbed by your dress. Your dress gives off a strong odor, and people be-

lieve it is *you*. Girls who want to avoid any humiliation insist upon the scientific double action of Liquid Odorono, and gladly invest the few extra necessary minutes to use it.

They know that Liquid Odorono not only keeps the underarm surface *odorless*, but *completely dry*. With all moisture banished, your dress can't develop an "armhole odor"; you can't offend. Fastidious women are safely using millions of bottles of Odorono every year.

Wardrobe Insurance

With Liquid Odorono you have absolute clothes protection, too. There will be no sudden need to replace a dress ruined by perspiration. And frequent dry cleanings to remove underarm grease or perspiration stains are eliminated.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to insure complete daintiness and freshness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7Q7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

GANTNER

Floating Bra



Jinx Falkenberg, Rising
Young Hollywood favorite

**If you wear a bra in a formal
... you need Floating Bra
on the beach!**

**THIS SEMI-DETACHED inner bra
cups under the breast... control-
ling, dividing and raising by inch-
es! Light as a feather... it slims
your waist! Narrows your hips!
Uplifts your bust to give you that
beautiful, high modern line!
In Gantnerswimsuitexclusively!**

Top... Princess line maillot, honeycomb wool... \$5.00
With skirt, \$5.95 Right... Flattering wool with satin
latex lapels! \$7.95 Other Floating Bra suits \$3.95 up

At smart shops everywhere! Or write us, giving
bust measure, weight, and choice of color. (Style
book upon request. Canadians, write us.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. TO
San Francisco Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bldwy., N.Y.
Makers of America's Smartest Swim Suits

and saw his favorite bird, a penguin, waddling across the stage in his direction. Louella had hired "Oscar," the penguin, from a beach concession to surprise Roly. It surprised him all right. He almost stalled the show.

Humphrey Bogart didn't have any idea how quick on the uptake La Parsons was when he beefed about not getting any soup for his efforts in "Marked Woman." She handed him a can done up in pink cellophane just when he started emoting. Humphrey didn't know what to do with the darned thing! Bette Davis just missed fainting at that show, much to the horror of everyone present. Running back and forth between radio and her pictures she forgot to eat or sleep for a few days.

But for a real dramatic highspot of Hollywood Hotel last month we'll pick the time Olivia de Havilland barked like a dog. Honest—they needed a dog sound effect and Olivia asked to do it. Seems she likes that sort of thing. Anyway, you can imagine dainty de Havilland woofing into the mike—or can you?

THE Hotel's singing spot has finally been settled after more prolonged gossip than a party wire ever saw. Jerry Cooper is the lucky guy. Tony Martin almost had it, but there was studio trouble with Twentieth Century-Fox. Fred MacMurray bows out gracefully, and if you ask us, deserves plenty of credit for stepping cold into an important spot and delivering. Jerry is a Southerner from New Orleans, who used to sing exactly like Bing Crosby. When they looked at his sing-box they found it built just like Bing's, too, so they operated. Ever since, he's been doing all right. He's a baritone and you may see him in pictures.

With Clark Gable and Walter Huston and Joe E. Brown, the Lux Theater had a strictly masculine month of Hollywood headliners, but that didn't keep the crowds away. When Clark showed up to broadcast "A Farewell to Arms," half of Hollywood was milling and stampeding around the Music Box. It took a couple of Clark's Arizona lion-hunting pals to rescue him. Pretty clever stunt at that. Clark's big shiny car rolled up and the mob dashed for that. But a mere publicity man grinned out of the seat. Meanwhile Gable had slipped into a dusty desert roadrunner with the b'ar hunters and got away practically unscratched. Eight cops and twelve C.B.S. ushers didn't make a dent in the crowd. But Adolphe Menjou and Josephine Hutchinson helped decoy a little bit.

Walter Huston's Lux showing of "Dodsworth" worked up more dramatic sidelights than any show in weeks. Getting it all set was something like Eliza crossing the ice. Walter was up on his ranch, "Running Springs," high in the San Bernardino mountains when the show was planned. They had to telephone to a tiny mountain store and send a

messenger on snowshoes to tell him they wanted him on the air. The contract traveled the same primitive route, back and forth, and then when rehearsal call came, darned if Walter wasn't snowbound with a sudden mountain storm! They finally packed him out, two days late, but in time to whip up the show.

We were chatting with him backstage. "You know," he said, "the last time I was on the air in Hollywood was when I debated Aimee Semple MacPherson on the prohibition question. Can you imagine that now?" We sure couldn't.

They held a transcontinental plane a half hour to let Joe E. Brown do "Alibi Ike." Joe had to be in Chicago the next day for the start of the baseball season. As you know by now, Joe has a radio contract to broadcast big league baseball games this summer, our idea of a soft touch. Baseball's the one love of his life—and to think—he gets paid for the job!

WELL, here's our last minute flashes and Hollywood static stutters—Showboat comes out to the coast soon with Charles Winninger back at the helm, and how do you like that? . . . Frances Langford is well over that appendicitis slicing, thanks, and strong again . . . those rumors about her leaving Hollywood Hotel and being ill with a serious disease are as crazy as Milton Berle. No matter what happens to the Packard show in the fall, Charlie Butterworth and Johnny Green will find a good spot. Mary Livingstone took a screen test at Paramount the other day and you may be surprised soon.

Fibber McGee and Molly may stay in Hollywood if "This Way, Please," their first picture, hits. . . . When Frances Langford's operation spoiled her break in "Vogues of 1938," it gave Virginia Verrill, Jean Harlow's old voice double who made good in New York, her big picture break. . . . The newest radio program to click in Hollywood is "Hollywood In Person"; a traveling broadcasting studio goes right out on the lots. It may go national soon. . . . That Grapenuts announcer, Ronald Drake, whom Gracie calls "Donald Duck" is Ken Niles' brother, Wen Niles. . . . Al Jolson transacts all his radio business in his sunbathing tent.

And just to sign off on an artistic note—

Percy Grainger, the eminent pianist, was a guest of Bing's Music Hall last month. A split minute before the red light he reached for a practice chord on the keyboard, as pianists are wont to do. A terrifying racket shattered the hushed silence. Grainger almost swooned. But Bob Burns tiptoed across and gingerly fished a long and mutilated stick off the strings. A beatific smile lighted his face.

"I been lookin' for this whittlin' stick," he breathed happily, "I guess I kind of misplaced it!"

SHE GOT A BREAK . . .

a studio had signed her . . . She thought the skirmish was over . . . it was just beginning.

This is the story of what actually happens to every girl signed to pictures today. We've put her through her paces for our readers' enlightenment.

READ—

HOW HOLLYWOOD CREATES ITS GLAMOUR GIRLS

In August PHOTOPLAY, on sale July 10th

Molly, Bless Her

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

Pierre frowned darkly when Mrs. Bunch told him that she had engaged Miss Brown permanently as kitchen helper and laundress. To be ordered by Mrs. Bunch to call the kitchen maid (of all people!) Miss Brown was the last straw, and, as he stirred the simmering peach jam he was making, at Molly's orders, he cursed bitterly under his breath.

His rage made him tremble from head to foot, and he knew that nothing would ease his jangling nerves so much as a sip of Mr. Graham's fine old brandy which was used only when guests were dining there. It was kept in the wine cellar under lock and key and Mrs. Bunch carried all the keys on the end of a chain attached to her apron, but Pierre had his moment of triumph when he thought of the key he had made during her absence.

So, while Lily was in the butler's pantry, washing the last of the quart jars that were to be filled with the peach jam, Pierre stole quietly down into the basement and over to the locked liquor cellar. If it had not been for a peculiar odor that eventually assailed her nostrils, Lily would have gone on with her whistling and washing and no one would have known anything about Pierre's small theft. Unfortunately for him, in his haste to get away, his sleeve had jerked the gas cock on the stove and made the flames rise high under the kettle. Even before he had unlocked the liquor cellar the peach jam was burning and its pungent odor brought Lily hurrying into the kitchen. In her excitement, she seized the handle of the huge kettle without realizing that it was hot as a branding iron. She screamed, and dropped the kettle, which fell on the kitchen floor with an awful thud, its contents forming a golden pool of sizzling jam.

Pierre, terrified by the alarming sounds that came from the kitchen above, set the brandy bottle down and, without stopping to lock the liquor cellar, ran frantically up the stairs. As he flung open the door leading into the kitchen, he tripped, his feet shot out from under him so that he sat down in the burning mess.

His frantic outcries brought everyone in the house to the scene of the accident.

"My pants! My pants! I am on fire!" Pierre kept screaming between colorful French oaths when Molly and Ronnie finally got him to his feet. "They plot to kill me! Perkins, she is right! I get out of this house at once! I go! I queue!" the Frenchman screamed.

The doctor, after dressing the burns, decided to take Pierre to the emergency hospital, and the chef, his luggage in the car with him, left, wildly threatening to bring suit against Mr. Graham.

HIS was on Friday, and fear clutched at Molly's heart when she realized that Mr. Graham, who had gone to spend a few days with his son, would be home in time for dinner on Saturday—and no cook. Lily suggested that she telephone to Musette and see if she could come down for the week-end to do the cooking. Molly called her.

Musette agreed to come but she was scared out of her wits. "You think, Molly, just because I can mix up a fair stew and a pretty good pie, I know everything about cooking."

"Oh, you don't have to worry, Musette," Molly consoled her. "Lil and I will pitch in and help you."

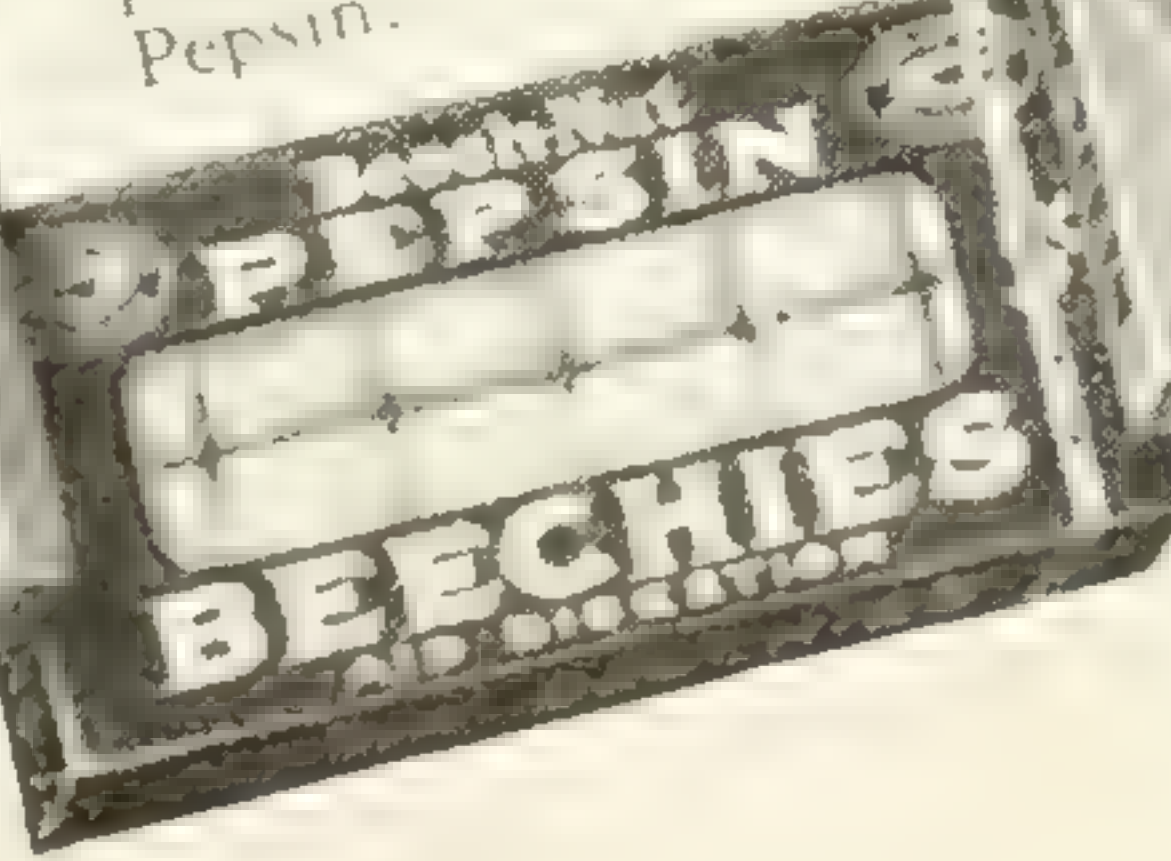
"Always worth
stopping for"

BEECH-NUT GUM

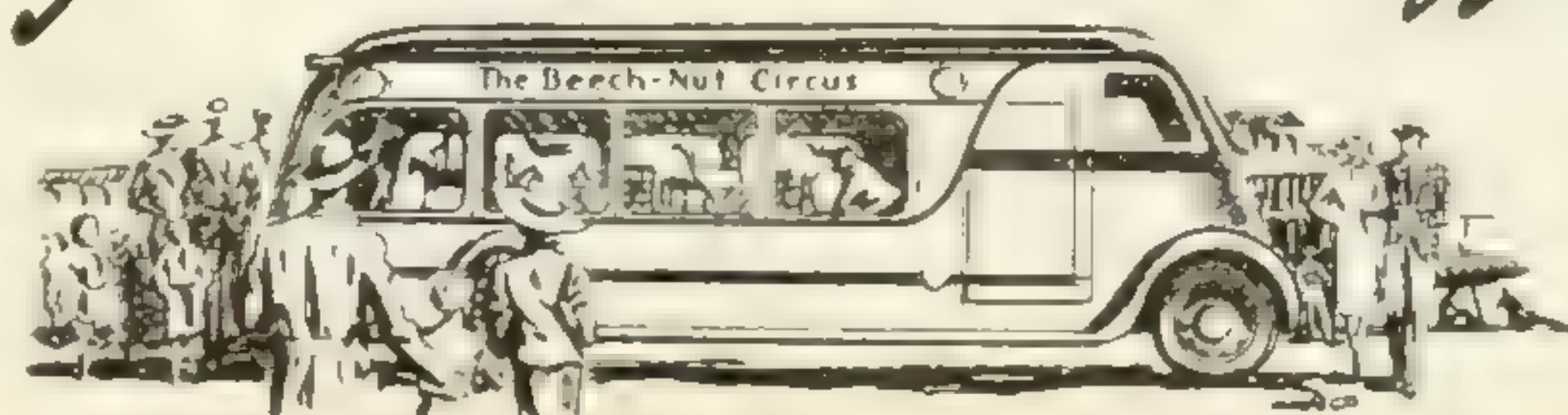
Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating... doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. Chew with a purpose.



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only Confines, It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS ... it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!
—You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 917, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

But in spite of her cheerful words of assurance to Musette, Molly grew more and more troubled as Saturday dinner time grew closer. She waited until dinner was over and it was time to serve Mr. Graham's cup of hot chocolate before she told him about Pierre. Graham stared at her quizzically as she talked, his grave eyes never once leaving her face. When he saw that she was growing quite uncomfortable under the strain, he put her at ease. "I should have discharged Pierre months ago!" he said. "He always has been a troublemaker. I'm glad to know he has gone."

Molly, limp with relief now that her conscience was freed of some of its guilt, bowed herself out. When she opened the door, Perkins was crouched close to it, her ear even with the height of the keyhole.

"Perkins!" Molly exclaimed. Her voice aroused Graham, who looked up in time to see Perkins, frozen by terror.

"What are you doing there, Perkins?" he demanded, sharply.

Her face crimson, Perkins jerked herself to a standing position. "I was only picking up a piece of lint, sir. I wasn't listening to what you was saying, honest I wasn't!"

Molly, after an apologetic glance at Mr. Graham, closed the library door and faced Perkins. "You'll leave here tomorrow," she said in an icy tone. "I know honest girls who would be grateful for a chance in a beautiful home like this. Now stop that infernal howling!" she added, as Perkins began to protest.

"I'll tell Mr. Graham all I know!" shrieked the girl as Molly prodded her in the rear to make her travel faster up the stairs. "I'll tell him how you're all plotting against him! I'll tell about the gardener, too! He's a phony! He ain't a gardener at all! Ouch!" She wailed as Molly caught a soft bit of flesh and tweaked it between her thumb and finger. "Oh, ouch! You're pinching me!" Still wailing, she retired to her room.

PERKINS' departure, coming so close on the heels of all the other trouble, upset Molly more than she cared to admit. After seeing the sullen creature off, she went into the kitchen for a refreshing cup of coffee and a talk with Lily, who was always calm in the face of any upheaval. Lily was comforting.

"I think we're lucky to get rid of her," she declared. "Sooner or later their ears at the keyhole would have caught too much. Who'll you get to take her place, Molly?"

For just a moment, Molly was stumped. Then, in a flash, a vision of Julia flashed before her mind. Why not? She answered her own unspoken question. Julia would make a wonderful parlor maid. She turned to Lily, her eyes twinkling. "I'm going to give Julia a chance," she told her.

"No!" Lily shrieked. "You can't, Molly! She'd crab our act! Not Julia!"

"Yep, Julia," Molly persisted. "Why not? We've all had this lucky break, and what right have we to keep poor Julia out of her chance?"

But as she rose to leave the kitchen she betrayed the slight doubt that teased her uncomfortably. "Don't mention anything about this to Harry until I've laid down the law to Julia," she advised. "She may be a little bit difficult to handle at first, but I'm quite sure that I can do it without any trouble."

Julia had been on duty only two days, and very uncomfortable days, too, for all of them, Molly had to admit, when Mr. Graham informed her he was having his lawyer out for tea.

Graham, himself, happened to be in the

drawing room, talking to Mrs. Bunch, when Peabody announced that Judge Burroughs had arrived, accompanied by a young lady.

Molly had seen Judge Archibald Burroughs many times since she had been at the Graham home, and cordially disliked him. Now, as he entered the room, she gasped, for the young woman who clung to his arm was Kitty Goodall!

Kitty's eyes widened in amazement as she saw Molly, but she cleverly masked her excitement and said in a blasé tone, "You boys run right along about your old business and don't mind me."

Without further speech, Graham hastily opened the door of the library and followed Judge Burroughs into the room.

Peabody closed the door and faced Molly. "Perhaps Miss Goodall would like a cup of tea, Mrs. Bunch," he said, politely.

"Yes—and let the parlor maid serve it," Molly ordered, her amused thoughts on Julia and her surprise when she would see Kitty.

The moment they were alone, Kitty squealed, "Molly! I couldn't believe my own eyes!"

"Ssh!" Molly warned her in a stage whisper. "Mr. Graham hasn't the faintest idea who I am, and if he ever found out, I'd lose my job."

"Oh, I'll be so careful!" Kitty assured her. "But, Molly, you poor darling, so this is where you've been hiding out?"

"AND I'm nuts about it!" whispered Molly, reassuringly. "I feel like visiting royalty. Paid for getting the best of everything! I never had such an easy part in all my life!" She changed the topic of conversation.

"So the Judge is the old boy you're setting your cap for, Kitty?" she asked.

"Yes, and we're going to be married this winter."

"But isn't he kind of an old duck for you?"

"He may look old, but he's got young ideas. He's so considerate and full of fun." Kitty giggled. "You ought to see the way he cuts up at times."

"Isn't that cute?" Molly's eyes twinkled. "I can guess how lively he must be."

They were interrupted by a timid knock on the door. When Molly called, "Come in," the door opened and Julia entered, wheeling a tea wagon. "Tea, Mrs. Bunch," she said, demurely. Then, as she slowly raised her eyes, she barely suppressed a scream.

"Why, it's Julia!" squealed Kitty.

For a moment Julia was too stunned to speak. Her face grew scarlet. "Ye gods!" she cried at last. "To think that I should have to be humiliated like this!"

"Pipe down!" Molly warned her. "Mr. Graham's in the library."

"I've been years waiting for this!" Kitty laughed.

Julia, forgetting her rôle as parlor maid, started for the door.

"Julia!" Molly ordered. "Come back here."

Reluctantly, her face clouded with rage, Julia came stalking back and stood looking at Kitty with a contemptuous stare.

"I think I'll have the maid pour my tea," Kitty said, languidly, at Molly.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" retorted Julia.

"Listen, Julia," Molly said, quietly, "we've taken these jobs and we're going to do what's expected of us, or get out! Now calm down and pour Kitty's tea for her."

"Do you mean to say that I have to wait on that little bloodsucker?" Julia's voice trembled with indignation.

"You heard what I said, Julia," Molly answered, with severity. "If you're a maid, you have to wait on guests if they want you to."

"Maid, please put two pieces of sugar in my tea," Kitty ordered, importantly.

"I wish I could put arsenic in it!" Julia snapped, fiercely, but she poured the tea, dropped the sugar in with a splash, and handed it to Kitty.

"Thank you, maid," replied Kitty, graciously.

Suddenly Julia stiffened. An idea had come to her. She bent again over Kitty. "Well, of all the insolence, Catherine Goodall!" she whispered, bristling with fury. "The next time you call on any of us, please stay in the servants' dining room, where you belong. Our visitors are not allowed in the drawing room."

She faced Molly accusingly. "I'm surprised, Molly, that you'd take such a chance, with Mr. Graham in the house. If he ever gets a good look at Kitty, we're through. You know she can't open her mouth without putting her foot in it."

Never in her life had Kitty known such a moment of supreme satisfaction as when she told Julia that Judge Burroughs, Mr. Graham's attorney, was her fiancé, and that she expected Julia would be serving her often.

She added, in her sugary voice, "I hope I won't have to criticize Mr. Graham's maid to him," as Julia majestically swept out to the sound of Molly's hearty laughter.

ONE evening Molly, coming into the garden for a breath of air, saw a dark figure walking across the lawn. She was startled at first until she recognized Mr. Graham by his characteristic walk. A wave of pity for him swept over her. What a lonely man he must be, she thought.

"I feel sorry for poor Mr. Graham," she said to Lily, on her return to the house. "He's got everything and he's got nothing. I don't know when I've ever met a lonesomer looking man."

Sometimes loneliness did lie heavily upon John Graham's heart. People did not seem to understand him and, perhaps unfortunately, he no longer tried to understand them.

He was thinking about this as he walked alone in the grounds where autumn winds rustled through the trees and tugged at the crisping leaves. He was reminded of a September night when, in his early twenties, he had walked alone in his father's garden to escape from the house and the horrible turmoil that had followed in the wake of his father's suicide. He recalled the collapse of his father's great land syndicate, and how the newspapers had hounded him until, in shame and despair, he had taken his life. Though Graham was certain that his father was not guilty of deliberate fraud, the credulous world believed all that it read in the flaming headlines and for years Graham was pointed out as the son of one of the crookedest speculators in New York, who had died because he could not face the world.

Graham suddenly thought of his own son and he wondered if he ought to tell Jimmy the story of his grandfather.

Depressed by these recurring thoughts, Graham walked briskly across the lawn and into the house. When he sought refuge in the library, he found his favorite chair placed close to the fireplace, where a log was still burning brightly, but the cup of hot chocolate to which he had looked forward was not yet there. With a shade of annoyance, he rang the bell, then scanned the shelves for a book that would appeal to his mood.

It was ten minutes before Molly came with his chocolate and sandwich. Her face was flushed, and Graham noticed that beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead.



SURF-SIREN—Flying fish won't have anything on your gracefulness in this new Bradley maillot swimsuit! It's knit of fine worsted, and cut to "cling" along comely contour lines. Round back and adjustable straps. Pastel blue, pink, green and navy. At the fine stores.

SLIP INTO A

Bradley

AND OUT-OF-DOORS

Shopping WITH SUE



Here is what I learned about personal hygiene accessories. You can have complete confidence in these intimate items.

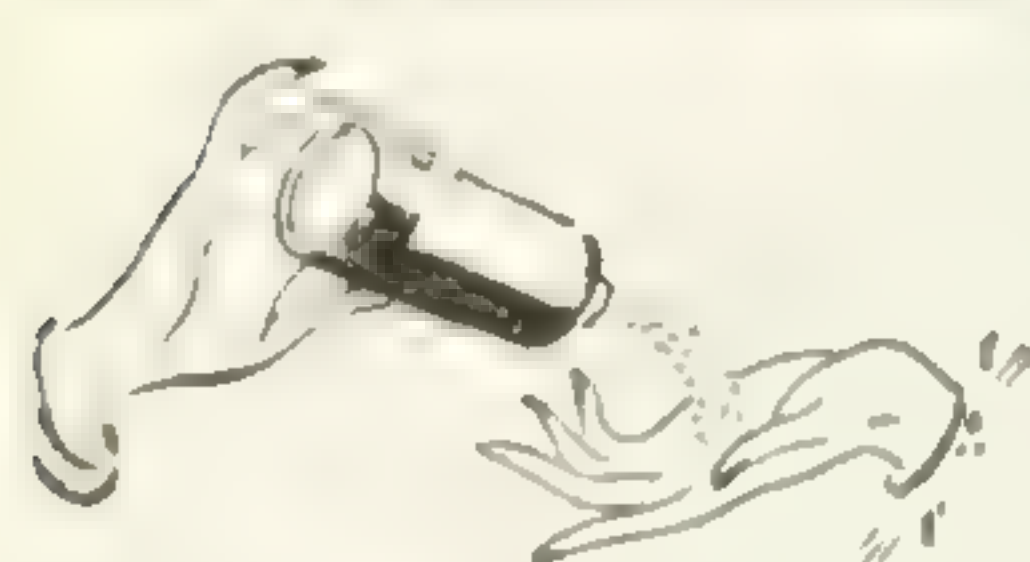
Susan Lee
Shopping Expert

For Extra Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Wonderform belt, especially designed to wear with Kotex sanitary napkins. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Choose from two types: Wonderform at 25 cents; the DeLuxe at 35 cents.



For Personal Daintiness



Don't pass up Quest deodorant powder—completely effective on sanitary napkins! Use it also for under-arms, feet and after your bath. It's

a *positive* deodorant that assures all-day-long body freshness—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. And being unscented, it doesn't cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. Buy Quest for only 35c—a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For Pain Relief

A doctor I know told me about Kurb Tablets—the new discovery to ease “periodic” pain and ordinary headaches. As proof of safety the formula is right on the package so *your* doctor may check it. Kurb Tablets are small, white, tasteless and non habit-forming. See how quick relief is and you'll always want them handy. Only 25c for 12 Kurb Tablets in a smart purse-size container.



For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. A product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs tampons when less protection is needed. They may be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25 cents.

“I'm terribly sorry to be late,” she apologized, “but the time just flew in the kitchen tonight. I didn't realize it was so late until you rang.”

“You're not having any more trouble with the servants?” he asked.

“Oh, no, Mr. Graham! Everything's hunky—going like clockwork,” she corrected herself, quickly. “But cook's been terribly busy all evening making a lot of cakes and things for your boy. Peabody didn't tell us until after dinner that he's coming home tomorrow.”

Graham looked puzzled. “But why do you bother to fix anything extra for Jimmy?”

As Molly talked her voice became animated and intensely alive. “I've never had any kids of my own, Mr. Graham, but I know what boys of that age like. If you want to get on the right side of a regular boy, you've got to feed him the kind of things a boy likes best—chocolate cake and ginger snaps and ice cream—”

After Molly had bid him good-night, Graham found himself annoyed by her remarks. How ridiculous that his household should be upset by Jimmy's advent! Chocolate cake, ginger snaps, and ice cream! A lot of nonsense! But even as Graham said this to himself, he saw another little boy with a huge slice of chocolate cake in his hands and his mother close to him, watching him with tender smiling eyes—his mother—and he the small boy!

GRAHAM set the cup down on the saucer and pushed it away from him. Somehow his appetite had gone and even the sweet chocolate tasted bitter to him. “I must not be influenced by a sentimental memory,” he told himself, but the vision of his mother and of himself as a little boy had come to rest quietly in his heart and could not be denied. He reached for his comforting pipe. Perhaps Mrs. Bunch was right, after all, about the chocolate cake, and ginger snaps, and ice cream; there *was* something rather homelike in the sound of it, and if, when he grew up, a boy did not have pleasant memories of his home, he had been cheated out of his birthright. This thought, stealing into Graham's heart, came as a definite challenge to himself. Had he really provided Jimmy with the kind of home that he would remember happily through life? Had he given him the love and confidence that a boy had a right to expect from his father? Graham's hand, holding his pipe, trembled. Yet, as he debated the question in his mind, he felt certain that he had done much for his boy, for not only had he endowed Jimmy with integrity and seriousness of purpose, he had also given him a background that reflected cultured taste, and some day Jimmy would inherit a considerable fortune. He loved Jimmy dearly, though, of course, neither he nor the boy believed in any foolish demonstration of affection. He had known a few fathers, and a great many mothers who, he felt, had ruined their sons by their stupid and mawkish sentimentality. Not he! But if Jimmy had had a mother hovering over him, she might easily have broken the rigorous training that Graham firmly believed was necessary to give a boy the right start in life.

A look of intense bitterness, even hatred, darkened Graham's eyes as he thought of Jimmy's mother. Time had not numbed the pain that rose in his heart when Jimmy looked at him with his mother's soft blue eyes. Often Graham felt an emotion close to anger at the boy, because of this resemblance to his mother, a resemblance that kept alive memories that tormented and had almost destroyed him.

Now, he decided suddenly, if Mrs. Bunch thought she was going to make a mollicoddle out of Jimmy, she was mistaken.

But somehow, when she joined him the next day, when they both heard the car, bearing Jimmy, drive up, he didn't find the time or have the heart to scold her, she was so lovely and excited over the boy's arrival.

JIMMY soon realized that he had found a real friend and confidante in Mrs. Bunch. He was not a boy who confided easily in anyone. There was, however, something so sincere about Mrs. Bunch that he often found himself talking quite frankly to her and telling her about his aunt Edith, his father's younger sister, who had lived in Westchester County. As he talked with boyish enthusiasm, he revealed, unconsciously, something of the family history, and Molly, though she did not pry into it, gathered that the relationship between his father and his aunt Edith was a trifle strained, but that in spite of it, Graham had permitted Jimmy to spend occasional holidays at her home.

“Oh, you should have seen my aunt Edith's house,” Jimmy told Molly, as they sat talking in his room one day, “you would have liked it, even if Dad says that it was in very bad taste. It really was a wonderful homelike place to visit, Mrs. Bunch.”

“Are you going up there this Thanksgiving, Jimmy?” asked Molly.

“I can't, she's gone to England to live,” the boy replied, his eyes clouding with unhappiness.

“Never mind, Jimmy,” Molly consoled, “we'll try to have a gay little time right here when the holidays come. How about asking some boys from school to liven things up a bit?”

Jimmy looked at her eagerly. “That would be great!” he exclaimed. But the light died quickly out of his eyes. “Aw, Dad wouldn't let me. He has an idea that we'd play leap frog over his rugs or spin tops on the piano. Say, Mrs. Bunch,” he shot at Molly suddenly, “as I was sitting here looking at you, do you know what I was thinking about?”

“Your aunt Edith?”

“No. *You*. You and my mother. You're kind of like each other. Really you are, Mrs. Bunch. I have a picture of her I'd like to show you!”

Molly vaguely wondered why he carefully closed the doors before he searched on the top shelf of his closet for a small sandalwood box. Though she was not trying to peer at Jimmy's treasures, she glimpsed a packet of letters and several photographs.

“**H**ERE it is!” he said, excitedly, handing a small photograph to Molly.

Molly smiled with ill-concealed amusement as she gazed at the portrait of one of the most beautiful girls she had ever seen. “Jimmy,” she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, “I'm afraid that you're a born diplomat.”

“Oh, no, Mrs. Bunch,” he earnestly assured her, “it isn't so much your exact features that are alike, but you have the same kind of look in your eyes, and your laugh is just alike, and—and—” He paused, searching for words to express himself.

“—and I'm getting happier every minute,” Molly concluded for him, relishing his praise.

Nevertheless her heart ached. How could a mother, however young and wilful, desert a boy like Jimmy—She sighed and got to her feet.

“Don't go, Mrs. Bunch,” Jimmy begged.

Molly looked at him. “What is it, Jimmy?”

His face suddenly flushed. "It—it's about my mother," he answered, with almost painful hesitation. "I—well, I'd like to talk to you about her, that is . . . if you'd like to hear—"

"Indeed I would, Jimmy."

He gazed at Molly appealingly. "You won't say anything to my father about it, will you, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Why, of course not, Jimmy!"

He lowered his eyes as if he were ashamed to meet her steadfast gaze. "I guess it's not right for me to hide these pictures away from my father, but my aunt Edith gave them to me and she told me all about my mother. She said that she loved me even if she did run away and leave me when I was a baby."

"Oh, Jimmy," Molly cried, compassionately, "of course she loved you. Maybe someday you'll find her again and be as close as if nothing had ever happened. A mother's love never changes."

"She's dead," Jimmy said in an awed tone, "and I'm never going to see her again."

"You look very much like her, Jimmy."

"Yes—I'm glad I look like my mother."

FOR a moment a wave of pity for John Graham swept over Molly. "Yes, you're a very lucky boy," she emphasized. "You resemble your sweet little mother and you'll grow up to be a fine, serious and honest man like your father."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything against Dad," he explained, hastily, "only—only he'll never let me speak about my mother to him, and my aunt Edith told me all about her. She said it wasn't my mother's fault that she ran away. You see, my mother never really loved my father. Aunt Edith said so. Only she was very poor and her family made her get married to him and he was awfully old at the time. He was thirty-eight! My mother was an actress!" he added, proudly.

"An actress!" Molly almost dropped the photograph. "What—what was her name, Jimmy?"

"Ellen."

"I mean her stage name?"

"I guess it was Ellen Loche. She wasn't a very big actress, Aunt Edith said," he apologized lamely. "But anyhow, if I could only tell the boys at school, it sure would make them sit up and take notice. Would you like to see another picture of her, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Indeed I would, Jimmy," she answered in a voice quieted by a strange emotion that she could not quite understand.

"It's a picture of her and me when I was three months old," he said with some embarrassment, as he handed Molly the photograph. "Heck! Wasn't I awful!"

Molly smiled. "Well, Jimmy, you weren't beautiful, but you were as cute as a little red wagon."

For a long time Jimmy stared at his mother's photographs before he said: "My mother looks as if she liked me a lot, doesn't she, Mrs. Bunch?"

"She must have adored you," Molly answered, deeply touched by the boy's brooding unhappiness.

"That's what my aunt Edith said," he assured her, his face brightening. "She told me that a lot of people thought my mother shouldn't have left me after she got a divorce from Dad and went to South America to marry somebody else. But she said that my mother loved me so much she knew that she couldn't do so much for me as Dad. Like sending me to the best schools and giving me a big house to live in and—"

He paused a moment, and his mouth worked

"CAN'T CHAFE"

means Extra Comfort!

"CAN'T FAIL" "CAN'T SHOW"
mean Extra Security!



1. CAN'T CHAFE...

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

2. CAN'T FAIL...

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping.

3. CAN'T SHOW...

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

Now...
3 types

OF KOTEX

ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX **SANITARY NAPKINS**
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

always
ardent color..
never
lipstick
parching



Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

nervously before he continued: "I guess I shouldn't be telling you all this, Mrs. Bunch, but it all kind of slipped out, because—well, because Aunt Edith isn't here and I haven't anybody to talk to about my mother. And you—you're so much like Aunt Edith, it made me awfully lonesome. But you won't tell Dad, Mrs. Bunch?"

She laid her hand affectionately on his young slender shoulder. "Of course not, Jimmy, and I'm glad, Jimmy, that you like me enough to trust me, and I'm sure it's going to bring us mighty close. Almost as if I were your very own aunt Edith." She smiled as she added, wistfully: "I hope I'll always deserve your confidence, Jimmy. It's going to be a sacred trust with me."

AS she watched him hide the sandalwood box, Molly felt as if she had a clear picture of John Graham's past. It was not an unusual story, a rich man in his late thirties falling in love with a young girl who had been urged by grasping parents to marry him, but it always would be a sad story. Depressed, she was torn between her sympathy for Graham, who, made bitter by his disillusion and disappointment, did not seem to understand his son, and lonely little Jimmy, who could not understand his father's rather cold attitude and aloofness. There was little that she could do for Mr. Graham beyond making him comfortable, but she might be able, by companionship and understanding, to transform Jimmy's cold little world into a warm and friendly home.

"I forgot to tell you that my cousins had six dogs!" Jimmy said to her one afternoon, as he scraped away at the ice cream dasher hung with chocolate stalactites.

"Six!"

"And once they had fourteen! Puppies, of course."

"What on earth did they do with all of them?"

"Played with them. And say, you should have seen the tricks that Wings—he was their fox terrier—could do. Almost stood on his head if you showed him a piece of sugar."

"I've always said that a boy isn't a real boy unless he has a dog for a pal," Molly remarked, wisely, reaching over to flick a dab of ice cream off Jimmy's coat. "Now I know what's missing around here, Jimmy! You should have a dog all your own!"

"Why, I've always wanted a dog, Mrs. Bunch, but Dad said it would wreck the house, and the garden, too. Once Aunt Edith let me bring home one of the puppies, but Dad sent it back and didn't like it because I cried like the dickens."

The thought of a boy of Jimmy's age never owning a dog of his own, and wanting it, haunted Molly even after he returned to school, and one evening during the bridge game in the servant's dining room, she stopped right in the middle of dealing a hand to exclaim, "Imagine that boy never having a dog of his own! I call it downright cruel."

Ronnie said, casually, "If you want a dog for Jimmy, the gardener on the adjoining estate said they're anxious to get rid of a puppy."

Molly thought deeply for a moment. "All right, Ronnie, get him. I've made up my mind! In spite of Mr. Graham's prejudice against Jimmy's having a dog, I'm going to take full responsibility and let the kid have one."

"You're *not*, Molly!" Peabody cried, in despair.

"Yes, I am, and wild horses can't stop me!"

"But what will Mr. Graham say?"

"Exactly what he said about the sun on the carpets and clearing out the old servants and changing over the garden," she answered triumphantly.

"Gee! but you have your nerve!"

"I don't call it nerve, I call it courage!" Molly replied. "Courage is a beautiful thing to have. Besides, I'm not afraid of Mr. Graham, not one little bit. I'm beginning to understand him. What have you all got to say to that?"

SO, the following morning, at Molly's orders, Musette cooked a small saucepan full of meat, vegetables, and dog biscuits, while Molly prepared a nice snug little bed in a box and set it in Ronnie's room in the stable, having decided that this was the safest place to keep the puppy.

While the others waited, mildly eager, for Ronnie to return, Peabody still protested. "It's a dreadful mistake!" he lamented. "Just when everything was going nicely, too. Why under the sun, Molly, can't you leave well enough alone?"

"Don't be such an old woman," Molly reproached him, sharply. "Didn't I tell you that I'd be responsible for it?" She ran to the door when she heard the sound of the station wagon on the graveled road. "Hurry up, girls, here he is!"

Ronnie stopped at the back door and, as he jumped down from the driver's seat, he looked rather sheepish. They all stopped short, too astounded even for exclamations, when they caught sight of an outrageously large dog in the tonneau of the station wagon.

Molly was the first to speak. "I thought you said a puppy!" she gasped. "Why, that animal's nothing short of an elephant!"

Ronnie laid his hand on the dog's trembling flank. "It's only a pup, not quite seven months. I had no idea it was a Great Dane; the gardener never mentioned it."

Molly inspected the dog more closely. "Why, the poor thing!" she said, with ready sympathy. "I should say he *is* half starved. His ribs stick out like a washboard. And look at his eyes; he's scared to death of us! Come here, you poor old doggie, you!"

THE Dane's trembling increased as it crouched on the floor and tried to hide its head in one corner.

"Everybody step back and let me talk kind of nice to him," Molly suggested. "He'll soon get over being scared." As she glanced up, she saw Peabody's grim pale face. "As for you, Harry, you better go back into the house before your thoughts poison the poor animal!"

The girls formed a semicircle around the station wagon, watching curiously as Molly clicked at the dog, urging it gently, "Come, nice doggie. Cluck! Cluck! We're not going to hurt you, you poor old doggie. Cluck! Cluck!"

The dog's long ears hung almost to its nose, intensifying the forlorn expression of its eyes. "Maybe if we call him by his name, he wouldn't think we were strangers," Molly suggested to Ronnie.

"Er—it's not a he," Ronnie reluctantly informed them. "It's a she, and her name is Daisy."

"My stars! What a name for a dog!" Molly gasped. "We couldn't keep a she-dog, anyway. One would be all that Mr. Graham would stand for. Come here, Daisy, Daisy, Daisy—ce like a good doggie."

By this time Ronnie had dragged Daisy close to the edge of the wagon. He put his

arms around the dog and lifted her to the ground. There she crouched and continued to tremble violently.

"All of you go into the house!" ordered Molly. "I'm going to stay here, alone with Daisy, until I've got her to stand on her four legs. After that, we'll talk over what we're going to feed her. Got any soup meat, Musette?"

"Sure. I've got a whole pot of it on the stove. We're going to have beef soup for dinner tonight."

"We're going to have cream soup," Molly decided, "for Daisy's going to have that beef soup. The poor thing's in awful shape, and I'm not going to send her back on an empty stomach."

Peabody wiped his clammy forehead, and with an air of utter dejection walked slowly into the house. He had lost all hope.

ON the following Friday, when Jimmy returned from school, he thought, as Mrs. Bunch met him in the hall, that her actions were most mysterious. It irked him when his father followed him up to his room to discuss his school work for the past week and to spend minutes of precious time lamenting his low mark in algebra. At last Mr. Graham was called to the telephone, and Jimmy escaped. He hurried downstairs and bolted out, to find Mrs. Bunch waiting for him.

"Ssh!" she said in a stage whisper. "Come with me."

When she cautiously opened the door of the stable, a huge animal leaped upon her, barking noisily.

"Down, Daisy down! That's a good girl Quick, Jimmy, close the door before your father hears this racket!"

"What is it?" Jimmy exclaimed, after the door was closed.

"A dog, Jimmy."

"Sure it's a dog, Mrs. Bunch, but how did it get here?"

"We got her from the folks next door who were starving her to death. You wouldn't think so now, to look at her. But she was a sight when she came! We've been keeping her for you ever since Wednesday."

As Jimmy looked Daisy over, Molly was not quite sure that he approved of her.

"I know Daisy's not much to look at," Molly apologized. "Her skin doesn't seem to fit. But you'll be crazy about her when you know her. She's smart as a rattrap."

Daisy, to prove it, clumsily began to chase her tail around and around until, completely losing her balance, she fell over backwards and lay there, coquettishly waving her huge front paws and thumping the floor with her long hard tail.

"Why, she's a wonderful dog!" Jimmy cried, happily. Then his face clouded at once. "Do you suppose, Mrs. Bunch, when she goes back they'll be good to her?"

"Jimmy," she said, seriously, "I've done an awful lot of thinking about you and this dog, and I've come to the conclusion that if you like Daisy, we're going to keep her for your very own!"

Jimmy, for a moment, was stunned at the miraculous thought of owning a dog. Then he remembered his father, and Molly saw the light in his face dim and fade away—

"We can't do it, Mrs. Bunch," he said gravely—"What would Dad say?"

Pathos and love—high comedy and the law run a close race as Molly proceeds with her plans to humanize the household of a handsome Long Island widower. Continue this story—August PHOTOPLAY.

Girls into Goddesses

Flatter your figure in a B. V. D. Swim Suit...fashioned to control and enhance your loveliest curves!



LADY, be beautiful! When you go down to the sea and the sands, sculpture your silhouette—glorify that feminine form divine with the glamorous, the artful, the brilliant Swim Suits of B. V. D. For in their evening gown backs, their moulding fabrics, their seamless side mailots and seamless backs, their beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful...alluring...goddesslike! The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

Sea Nymph

The look of a lovely "hand-knit" with contrasting straps tying in "double bow" belt, \$8.95. Maillot model, \$7.95.

Tri-Color

B. V. D.'s "Crosstide" stitch with adjustable rope straps controlling pennant patterned uplift, \$4.95. Skirted, \$5.95.

Copyright 1937, The B. V. D. Corporation

B.V.D.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Swim Suits

- Seamless Sides and Backs
- Silhouetting Fabrics
- Extra Seat Fullness

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]



ZIP
DEPILATORY CREAM
Eliminates Every Trace of Hair

ZIP
CREAM DEODORANT
STOPS Perspiration
REGULARLY 50c EACH

Both
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

You no longer need to wait to enjoy the comforts of my new Zip Cream Deodorant—which not only deodorizes but also STOPS perspiration for one to three days. (It is also ideal on sanitary napkins.) The large container of Zip Cream Deodorant accompanies every new giant tube of that world renowned, effective hair remover—Zip Depilatory Cream which instantly eliminates every vestige of hair. Be hair-free...care-free. When you buy your next tube of Zip Depilatory Cream ask for the combination package which also carries the large container of Zip Cream Deodorant without extra charge. Both are marvelous preparations, backed by my 25 years of specializing.

ZIP Epilator, IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
Actually destroys superfluous hair. Quick and effective. Excellent for face, arms and legs.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

If your dealer has not received his supply, use coupon:
Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York.
Please send me your special Two for One offer—
Zip Perfumed Depilatory Cream and Zip Cream
Deodorant. I enclose 50c plus 10c postage.
Write Name, Address, City and State below.

shot, he's instructed to be waiting at the sound stage door. Garbo's street clothes must be folded in the tonneau. And the actress, without bothering to remove makeup or costume, gets directly into the car and is driven straight home. She's never done that before.

WE can't resist telling you this one of Simone Simon. Seems the little French star, being interested in her own professional welfare, drove up to a Hollywood theater very late one night; her new picture, "Seventh Heaven," was being announced there and she wanted to find out what sized letters they had billed her with.

As she stood looking, two sailors, the worse for wear and refreshment, sauntered up "Harya, Babe," they said. "Howzabout coming and having a little drink with us?"

Simone was rather frightened. She saw a theater attendant, who had recognized her, rushing up—but he didn't look very big. So she darted into her car and zoomed away.

Said the attendant: "Don't you know who that was?"

"No," the sailors said.

"That was Simone Simon."

"Aw," said the sailors, "we got better looking gals than that right down in San Pedro!"

THEY went careening down the boulevard at the breathless speed of fifteen miles an hour, Bill Powell and his young son. Powell was teaching the boy to drive.

"Now what do I do?" the boy asked.

"Let in your clutch and shift to high," Bill instructed.

The boy complied and stepped on the gas. The car was hitting an even twenty, when suddenly the driver turned to his dad with a sly smile. "Dad," he said, "we're both just a couple of sophisticates now, eh?"

TO those of you who have been waiting all this time for news of W. C. Fields: He is buying a home in San Fernando Valley. His physical health is perfect, his mental health ditto. By the time you read this he will be hard at work doing a specialty act for "Broadcast of 1938." And immediately afterward he will star in "Bag of Tricks," for Paramount. Sound good?

OFF THE BOULEVARD: Well, Clark Gable at last will have that solitude he wants so much—he's bought 500 acres in a blind Santa Monica canyon, at \$4.50 per, and is building a one-room cabin there. The only way you can get to the shanty site is on horseback. . . Understand Beverly Roberts and William Keighley have severed diplomatic relations. D'you suppose it's because that certain picture is out of the cutting room and doing all right because of the publicity? . . . And speaking of publicity: the Hollywood police have put up with plenty in the name of the studio press, but a girl named Jean Hepburn went a little too far—she burglarized four homes in order to get into headlines, and got one to fifteen years in the pen for her efforts. Sensitive Hollywood has changed Gypsy Rose Lee's title from "Strip Tease Artist" to "Specialty Dancer". And after all the fuss Nelson Eddy has put up because his

female fans beleaguered him so—now it's he who goes about seeking; he's been cast in "Rosalie" and for weeks has been trying to find fifteen of the best looking girls in America, to be featured in the musical. To date he reports having discovered three. It'll be interesting to see how his taste in lovelies holds. Hear tell Cecilia Parker and Johnny Downs have that look in their eyes. . . Martha Raye, having put aside her all-white Packard for a town car with chauffeur, and having closed her set to all and sundry, and having dieted until she doesn't look funny any more, is bargaining around somewhat with Robert Florey. . .

ALL through their friendly separation, Wesley Ruggles let it be known he wasn't too interested in what his wife, Arline Judge, did.

But from the day of her divorce and marriage to Dan Topping, Ruggles has carried a torch for Arline, sitting moodily by himself at parties.

"It's the fact she didn't waste any time in remarrying that hurts," Ruggles explains.

THEY made the newspaper headlines both in the same day—Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. Moore, despondent and ill, had attempted suicide, the papers claimed. Mary was about to marry the handsome Buddy Rogers.

Nothing odd about it—except that just twenty-five years ago the same two people made the headlines together. Mary had married Owen, her leading man.

JEAN Harlow's grandparents have arrived in California to stay.

"You remind me a lot of your grandmother, Jean," Bob Taylor told her.

"Well—yes," Jean laughed, "we are alike, but with this difference. Grandma has been married for fifty-one years—and to the same man."

THE loud speaker that loudly announces the various cars after an impressive premiere, is just one more burden to be borne by those natives of Hollywood who desire to sleep in peace. Repeated calls for Mr. Barrymore's car that boom forth at half after midnight so often is tiring to the would-be sleepers.

There was one morning, however, when the loud speaker was employed at three A.M. from a swanky Franklin Avenue apartment house. The entire neighborhood was galvanized into action when over the speaker came the announcement—

"Mr. So and So's car, and hurry, please. He's in a fight with another actor."

Heads popped like magic from every window while the call came loud and clear over the air, "Hurry with his car. He's still fighting."

HEARTS AND FLOWERS: Louis Hayward is taking out citizenship papers—he's British—and will probably marry Ida Lupino when everything is set. . . The Virginia Bruce—David Niven pairing seems right up there with the best of them—so where does that leave Cesar Romero and Jimmy Stewart? . . . Anita Colby and Walter Kane deny they've rifted. . .

Meet Humphrey Bogart

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

was over because I knew my father would ask me what I was going to do with my life. I had sort of thought I would let it alone.

"Surgery I couldn't see. Ships interested me but I was bored with the shipping business. The bond business I hated. Then I thought of Bill Brady and the theater.

"William A. Brady, Bill's father, gave me a job at his movie studio in New York. I was studio manager with my hands on the money bags. Nita Naldi and Arlene Pretty made a picture while I was there—I'm trying to forget what it was.

"Just around quitting time young Bill would come out and say, 'How about a party? Pad the expense account another twenty-five bucks.'

"At first I thought that wasn't right until I doped out my own code of ethics. Your own code is always so convenient. So I'd say, 'This isn't dishonest. After all, Bill is Brady's own son. If the son tells me to steal from his father, what am I to do?'

"But I wanted to act. Brady put me on at a salary of \$100 a week. It jumped to \$200. I was going right up. Money? It grew on trees."

NO faintest cloud of emotion crossed Humphrey's face as he changed the subject quite suddenly to remark, "I was engaged to Helen Mencken for three years." That was not difficult for him to say. No urging was necessary. I was glad I didn't have to interrupt, glad I knew Helen Mencken was one of Broadway's subtlest and most exotic stars.

"Helen didn't want to marry me because she was wise enough to know about theatrical homes where husbands and wives are separated continually," he explains. "We were married for a year and a half—and then we got a divorce.

"I married Mary Phillips—a great actress, a fine woman. We've been married eight years but that isn't working either. Right now we're—well, I guess you can call it a 'trial separation.'

He paused for a moment. I knew Mary Phillips was an entirely different type of woman from Helen Mencken. "The least said about this the better I'd like it." He was truly touched now. This—this marriage was close. But he forced himself on.

"The trouble with theatrical marriages is that there are too many separations. Once when I was in Hollywood several years ago, Mary was working in New York and couldn't come with me. For eleven months we were apart. That isn't the way marriage should be.

"But we were so modern. We were too modern. I was to go out with other girls. She was to see whom she liked. She was fine—not jealous a bit. I said that was great. She was an understanding wife. But I wanted her to be jealous. And was ashamed to admit it when we were both so modern.

"Somehow, nowadays, people don't try to keep a marriage together. In my mother's day they did. My mother and father—both temperamental, sensitive people—used to fight. We kids would pull the covers over our ears to keep out the sound of the fighting. Yet that home was kept together—for our sakes and for marriage's sake. And they became adjusted, too, and stopped quarrelling long before we were grown. They were tremendously devoted.



Eau de Cologne

NEWEST CURTSY

GERANIUM ROSE Eau de Cologne . . . a delightfully sheltered miss whose debut promises new prestige to the House of "4711". This newest version of feminine witchery freshly recalls fragrant summer days with the breath of treasured rose-garden memories.

TROIKA Eau de Cologne . . . maid of sports and the outdoors of rugged youth immaculately at play. This is a priceless adjunct to the summer toilet ensemble.

TOSCA Eau de Cologne . . . femininity gone formal for your complete undoing when gown and evening cast a spell of romance not easily survived nor soon forgotten.

CLASSIC Eau de Cologne . . . the basic virtue of the other three, the original "4711" Classic Eau de Cologne traditionally associated with men and women of exquisite taste the world over since 1792 . . . refreshing, stimulating, revivifying.

Spraying "4711" CLASSIC Eau de Cologne early became a "4711" habit, whether to heighten the charm of person or boudoir. Today, the atomizer worthily carries on this "4711" tradition, diffusing the refreshing essences of "4711's" newest versions of Eau de Cologne.



Before father died mother nursed him through a dreadful time. She is lost, now, without him.

"But right now—well, I don't know. I do know that every time I went out with another woman (and with my wife's full knowledge and consent, mind you) something of our marriage was lost. Those long separations can't be bridged. . . ."

WE were quiet for a time until the ice touched the bottom of our glasses.

"Remember I was telling about how I had met almost everyone I had ever known sometime later?" he smiled. "Coincidence is great. It makes you feel life is a well regulated little motor chugging away for your good all the time

"On my first trip to Hollywood I contacted Gregory LaCava, the director. His lovely young wife came in. Her face haunted me for a moment and then I knew she was one of the Sayre kids I had played with at the lake. And another one of that crowd—a girl I was mad about—is out here, married, happy, a grand person. I met her one night at Bob Montgomery's house.

"One evening a bunch of us in New York were in Mary Hay's room at her hotel. A young man came in. I hated him at sight—a Racquet Club boy who thought actresses were pushovers. He got fresh. Paul Kelly was there and wanted to pop him. But I said, 'No, you're too big. He's more my size. I'll take him on.'

"Somehow I thought he looked familiar and then, suddenly, I remembered. He, too, was one of the kids I played with at the lake. But when someone needs to be popped I'm not one for old sentimentalities.

"I took him down in the lobby and out on the street. He said he didn't want to fight. Just then a limousine drove up. 'Let me go. That's my car,' he said.

"'The hell it is,' I said. 'That's your

mother's car. You never worked a day in your life.' So I opened the door and shoved him in and popped him just once for good measure.

"I was very scornful then about people not making a living. Even though my family were rich, I had been on my own since I was seventeen. Money came easy.

"Then came the depression. I didn't know what failure was until that point. My father lost every dime. Then, for one year, I worked just six weeks. Mary and I got behind with the rent. For the first time in my life I began worrying about money. It was awful.

"But Mary and I talked it over and we decided that if you're making lots of money you should save but if you have only a little you should spend it. What good does it do to save seventy-five dollars? You're just postponing starving a few weeks is all. And when you're trying to keep up an appearance you might as well go through what you have. So Mary and I went out to dinner and we had friends in. I was crazy with worry—but I didn't mope.

"There's something about an actor anyhow. He never starves. Maybe he won't work for a year—even two—but hope keeps him going. The telephone may ring and there'll be a big job for him. If he hasn't earned a nickel for months he'll appear ready for the job when it pops up, looking spruce and neat and with a 'complete wardrobe.' Actors are good guys anyhow. And people tell me that, the legend to the contrary, actors pay their bills. Mary and I lived on at our apartment and they let us because they knew we'd pay.

THERE'S another legend that needs exploding—the one about actors being immoral. Maybe they are—I don't quite know what morality is, anyhow. But when I was on the road in 'Cradle Snatchers' playing the rôle of the Spanish osteopath, all the old women in the audience thought because I played such a part I must be such a guy. I wish I'd saved

the notes that came to the theater. They would make you sick.

"Once one woman wrote that she was a friend of Eddie Dowling. I thought that was okay and went to a country club dance or something with her. Later I discovered that she had mentioned Eddie 'Darling'—someone I didn't know.

"But that night at the country club dance showed me what goes on away from the theater. It was much, much worse than anything I've ever seen in New York or Hollywood.

"Actors aren't bad. They're okay."

It was getting late. The waiters eyed us in that way that only waiters do when they realize you aren't going to have another drink and aren't going to stay for dinner. I said we should go. Humphrey said he was nearly through his story.

"I was cast in a show with Rose Hobart. It opened the night of the day the banks closed. There were ten people in the house.

"Things kept on being like that. I thought my career was over. I thought I'd never have any money again. And then came 'Petrified Forest' with Leslie Howard. And then came the movie offer.

"I made some money in 'Petrified Forest.' I paid up all my back debts, the rent and all, and I still had about a thousand dollars left. So I was hard to get. When the picture company offered me a job I wasn't interested! The old telephone was ringing again. I was an actor once more—debts paid and a thousand bucks left over.

BUT I finally gave in—actors always do when big chances are offered them. So here I am in Hollywood, in this manana country, playing golf a little and working a little and leading a nice lazy life. Here I am in the most introvert town in the world—the complete extrovert."

Fred Is Fun

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

of those perfect performances. Imagine my panic when I finished and looked up from the keyboard to find friend Fred up to his neck in gestures of wild acclaim, instead of at the microphone where he belonged. He was so busy congratulating me that he missed his own entrance, and there were a few bars of the emptiest sounding music ever heard on the air.

Fred tells this one on himself. One night, several weeks ago, on the Packard program, he began talking very quickly—in fact, too quickly—and a word that should have come out of his mouth "program" came out "prowang."

The next day Fred received, from a close friend in the East, a telegram demanding briefly, "What's a prowang?" On the following Tuesday's program Fred told what he had done and read to his audience the facetious telegram he had received, instituting thereby a running fusillade of telegraphic comment which served our script in very good stead for some weeks.

Fred's yen for writing songs is well known by now to all of his fans—and he has written a couple of very good ones, among them "I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown" which you will remember was one of last year's big hits.

In going over the numbers for a subsequent

broadcast, Fred cracked out with this one—which shows him as he is—pleasantly ingenious. We came across a tune that was really on the pathetic side—distinctly a "bad-ie," its origin firmly planted in the corn. In simple language it was N. S. G.

"Where did you find this?" queried Mr. A. "Don't be so disdainful," I objected. "That's one of the big hits of the day."

"Well, hit or no hit, it's terrible! Who wrote it?"—and before I could answer—"Gosh, that sounds like something I'd write!"

OVER and above all this, Fred's a "nice fella." He not only likes people, but he likes to like them. He knows folks by name. My band comprises twenty-one musicians, eight singers and three arrangers. I daresay he can call them all by name; and if you'll pardon the bromide, he always has a good word for everybody despite the great weight of things on his mind.

My chief arranger is one Conrad Salinger for whose work Fred has the greatest admiration. On the show the other evening there was a gag in which I asked Fred if he would like us to play something sweet. His answer was "yes," and my boys proceeded to give forth an unearthly cacophony of spontaneous

noises calculated to shatter the eardrum. "Oh," ad libbed Astaire, "a Conrad Salinger arrangement?"

Last summer just near the end of shooting on "Swingtime," Fred and I were in the throes of one of our most gruelling recording sessions. I had had a bite of lunch with him in his dressing room and was about to leave him to return to the recording studio in order to practice, when he asked me to walk over to the set with him.

Oh fateful request! I went, walked onto the set, and blandly talking to Fred, stepped out onto a blue scrim which, though it looked like a part of the floor, was in reality nothing but a piece of gauze between me and an awfully long drop. Came the ominous ripping sound and down I went only to be miraculously intercepted, some several feet lower, by a piece of canvas which really had no right to hold my weight.

There were screams and wild gestures made to catch me—and immediately stage hands and others rushed to pull me up out of my self-inflicted pit of oblivion. As my head came above the floor level, I was at once conscious of Astaire, the big goof, doubled up with hysterical laughter, his arm folded tight across his tummy, his right up to his eyes.

"What's so funny, funny man?" I demanded. "I might have broken my back or even been killed."

"I know," he gargled, "but you should have seen the stupid look on your face while you were going through the air." And he proceeded to execute an imitation of my aerial gyrations which was not only screamingly funny at the time, but at which we both howl to this day every time we think of it.

I first met Fred thirteen years ago when George Gershwin introduced us. Together with his sister, Adele, he was appearing in "Lady Be Good." He was then, as now, a great and important artist—an importantly charming personality.

During all the intervening years between 1924 and 1934 when I started to work with Fred, I saw him intermittently. It was during these years that I was trying very diligently to get a foothold in show business, and among my few happy memories associated with the tough times that I had, are my recollections of the pleasantness of my meetings with Fred Astaire and his sister, Adele. Always interested, always encouraging, these two, without ever being soft-soapers.

FRED always knew of my deep longing to work with him. When I was a nineteen year old kid, I heard Fred say, "Listen, John, it'll come yet. We'll knock out something together."

Three years later when he was in the New York stage play, "Gay Divorcee"—just before he left for Hollywood to make "Flying Down to Rio," he told me the same thing.

And two years ago, the long-promised realization of that dream had its beginning when Fred and I started our phonograph recording with the score of "Top Hat."

Today as I write this story, the end of a series of thirty-nine weekly hour broadcasts with Fred is in sight.

There is no phase of show business which is more enervating or more nerve-wracking, or which puts so stringently to the test one's understanding and the basic pleasantness of one's disposition as the grind of preparing and performing in a radio show of the type Fred and I have been doing.

There have been many tense moments during these thirty odd weeks—many of those temperamental bombs on which the fuse seemed set to go off in a matter of seconds, and there has never been a time when the Astaire sense of humor hasn't functioned at just the right moment, when Fred hasn't come through with some bit of gay characteristic nonsense that has saved the day.

After three and a half years in commercial radio, I can assure you that there can be no greater attribute to any artist's perspective on himself than that he finishes a thirty-nine week series of difficult musical broadcasts with laughs, and is the good friend of all his associates. It is to his lively wit, his charming personality, that we owe our feeling of camaraderie. There are no hurt feelings, no tenseness among members of the troupe—I can vouch for that. Fred has seen to it that we are all parting friends.

Such has been his accomplishment on this year's Packard program.

In looking back over my thirteen years' acquaintance and going-on three years' working association with Astaire, I find three definite pegs on which to hang an index to his personality:—

One—Fred is a great artist!

Two—Fred is the essence of loyalty!

Three—FRED IS FUN!



In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes *special* care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for *that* day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry — if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an *underarm victim*! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Don't be a Wash-out!



SAYS

Jane Heath

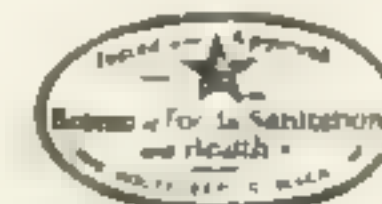


Never again should you come out of the surf looking less than lovely! (LASHTINT LIQUID MASCARA is the secret of summer sirens!) There'll be no more streaky cheeks or pale, sun-bleached lashes—this mascara is really water-proof! It never cracks or flakes, and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green. \$1.



and then

The girl with an eye to conquest understands the allure of a subtle touch of eye shadow to give her eyes depth and color under a strong, white sun . . . or to put glimmering highlights on her eyelids at night. SHADETTE comes in ten subtle daytime shades to match your gay vacation clothes, and in gold and silver for evening. 75c.



and never forget

That the basic secret of all beautiful eyes is a frame of glorious curling lashes. Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, the handy little beauty necessity that curls them in only 30 seconds, without heat, cosmetics, or practice. \$1.

OTHER KURLASH PRODUCTS ARE:

- TWEEZETTE**—the automatic tweezer for painlessly removing face hair
LASHPAC—a purse-size lipstick mascara with built-in brush
LASHTINT MASCARA—cased in metal compact with a patented sponge arrangement that assures perfect applications at all times
KURLENE—to promote luxurious lashes and brows
TWISSORS—the ingenious tweezers with scissor-handles

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: JANE HEATH, Dept. A-7

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eyes _____ Hair _____ Complexion _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1937, The Kurlash Company, Inc.

Joan Marches On—Alone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"I think I knew then, although I wouldn't admit it even to myself that my return to the screen would steer our marriage straight for the rocks. I knew it would be a jinx. I knew the real romance was over. Yet it was a supreme example of Gene's unselfish love and admiration for me. He was positive that I would be unhappy without my career. And he wanted an actress-wife, *not* a housewife. So I swallowed my own fears and my earnest desire to be just his wife and Melinda's and Ditty's mother and got out my makeup box again."

EVERYONE knows that Joan's return to the screen after her marriage did mark the turning point in her motion picture career. She sparkled with a happiness and beauty which was overwhelming and contagious. She gave out a thrilling new quality of glamour which raced her tiny star with skyrocket speed right past that of her famous sister, Connie, and left everyone breathless.

Gene was justly and ecstatically proud of the new Joan Bennett. And just as justly proud of this slender, golden child who, as Mrs. Markey, presided over his faultlessly managed home and that glorified nursery where their baby ruled her tiny world with her large brown Markey eyes and a winning way brewed from the charm for which both her distinguished parents are famed and sought after.

But the thunderclouds were forming. And both Joan and Gene were racing against the storm long before anyone on the outside could possibly realize it. Joan's working days began before the rest of the household awoke. Often she was through for the day and ready for sleep before the average Hollywood dinner hour of eight o'clock. There were parties and dinners to which Gene must go without her. She insisted.

There were nights when she worked to the wee small hours and sometimes whole weeks passed when the Markeys scarcely met, except on Sunday. Not much time for marriage here.

Possibly Gene began to regret having urged Joan to return to the screen. His own brilliant career was becoming more and more important; he needed her beside him. But she was not by his side because she had followed his advice.

There was gossip. There were clashes. No home is large enough for two sensitive, highly-strung, successful people who know, too late, that they have asked too much of life. Their love was strong but no love is really unselfish. When a man tries to love two women, it seldom works. How then can any man solve this Hollywood problem? Every feminine star in town who tries to run both a career and a marriage is living a dual life. Actress one minute—wife and mother the next. And trying to run two such important feminine personalities on one set of nerves!

"We've known for so long what we must do," said Joan. "And we've tried so hard to figure out some way of turning back, some way of preventing it. But there just hasn't been a road."

"My romance with Gene began, as you know, during that period when I was forced to give up my screen work because of an injury

to my hip. In spite of the physical pain, that was the happiest period in my whole life. Motion picture careers—as far as I was concerned—were for whoever wanted such meagre thrills in life. I was engaged to Gene—I was to be Mrs. Markey—not just Joan Bennett, actress.

"I defy any woman really to give what she should to her marriage, her husband, her home and at the same time give what a screen career demands. I know that many women are bravely attempting this. And I have grieved for—and sometimes with—those 'twice as many' who have failed to breast those troubled waters just as I have failed.

"It's like swimming against a riptide. Once you're caught it doesn't matter how strong your strokes are—you can't swim back to that lovely beach where you found happiness, peace and contentment. It's behind you—a lovely memory. Something you'll never find again—something which will live in your heart always."

Joan said as the dressing room bell rang calling her back to the stage where "Vogues of 1938," Walter Wanger's color extravaganza—starring Joan Bennett—is in production, "If people are my friends they'll believe in me. That's all I ask. I want them to trust me and to realize that I am doing what I believe is the only thing to do for both our sakes. Gene and I are friends I hope—always will be—and that's all there is to say." Then she trailed a pale blue satin negligee stage-ward and smiled a faint Joan-like smile.

THE divorce wasn't as sudden as the headlines may have led you to believe. Joan told me that she helped Gene find the attractive apartment in which he is now living. She has a great flair for decorating and not only picked out the furniture and arranged it for him but attended personally to those important little touches such as arranging the linen closet and stocking the kitchen shelves. And more than that, Joan is turning over to Gene his favorite servant so that his life will go on as nearly as possible as it has in the well-managed home from which he has moved.

This divorce is one of Hollywood's most amicable ones. There is no bitterness—except that which idle gossip conjures up. And I know that Joan will wish her fans to know that she is not weeping in a corner or "blowing up" in her lines. Her blonde head is held high these days and her clear blue eyes are meeting every glance with a flashing challenge. She has never worn her heart on her sleeve and she has gone through more sorrow than you'll ever, ever dream. But she's not the whimpering type. She can take it. She knows where she's going. That "where" is straight ahead—onward and alone, except for her two beautiful babies. She is through with marriage.

Added to that—in case you're interested—Joan's staunchest admirer, booster, friend and fan will always be—Gene Markey.

No matter what Hollywood has to say about it!

So if you feel like being sorry for Joan—be sorry because she and the youngsters are down with the chicken pox at present—and not because her marriage with Gene Markey is over

Hoodlums At Home

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

ring. He just took her arm one day in Chicago and walked down to the license bureau. But her mother was old-fashioned and insisted on a real wedding. That was a mistake. In the first place, Groucho didn't show up for the nuptials until the bride, in her finery, and her family had waited two hours past the set time. Just as the parson finally came to the climax in the ceremonies, the bride smiled. That was another mistake. Harpo promptly dived under a polar bear rug and Chico harangued the assemblage in Italian gibberish. There was nothing left for Groucho to do but join in. He staged an adagio dance. The mother swooned. The minister walked out in grim silence. It was a big success.

DESPITE such a frantic beginning, the marriage of the Groucho Marxes has been a huge success. Perhaps this is because Groucho is the perfect, the natural, the ideal family man. Leave him alone with his wife and kids and he asks for nothing more.

Arthur, the boy, named after Uncle Harpo, is fifteen now and the spit and image of his dad. Arthur is eighth ranking junior tennis player in California.

Groucho may crack about "Junior crossing the tracks on his way to the reform school," but his boy is the apple of his dad's eye. I asked Uncle Zeppo what Groucho's favorite recreation was. "Bragging about Arthur's tennis," he replied.

The whole family is closer than a lobby jam on bank night. Both Arthur and Miriam play the piano, and Groucho plays as he says, "good enough to get kicked out of any saloon."

But even this musical passion is a family matter. On Sunday evenings the whole clan gathers in the front room for free-for-all jam sessions. Groucho conducts. Maybe it isn't the last word in polished orchestration, but as Groucho says, "It keeps the neighbors from going to sleep too soon after dinner."

Groucho is inordinately proud of his kids' ability to wisecrack. One night not long ago, the Marxes, *en famille*, were gathered about the evening board when Groucho opened a bottle of California claret he had picked up at a market for a dollar. Miriam wanted a taste, and after the sip Groucho asked her how she liked it.

"All right," decreed Miriam, "but not as good as that other wine."

"What other wine?"

"You know," explained Miriam calmly, "the kind you have when you want to show off."

Outside of occasional home dinners with a limited group of friends, Groucho is a social dud. He hates to dance and is the one Marx brother who isn't a phenomenal bridge player. In fact, he refuses to play at all.

Outside of this failing, there are no complaints from Ruth Marx. He likes everything she puts on the table. On only one domestic

subject does Groucho live up to his name. He doesn't want anyone fooling around his room disturbing things. He doesn't want his pants hung up, his dresser put in order, or his desk tidied.

Prompted by this paternal craving for peace and privacy, the Marx family—Ruth, Arthur and Miriam—banded together last Christmas and decided on a unique Christmas gift for the old man. They conspired with an architect to build on an additional room over the *porte-cochère*, fitted it up with a huge divan, easy chair, rambling desk and put a tag on the door saying, "Merry Christmas."

Groucho was duly surprised, delighted and touched.

A week later the bill came in. It was addressed to him!

CHICO MARX has been married twenty-one years and has a nineteen year old daughter, Maxine, a pretty brunette. Chico is the oldest Marx brother, the original show trouter and the only one who hasn't bought a house. Says he's "waiting for high prices"!

Chico's romance, courtship and wedding was every bit as sensational, if not more so, than Groucho's. He met his bride, Betty Karp, in Brooklyn, New York. She was sixteen then and still too young to be let out of the house at night, so Chico wooed her after school. He proposed like this:

"Marry me and you'll learn more than you



THE BOYS THINK IT'S A PANIC! ANN NEVER HAD HER POWDER PUFF OUT OF HER HAND AT THE DANCE

HER SKIN'S SO SCRATCHY THAT'S WHY... SHE OUGHT TO TRY POND'S VANISHING CREAM. IT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH

Melt SKIN SMOOTH... THEN POWDER CLINGS

IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't stay on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream! "A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to

see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They *always* use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it

For Powder Base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!

For Overnight—Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Mornings, your skin is soft.

For Protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!



Lady Milbanke

"First smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream... then powder will look 'just right' and stay."

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. 15-VG, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

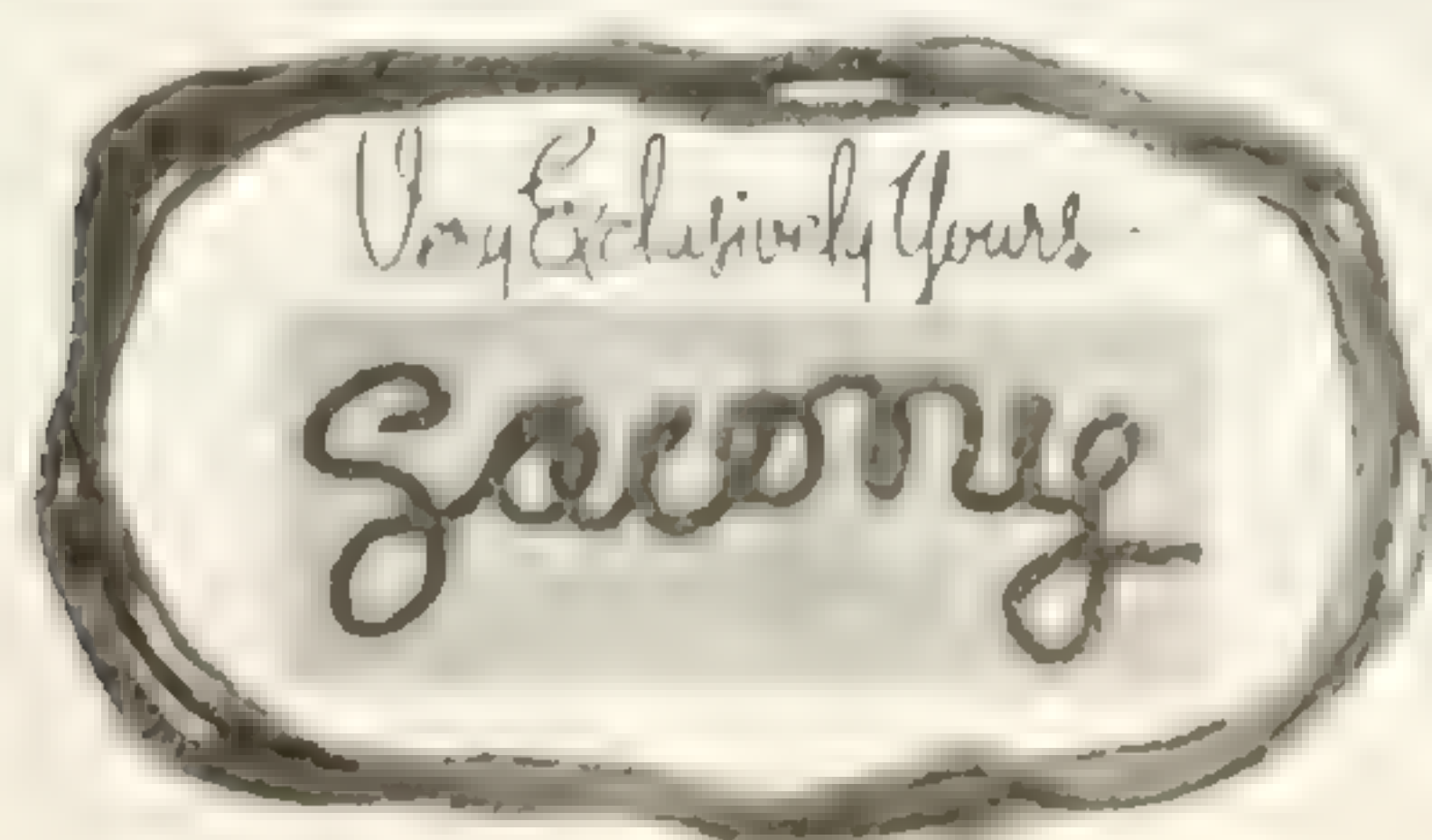
Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



"I take my swimming seriously, so I chose a simple little one-piece Sacony model. Yet, this lovely pin dot maillot has a certain 'something' about it that spells style and quality far above the average." Yes, Miss McGuirk, and you can say the same about all Sacony Sun and Surf Fashions. Very smart, utterly individual. \$5.95. One of a wide range of styles.

Send for illustrated style booklet

S. AUGSTEIN & CO., 1410 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.



ever will from your school books."

"... and I have," says Mrs. Chico Marx, "much more."

They were married secretly in Brooklyn, but decided to do it over in the presence of the family, in Chicago. As the rabbi intoned the rites, Harpo and Groucho jerked the leaves off a rubber plant and ate them. The rabbi looked up, noted the sacrilege, and walked out in the middle of the ceremonies.

Later a rabbi with a sense of humor agreed to stand for anything and Chico arranged for the nuptials in the house of a friend. Only when the bride arrived did she discover why this was so. The friend was an expert pinochle player. Chico played two-handed pinochle up until the nuptial hour, was wed, and then returned to the game!

Chico is an inveterate gambler, and the sport of the brotherhood. Groucho wouldn't put a nickel in a slot machine, but Chico will take any bet any time. When the ponies run at Santa Anita, he's on them every day. During the football season he has bets every Saturday on games scattered across the span of the nation.

His sporting instincts—he's the best golfer of the three, and they're all good—lured Groucho, Harpo and Zeppo in on an ill-fated enterprise a couple of years ago, when the brothers chipped in and bought the contract of a fighter named Cohen, whom they promptly rechristened "Canvasback." "Canvasback" lived up to his name with pleasure, being unable to operate in the prize ring in any position other than the horizontal. That was the last Marxian sporting adventure.

FOR years Chico and his small, dark, pretty wife and Maxine, the daughter, have lived in hotels and apartments. Now they rent a house in Beverly Hills. Maxine was raised in a trunk, on vaudeville tours, but it worked out all right. She's a tall beauty in her second year of dramatic training in New York, talented like her dad.

The Chico Marxes take care of the night life for the whole Marx family.

This winter, during the flu epidemic, Chico woke up one day with a sore throat and a chilly feeling. He called the doctor.

"Stay in bed," ordered that worthy, "eat lightly, get plenty of rest."

A while later, Chico felt better. He got up, despite wifely protestations, shot a round of golf, wolfed a spaghetti dinner and played bridge until one in the morning.

The next day the doctor called. "H-m-m-m," he hummed, "that rest did you a lot of good. I believe I'll let you up today!"

UP until last spring sometime, Harpo Marx was given up for a confirmed bachelor. Then he began building a house in Beverly Hills, not far from Groucho's. Harpo merely rolled his eyes when questioned. Not even his brothers could get a word out of him about the portent of it all.

A little later the justice of the peace in a tiny Northern California town was confronted by a very beautiful girl and a queer looking man in a tight, old-fashioned suit, a shriveled up hat and a high celluloid collar. He said his name was Arthur Marx and he wanted a marriage license. Three days later he returned with the pretty girl for the wedding.

"You'll need witnesses," declared the justice. The office was over the fire station.

"Call up the firemen," said Arthur Marx.

And so, surrounded by provincial hook-and-ladder artists, was the only bachelor of the Four Marx Brothers blessed with matrimony.

Mrs. Harpo, who was Susan Fleming, a Follies beauty, well remembers when Harpo first came into her life. She was sitting in the third row of the Palace Theater in New York and Harpo was on the stage. Suddenly he began pointing at her and making lecherous faces. The whole audience looked her way and roared. It was very disconcerting.

Harpo brands this a canard to this day. But Susan says "yes" firmly. Just the same, the next time he saw her, some years later at a banquet in Hollywood, he got her telephone number. And the first time he called up he asked her to come up to his apartment and see his paintings. Honest!

The house was started in April, and by September, when Harpo brought home his bride, only one room kept out the California dew. They moved in and built the house around them, honeymooning to the sock of hammers and the rasp of saws.

The honeymoon house explains Harpo Marx very neatly. Outside, in the back yard, there's a swimming pool, a ping-pong table, badminton court, croquet grounds and a putting course. Inside, there's a special music room built for acoustics, with a little platform for his twelve-grand harp. Various other instruments, from bull fiddle to piccolo—all of which Harpo can play—line the walls. There's a big bookshelf in the library crammed with books and over the mantelpiece, a painting of Harpo as Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy"!

Harpo, for some reason, attracts the intelligentsia. Maybe he's one of them. When Dali, the leading surrealist impressionist, came to Hollywood recently, Harpo entertained him and Dali reciprocated by doing a surrealist painting of Harpo. Just what it expresses, I wouldn't be knowing, but I could guess.

In the East, whence he repairs more often than any of the other brothers, Harpo has long been a member of a little inner group of talented people, including Alexander Woollcott, Neysa McMein and Dorothy Parker, who get-away-from-it-all occasionally on an island in Vermont.

Once when Harpo was hiding out there, the reclusive community was disturbed by the excursions of picnickers from a nearby town. Harpo immediately shed his clothes, painted his body a bright blue and donned his flaming wig. Then he ran yowling through the underbrush. The picnickers departed—in a hurry.

IN Hollywood, the Marx brothers and their families, see each other all the time, naturally. They all get along and never fight. But they lead entirely separate lives, and have been known to go for months without seeing one another in the evenings. They work together all day—and that, incidentally, isn't only when they're shooting. Every annual Marx opera is in preparation almost all year. They all help write the gags. They all try them out on their own families. "Until," says Mrs. Groucho, "I could scream."

You may have noticed that I've given short shrift to Brother Zeppo. He's around town and doing all right, handling business matters for his brothers and others.

As for Zep's niche in the Marxian Hall of fun fame, I refer you to a picture which used to hang in Sardi's New York restaurant—and still may, for all I know.

It was a picture of Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx.

And underneath was the legend, "The Four Marx Brothers."

Charm Is Self-Made

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

resistance is so low that you lay yourselves wide open for sickness and further misery. Take it from me, sweethearts, the road back is uphill all the way and too many times the trail ends in a psychopathic ward or sanitarium. So will you listen to mama when I tell you that you can't starve your way to sex-appeal, that you must have strength to reduce and to produce strength you must eat . . . but correctly!

Often some of our movie stars are foolish enough to think they can make the grade in what they think is "the easiest way." They too are only human and so they too find themselves ill, jittery, with sour dispositions, figures that are flabby and faces that are saggy. In desperation they put it all together and try to make it spell g-l-a-m-o-u-r, while they droop around with a warped kind of pride—as if there were something artistic about looking like the wreck of the Hesperus.

BUT look at the smarter gals—such lovely creatures as Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald, two of our foremost singers. These two girls are outstanding examples of the value of energy. Without a continuous flow of vitality they could never keep up the pace demanded of them by their work. Their performances would lack the spontaneity and zest you find in their pictures. Acting is strain enough on the nervous system, but singing is even more exacting. Therefore these girls who have to do both must have tremendous energy and know how to preserve it if they are to continue with their success. That goes for their love life, too, in which these girls are equally successful. Grace is one of my babies, and I can tell you she has what it takes to hold her hubby. And if I know my prima donnas, Jeanette will have no trouble keeping Gene by the fireside.

Dancers find their work equally as strenuous, but in spite of the long hours of practicing and perfecting new steps and routines little Eleanore Whitney, Paramount's dancing star, keeps her figure, and her supply of vivacity is never exhausted. Nor is she ever wanting for male escorts. Her allure is substantial. You wonder how they do it? They keep themselves healthy by following common-sense methods of physical culture, complementing those methods by sane living.

I want my readers to take life as an adventure, not as drudgery but to stay in the swim you must be healthy and keep yourselves attractive. You had better dive in right now! If it's figure trouble, let me know the spots you want skimmed down or where you need a little padding.

IN the meantime, here's an eating program chock full of energy-building foods that will tone your body and supply the strength that must be a part of your reducing program. Stick to this along with your exercises and you'll keep the love light shining in poppa's eyes!

BREAKFAST

Glass of water with juice of half a lemon (upon arising).

Choice of one: melon, two sliced oranges or fresh berries with two tablespoons of cream and a little brown sugar.

Occasionally one coddled egg.

MY CLOTHES WOULD LAST MUCH LONGER IF I KNEW OF A REALLY SAFE DEODORANT.

WHY, MY DEAR - I THOUGHT EVERY SMART WOMAN KNEW AND USED NONSPI.

NONSPI OFFERS YOU THESE FOUR ESSENTIALS OF PERFECT PROTECTION AGAINST UNDER-ARM MOISTURE.

1. Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.
2. Nonspi may be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.
3. Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.
4. Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

How WOMEN TALK
ABOUT WHAT RUINS CLOTHES

Spare your clothes—and your nerves. Use Nonspi, the safe anti-perspirant and deodorant that is non-irritating to sensitive skin. No under-arm moisture to ruin fine fabrics. One application protects you from two to five days. Drug and department stores everywhere carry Nonspi. 35¢ and 60¢. Slightly more in Canada. Try it—today.

Safe **NONSPI**

Pronounced "Non-spy"...Means "The Safe Deodorant"



To the Ladies

Enjoy a Weekly
Chat With Princess
Alexandra
Kropotkin!

Millions of women read Princess Kropotkin's page "To The Ladies" every week in Liberty—wait impatiently for this "complete woman's magazine in miniature." A thumbnail sketch of an interesting person—a choice bit of gossip—a new and intriguing recipe—an unusual fact—a touch of spontaneous humor—an amusing or pathetic little story—a suggestion for some interesting



reading—an intimate bit of fashion news—salty comment on

the doings of royalty—all in a single page, reading time five minutes—brilliant, sophisticated, enticing. Get a copy of Liberty today and try it for yourself. You will love it!

Liberty 5¢
OUT NOW



Joan Bennett says

"A Film Actress can't take chances with MOTHS"

One Spraying Mothproofs a Whole Year

Your clothes are just as important to you. Now get rid of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex today.

Spraying with Larvex is the complete safeguard advised by scientists and used by manufacturers of costly woollens. It penetrates to the very center of every woolen fibre. Moths starve to death rather than eat the fabric.

Odorless, stainless, Larvex does away with the clothes storage problem, too, for one Larvex spraying lasts a full 12 months

Spray with Larvex today and forget the moth problem this year!



Mothproof with LARVEX and be sure

BEFORE



HAIR
KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body with maximum speed, without harm to skin, by following simple directions. This electrolysis device is guaranteed to remove hair permanently or money refunded. Your home electric current not needed. Price \$1.95 complete. Postpaid or C. O. D.

AFTER



CANFIELD CO., 4-B, 2675 Broadway, New York

A BUSINESS CAREER IN THE MOVIES

Fascinating Work

Thrilling Surroundings

Excellent Opportunities

Exceptional Salaries

Live and Work in Hollywood

* Train for secretarial work in this creative field. Countless avenues for advancement to positions with directors, writers, producers, stars. This 52-year old college will give you specialized training based on studio requirements. Two-year course for high school graduates; 9 months for college graduates. Only training of its kind. Free placement service; graduates in demand.

Attendance limited to refined young persons over 18 of pleasing personality and excellent background. Send for free aptitude test and interesting catalog. Write to Department 5270

WOODBURY COLLEGE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

One slice of wholewheat bread (toasted or day old) thinly buttered with a little honey. Small glass of skimmed milk, coffee or tea (clear).

ELEVEN O'CLOCK

Glass of orange juice, tomato juice or whole fresh tomato (no salt).

LUNCHEON

Celery (eat the leaves too).

Cup of vegetable, chicken or thin lentil soup.

For salad: Cole slaw, watercress, endive, lettuce or romaine or a mixture of these greens. Add chopped parsley to your salads. Green onions are valuable too. Season with lemon juice or thin French dressing.

Fruit gelatin, baked apple without sugar or whipped cream, stewed fresh or dried fruits, caramel custard or small piece of Angel Food cake for dessert. Coffee or tea, clear.

MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON

Raw apple, handful of raisins, two raw carrots or a glass of orange juice. By the way, if you are a great deal overweight it would be a good idea to have a liquid lunch at least three times a week. I didn't say liquor! Go easy on the water. Stick to fresh fruit and vegetable juices, clear soups and a glass of skimmed milk.

DINNER

Celery and two ripe olives.

Beef, mutton, or chicken broth with barley, or tomato bouillon or consommé jellied. Salad as given for luncheon.

Choice of one: Broiled kidneys, broiled liver, broiled sweetbreads, 1 mutton chop or double lamb chop, 2 slices of rare roast beef, ground round steak, broiled (1 portion). Beef or lamb stew occasionally but go easy on the gravy.

Choice of two: Okra, turnip tops, stewed tomatoes, mustard greens, beet tops, carrots, string beans, asparagus. A crisply baked potato. Be sure to eat the skin and eat that part first.

Dessert: Any one given above for luncheon or fruit salad (no mayonnaise) half a grapefruit, melon or rice pudding but not too often.

Demitasse or tea clear.

BEFORE RETIRING

A glass of grapefruit juice. (Fresh).

In handing down a decision against a young lady in a love suit recently, the Honorable Justice Marshall F. McComb of the Second District Court of Appeal in Los Angeles, stated, "It cannot be doubted that with the advent of the radio, moving pictures and the widespread dissemination of information regarding relationships of men and women, the female of eighteen years is better informed today concerning the course of conduct which she should follow in her association with the opposite sex than was her sister of fifty years ago." Well, babies, the same thing goes for you in your beauty work. You are certainly better informed than grandma was at eighteen. She wasn't allowed to primp and fix up. It was considered almost a sin. But today, with all the beauty information given to you through the aforementioned mediums, plus magazines and newspapers, there is no excuse for women to lack allure and appeal.

His Honor also pointed out in his decision that at one time the Supreme Court of the State of Oregon had said: "The individuality of the female sex has been materially advanced during the last few years. Their knowl-

edge of the world has been greatly improved . . . The notion that they belong to the weaker sex is only entertained by the credulous and unsophisticated. They are not easily beguiled and should be held to a reasonable responsibility. If allowed to maintain an action for their own seduction, they should be required to prove something more than mere opportunity as the means through which it was accomplished."

I want to apply that to you babies who are handing yourselves all the alibis you can think of when it comes to taking care of yourselves, perfecting your figures and increasing your general attractiveness. After all, nobody is standing over you with a skillet ready to crack you over the skull if you exert a little will power. When you're ordering salads, don't tell me it isn't just as easy to say: "lemon juice" as it is to say "mayonnaise."

It may not be so pleasant to your palate for the first few times, but how pleasant your figure will be to the eye if these and similar precautions are taken regularly for a month. It's an everyday job and, to be sure, there are plenty of temptations, but as my good friend, the Oregon Supreme Court says: "The female sex . . . should be held to a reasonable responsibility . . .!" Well, I say you'd better hold everything and fulfill that responsibility.

When it comes to beauty and health, there is only one safe, sound and lasting method of preserving it. That method is sane living and thinking. You must have enough respect for your bodies and minds to see that you give them all the care and attention that you possibly can. Correct eating, sufficient physical exercise of the corrective variety, plenty of fresh air, sunshine, rest and sleep must be included in your daily regime. You must play a little, too. If you haven't this respect for your own self, then don't complain and whine if others have no respect for you. You've got it coming if you let your own laziness and indifference make a frump out of you.

But cheer up, darlings, like the old saying, "there's always tomorrow" for you, there's always Sylvia, modest little violet that I am. But I mean it. I'm always here ready to help you with your problems, to give you all the honest information and advice I possibly can. Most of you know by this time that I give it to you straight from the shoulder and sometimes between the eyes. But that's because I know by my many years' experience that that's the only way some of you can be made to realize that you can't be really lovely or attractive unless you yourself work for it.

You can always depend upon me to tell you that you look like the devil, if you need it, and to show you how you can look like an angel if you want to. So come on, babies, drag out the old gumption, let it pave the way. Hop to it and I promise you that you can accomplish things you have never before dreamed were possible.

What part of your figure needs correcting? My personal figure-analysis chart will tell you. Send for it. There's no charge. I have a swell SUMMER COMPLEXION DIET, too. Let me know if you want it or any other help with your beauty problems. Address: Madame Sylvia, Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

THE TENTH MAN—GB

THIS not particularly enthralling morsel is all tangled up in British big business, election returns, and the near divorce proceedings of John Lodge, who blusters his way through all three in a very loud way. There are a few good characterizations, notably Clifford Evans, as the honest friend, and Anthony Holles, as *Swalescliffe*, the hypocritical political manager. Antoinette Cellier is the feminine interest decked out in everything but the window drapes. Very stuffy.

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY—RKO-Radio

A MOVIE cowboy proves himself a two-fisted outdoor lad when he is mistaken for a real cowhand and is hired for a round-up. George O'Brien, as the movie star, not only aids in the round-up but routs high pressure racketeers and wins the ranch owner's niece, Cecilia Parker. Maud Eburne is the wealthy ranch owner. It's fast, furious and funny. Joe Cairns is a riotous stooge.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR—M-G-M

TWO seances played in complete darkness give this murder mystery an eerie, ghostly effect. Dame May Whitty is the medium who solves the murders and saves her daughter,

Madge Evans, from suspicion; and Thomas Beck is the governor's son who loves Madge. Elissa Landi and Ralph Forbes are the most likely suspects, and the real murderer will surprise you. Plenty of suspense and shivers add to the melodrama.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Universal

AN effective story dealing with the stresses of the naval flying service and its effect on newlyweds, Wendy Barrie and Ray Milland. When Wendy finds the strain of adjusting their marriage to Navy rules too much, she decides to leave until her husband's court martial brings her the realization that love and regulations can mix. William Gargan and Kent Taylor are splendid.

SLIM—Warners

SIZZLING with excitement this high voltage story reveals the bravery of linemen in their hazardous work among high tension wire. Henry Fonda, a country yokel becomes assistant lineman to Pat O'Brien, an expert workman. The two become pals until Fonda meets and loves Margaret Lindsay, sweetheart of O'Brien. The triangle of love is solved in a terrific climax.

Stuart Erwin provides the laughs.



It takes technique to shell peas in Hollywood. On the set of "Night Must Fall," sheller Kathleen Harrison, English comedienne, watches the sound man shift his microphone so that those falling peas won't sound like thunder



ASSURANCE
of PERSONAL DAINTINESS
*Wix, the original tampon, offers
sanitary protection internally*

without **PADS!**
PINS!
BELTS!

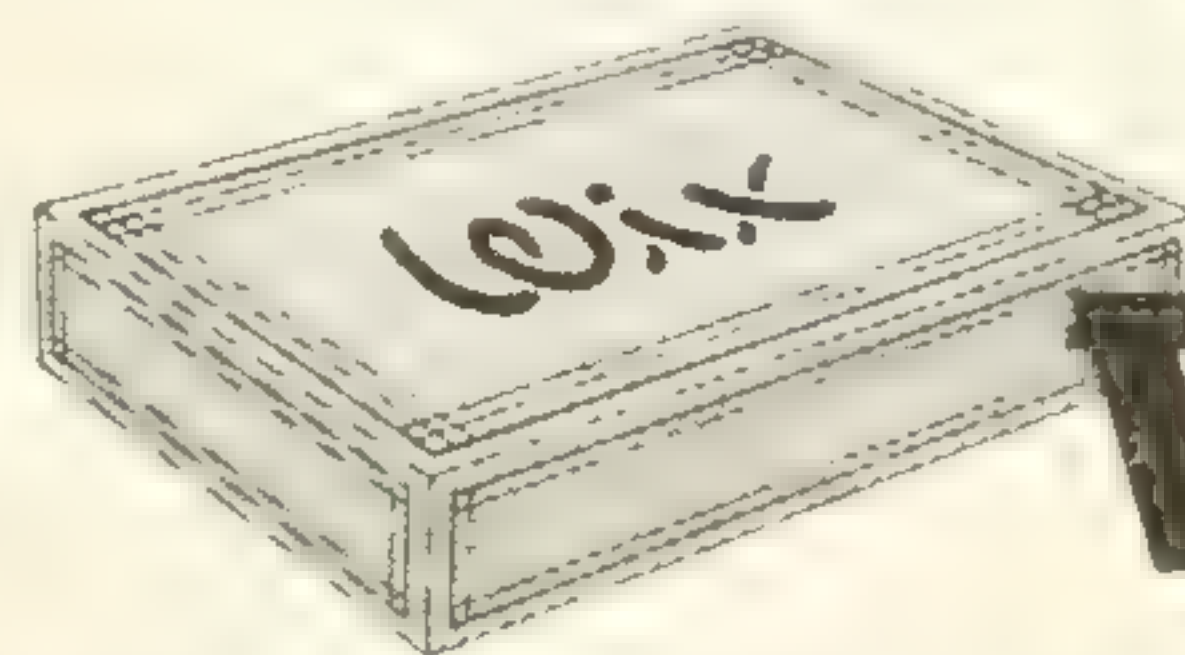
Imagine sanitary protection *without* pads, without belts, without the slightest tell-tale evidence, without odor! That is the great accomplishment of Wix, the original tampon developed by two physicians after years of clinical research.

Wix can't possibly show—even with a bathing suit—because it is entirely internal. Wix can't possibly chafe—because there is no protrusion to rub or irritate. Wix, because it is worn internally, absorbs naturally and prevents odor. You are not conscious of wearing it.

Wix is sold by department stores, drug stores and at drug counters everywhere. Or send for introductory package; use coupon below or write.

VISIBLE PROOF

The fine surgical cotton used in Wix absorbs many times its weight *without expanding*. Place a Wix in a small glass of water, watch it absorb, visible proof of its efficiency.



WIX

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

The Wix Company, P77
Minneapolis, Minnesota

For the enclosed 25c please send me one regular size package of Wix.

Name

Address

City State



Accepted for Advertising in the Journal of the
American Medical Association

TAKE NO CHANCES with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



Get Double Protection This Way—

Your dentist will tell you that to keep teeth white and sparkling, gums must be firm and healthy, too. To do both vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*—an eminent member of the dental profession created Forhan's Tooth Paste.

When you brush your teeth with Forhan's, massage it gently into the gums just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your whole mouth feels! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the *new big tube* saves you money. Start using Forhan's today. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's
DOES BOTH JOBS {CLEANS TEETH
{SAVES GUMS

WOMAN'S GLORY



Keep It
Glorious
With

Lucky Tiger
BEAUTY OIL SHAMPOO

Woman's crowning glory is always her hair, regardless of how often styling may change. Lucky Tiger Beauty Oil Shampoo cleanses and beautifies the hair and corrects harsh, brittle hair better than anything you've ever used.

NO SOAP—NO FOAM

Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Beauty Oil Shampoo. Use it according to directions for thirty days. You'll be amazed at the wonderful improvement in your hair and scalp. You'll be delighted how much longer your next permanent lasts.

At Druggists, Beauticians, or write
LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

BASICALLY OLIVE OIL AND OTHER FINE OILS

No More Impulses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

During the next few months she had plenty of reasons to regret her impetuosity. Sylvia was only sixteen then, and looked even younger. She went from one manager's office to another and no jobs were forthcoming. They looked at her and laughed. "Go home to your mother, baby."

But she did have talent and a determination so strong that it couldn't be downed. She had a terrific sense of the importance of the theater in her life; the theater which all through her childhood had been her one means of escape from a world she found unpleasant and unreal.

SYLVIA played her first really important rôle on Broadway in "Crime," which turned out to be one of those terrific hits which run on and on. That was about ten years ago. After "Crime" closed, rôle after rôle in Broadway productions was offered to her. Unfortunately, Sylvia went to no one for advice, but chose the rôles she herself liked, and invariably she chose the wrong plays. For four years she appeared in nothing but flops. Her father (Dr. Sigmund Sidney who adopted her) figured out that she spent more time one year rehearsing for plays than actually acting in them, so quickly did those shows, once produced, close.

During this time Sylvia's reputation for being temperamental grew steadily. It meant nothing to Sylvia to tear up a script on which some writer had worked hard. It meant nothing to her to jump a contract if the situation was not to her liking. It meant nothing to her to turn on a director or fellow actor in a fury and tell him how impossible she found him.

If someone invited her to a party, she might accept, and then at the last moment, simply because she didn't really feel like going, call up and say she had a headache. She did this repeatedly, until people grew tired of her rudeness.

She didn't know what it meant to think twice about anything.

Such was the Sylvia Sidney whom B. P. Schulberg discovered when he went to New York and saw "Bad Girl." Sylvia Sidney's was a magnificent performance, and Schulberg recognized it as such. He asked her to come to Hollywood and make several pictures under the Paramount banner.

Now almost any young player, when a contract is up for signature, turns to a competent lawyer for advice, or at least to some friends she knows and trusts. Sylvia didn't.

"They handed me a typed note on a slip of memo paper—the kind they use for inter-department correspondence—and asked me if I'd sign. Instead of saying, 'I'll think it over,' I signed immediately. Afterwards I went yip-yip-yipping all over the place because I had nothing to say about choosing my own pictures."

In Hollywood Sylvia continued her policy of going wherever her impulses led. She found, to her regret, that they led her to both emotional disaster and financial folly.

I don't want to write of the emotional disasters, for it would be impossible to do so without hurting Sylvia Sidney, and I like her too much to do that. But everyone who knows Sylvia realizes that in her emotional life as in everything else, she allowed her heart instead of her judgment to rule her.

And financial folly came when Sylvia Sidney went on an orgy of spending. All around her Sylvia saw Hollywood actors buying large homes and apparently finding great happiness in them. The theory was that the more rooms you had, the happier you were. So Sylvia rented a twenty-room house in Beverly Hills. It even had a private projection room.

"I rented that house on an impulse," Sylvia told me, "and like all my other impulses, it was a mistake."

"I think the real reason I rented it was because I wanted to give myself a feeling of security. In Hollywood the sword of Damocles is always over you; you know that careers end overnight; people come and go. Because they have so little natural feeling of security, Hollywood people feel that they must have large homes, with sweeps of lawn and beautiful gardens. These material possessions give them a false sense of security, a feeling that they have something to hang on to."

"Perhaps I'm unjust in saying that's how other Hollywood people react. Perhaps I'm just judging them by myself."

Obviously, though Sylvia needed only a few rooms for herself, she couldn't live in a home in which most of the rooms were empty. So each of these rooms had to be filled with furniture, and Sylvia squandered her money on Sheraton book cases and other beautiful things that she could ill afford.

She began to splurge in other directions. She walked into a Hollywood shop and when the models paraded before her, she nodded her head and said, "I'll buy that and that and that." She bought a chiffon evening gown, a green gown paler in color than young grass, a lace gown, sports things, afternoon things, semi-formal things—more clothes than she could possibly find time to wear.

She bought two cars, and she even decided to go social. She had been criticized for never going to or giving parties, and she now began to give a few. But they were failures. For at heart, Sylvia is not a social creature and claims she makes a very poor hostess.

"What first made you realize that the house in Beverly Hills wasn't for you?" I asked Sylvia.

"That didn't take long," she said grimly. "Mother and I were all alone in that huge house, and sometimes when Mother was in New York I was by myself. I was surrounded by many walls—none of them pleasant to look at. I thought, 'What am I doing in this place? Why have I got two dining rooms? I can only eat in one.' I began to look upon the empty bedrooms as so many mausoleums."

"I stood it a year and a half and then moved to an apartment. My lease wasn't up at that time, but I couldn't endure it any longer. It was better to take a loss on the apartment."

ABOUT a year ago Sylvia Sidney's four months' marriage to Bennett Cerf, the publisher, collapsed. Her career seemed to collapse too. She appeared in such pictures as "Behold My Wife" and "Accent on Youth" and in her own opinion, she "smelled up the screen."

Sylvia Sidney decided to quit Hollywood, and she came to New York to live, hoping that Paramount would not be able to find another story for her before her contract expired.

When a wire reached her in New York ordering her to report for work, she was in a violently unpleasant mood.

"We're assigning you to Walter Wanger," the executives at Paramount told Sylvia.

"I felt as if I were being sent to Devil's Island," said Sylvia. "It was so obvious that Paramount didn't know what to do with me, so they were turning me over to Walter Wanger to handle.

"When I went to see him, I was spitting fire. I didn't want to make the picture, and I made my attitude very obvious. Wanger was kind and sympathetic. He gave me the script of 'Mary Burns, Fugitive,' to read. When I read it, the script seemed to me to be utterly unpromising; my own rôle seemed hopeless. But there was something about Mr. Wanger's quiet, intelligent handling of a situation that inspired faith in everyone in the cast. As the weeks progressed, the picture began to take shape; the story began to mean something."

Sylvia was happier making this picture than she had been for a long time in Hollywood, and she gradually began to realize that perhaps her old creed of living was all wrong and that listening to other people was sometimes better than obeying her own impulses.

When the picture was finished and she told Wanger that she was leaving Hollywood and going back to the stage, he said to her, "You'd be a fool to do that."

"I'd really like to stay," Sylvia said, "if I could make a few pictures a year and appear in a play whenever I want, but I'm afraid no studio would agree to such terms."

"I would," Wanger told her.

And it was on those terms that Sylvia signed.

"The funny part of it has been," she said, laughing, "that ever since then I've been kept so busy I've had no time to think of the stage. But it doesn't matter so much now, for during the last year I've made pictures that I myself have found interesting. I'd rather play a small rôle in a picture like 'Fury' with an actor like Spencer Tracy than a large rôle with an actor like—well, I'd better not mention names."

I thought, with a swift flash of amusement, that only a few years ago Sylvia would most decidedly have mentioned names; would have shouted them to the four corners of the world if anyone had cared to listen.

"If I had obeyed my impulse," reasoned Sylvia, "I would have quit Hollywood forever; I would never have made 'Mary Burns, Fugitive,' which really began a new life in Hollywood for me.

"I have discovered that I don't really need a lot of material things to make me happy. And with that discovery, I have less respect for the importance of money. I live more economically than I ever did in all my previous years in Hollywood, not because I deliberately set out to live economically, but because I have found I do not need much to buy the things I really want. Such things as good music, for instance."

So, to other girls who, like her, are given to impulses, Sylvia Sidney says, "Don't obey your impulses. Before you act, wait twelve, twenty-four or thirty hours. I wish I'd slept on every impulsive gesture I ever made. Not once has acting on impulse done me any good."

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

they forget that Nelson Eddy won overnight fame in one picture, "Naughty Marietta."

Mr. Eddy is really a triple threat man because he is handsome, has a winning personality and one of the finest baritone voices it has been my good fortune to hear. His performance in "Maytime" is the most delightful make-believing in many moons. He is gay, romantic, charming and amusing, and after this picture is generally released, I think M-G-M will be swamped with requests for Eddy photographs. I have only one complaint to make—we want more than one Eddy picture a year.

MURIEL MARKS,
New York, N. Y.

Returning from his usual spring concert tour, the handsome baritone will again be spliced with Jeanette MacDonald in "The Girl of the Golden West."

MR. RISKIN—TAKE A BOW—

Congratulations to Robert Riskin, the director, for his splendid handling of Columbia's "When You're in Love." And thank heaven for a good job of coaching done on Henry Stephenson's "conducting." Blow me, if these musicianless actors are allowed to give any more exhibitions over their respective dummy orchestras I'll have a stroke. If only for the sake of perfection let's get some semblance of intelligible rhythmic and expressive "directing" into our musicals.

EDWARD SCHROEDER, JR., Musical Director,
Dubuque, Iowa.

THE SHOE DOESN'T FIT—

I don't care if you did give "Quality Street" a big star in your reviews of current films, I do not care for Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone in the leading rôles.

To me a film such as "Quality Street" cries aloud for British direction and British actors. So why must two players so definitely American and so identified with American types be cast in a period play by a Scotch dramatist? It is enough to make Barrie turn over in his grave. I like Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone, but I like them in modern American stories. Let us have Katie as a modern young woman, not as *Phoebe* or *Mary Stuart*.

MRS. C. W. TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Hepburn's next picture will be "Stage Door," the modern comedy which wowed Broadway last winter.

DEANNA IS DARLING

What a pleasant surprise little Deanna Durbin is after so much sophistication. It's wonderful to think that so much freshness and charm can be caught by the camera and brought before millions of wearied, worldly-wise people to touch their hearts and leave them newly inspired. And anyone who doesn't thrill to Deanna's voice as it trills from that tiny throat, so clear and so perfect—well, they're not quite human. May she stay with us as long as possible in her childish rôles. Please, Mr. Producer, don't put her into grown-up rôles too soon.

ERMA BERSUCH, Topeka, Kansas.



Alka-Seltzer

Has Many Uses

There is nothing quite like a glass of Alka-Seltzer for quick relief from common everyday ailments. An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant-tasting solution. You drink it and it gives prompt relief from the pain and discomfort and also corrects the excess acid condition which is often present.

**ALL DRUGGISTS—
30c and 60c Packages
(Slightly higher in Canada)**

**Check This List—
See If You are
Getting ALL
The Benefits
Alka-Seltzer
Offers**

HEADACHE
SOUR STOMACH
DISTRESS AFTER MEALS
ACID INDIGESTION
COLDS
MINOR THROAT IRRITATIONS
MORNING AFTER
MUSCULAR ACHES & PAINS

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY
Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm, wave. Free book, VALLIGNY PRODUCTIONS, Inc., 43-A, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.



CONCEALS BLEMISHES INSTANTLY!

Hide-it

DON'T let a sudden skin blemish spoil your Summer Fun. Be clever—use "Hide-it!" Instantly conceals pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, bruises and any discoloration. Waterproof. Won't crack or peel. Four flesh shades to match your skin. Use the Cream for large areas; Stick for touch-ups.

**\$1 at Drug and Dept. Stores
10c Size at Ten Cent Stores**

Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 16-G, Chicago
Enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it" ☐ Cream ☐ Stick
Check Shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan.
Name _____
Address _____

Your eyes can seem to be
natural beauties!



• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

High School Course
at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to recent school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Free Bulletin on request. American School, Dpt. HB-43, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

Two year complete practical course... based on nineteen years' experience of internationally famous Pasadena Playhouse... trains you for career on stage, screen or radio. We constantly produce on three stages with openings attended by talent scouts from nearby Hollywood. Many big names in pictures today acknowledge their success to Pasadena Playhouse training. These include... Robert Young, Douglass Montgomery, Onslow Stevens, Victor Jory, Gloria Stuart, Anne Shirley and others. If you wish to prepare sincerely for a career in the theatre or pictures, write for pictorial catalog. Address General Manager.

GILMOR BROWN Director CHAS. PRICKETT Gen Mgr

PASADENA PLAYHOUSE
32 S. EL MOLINO AVENUE - PASADENA - CALIFORNIA



WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox.—Another cuckoo comedy of the semi-mad type with Ann Southern running away to elope, and Don Ameche escaping from a divorce action. They meet in a deserted cabin. From then on, it's everybody's party. John Qualen and Slim Summerville are around. (June)

GIRL LOVES BOY—Grand National.—Ancient in theme, treatment and direction, this story of a small-town girl who reforms a local scamp meanders around witlessly. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are the bucolic protagonists. Stay away. (June)

GIRLOVERBOARD—Universal.—Gloria Stuart, Walter Pidgeon, Billy Burrud and Sidney Blackmer all give nice performances in this unpretentious but satisfyingly pleasant little story of a girl who, when accused of murder, impersonates a "missing person." (May)

HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE—GB.—British Jessie Mathews' new musical crammed with delightful songs. Jessie is a poor cabaret singer with love trouble. Robert Flemyng, Louis Borele and Whitney Bourne do well in supporting rôles. (April.)

HER HUSBAND LIES—Paramount.—Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a new-fashioned way by the compelling characterization of Ricardo Cortez as a gambler forced to play against his own brother. Gail Patrick is a treat for the eye as usual. (June)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY—Warners.—The eternal triangle again with Jean Muir as the trusting ex-secretary wife to Warren Hull and Beverly Roberts as the lying wench who takes her man. Clara Blandick is good as Hull's cynical aunt. Everybody else overacts. (May)

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT—Wanger-United Artists.—Comedy, romance and melodrama are cunningly interwoven in this sumptuous production. It centers around Jean Arthur's dilemma with her jealous husband (Colin Clive) who frames her with a murder charge, and her tender love story with Samaritan Charles Boyer. You'll get a big thrill. (May)

INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY—Paramount.—Tense melodrama of the clinic and bar-room with Joel McCrea in the sacrificial white of a young doctor, and Barbara Stanwyck as the desperate woman seeking a lost child. Villainous Stanley Ridges knows all the answers. A minor gem. (June)

JIMHANVEY—DETECTIVE—Republic.—Portly Guy Kibbee turns sleuth in this mildly amusing comedy mystery interrupting his mania for rabbit catching to tie a lovers knot for Lucie Kaye and Tom Brown by solving a murder. Fair. (June)

JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN—Paramount.—Introducing Francine Larrimore as the newest Hollywood star, this is a phony story, dull of dialogue and strained as to action. It involves Edward Arnold too, as the tycoon who marries a farmerette to spite a society jane. No dice. (April.)

LOST HORIZON—Columbia.—After two years of monumental research and expense, James Hilton's tale of a lost Paradise in Tibet, directed by Frank Capra, is a screen triumph. Ronald Colman distinguishes himself and heads a great cast including Jane Wyatt, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Isabel Jewell and others. It is spellbinding. (May)

LOVE IS NEWS—20th Century-Fox.—Gay, impossible, conceived in a new kind of slap-happy humor, this rattles across the screen to the tune of your laughter. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power play a rich-girl-runs-after-poor-reporter game that is enchanting. Don Ameche is outstanding as the tough editor. See it often. (May)

MAMA STEPS OUT—M-G-M.—A blatant and obvious picture that doesn't jell despite Alice Brady's cute tantrums. It's about an American family searching culture abroad. They find Ivan Lebedeff, Gregory Gaye and Heather Thatcher. Betty Furness and Stanley Morner are lightly romantic. (April.)

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—M-G-M.—This time Joseph Calleia's forceful performance is thrown on the side of law and order and lifts a trite story to impressive entertainment. As a poor lawyer, he uncovers a lot of skulduggery, implicates his sweetie, Florence Rice. Honesty triumphs. (April.)

MARKED WOMAN—Warners.—A brutal indictment of modern gangsters and their exploitation of women based on a recent newspaper exposé. Bette Davis is more vital than ever; Edward G. Robinson as the big boss is chilling and Humphrey Bogart as the D. A. is splendid. You won't want to miss it. (May)

MAYTIME—M-G-M.—Gay, charming and heart-stirring with a superb musical score, this again teams Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a beautiful story of love, lost, found and lost. Jeanette is a prima donna; John Barrymore her impresario, and Nelson a student. Rapturous songs, both classical and modern. A "Must." (May.)

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE—Paramount.—The customary detective-reporter-many-suspects-murder-mystery with a campus background. Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns supply the comedy; Astrid Allwyn and Marsha Hunt provide the beauty. (May)

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—20th Century-Fox.—Victor McLaglen perfectly cast as a waiter who kidnaps the daughter of a munitions manufacturer, then repents. Peter Lorre, Walter Connolly and June Lang contribute superior support to this modern melodrama. (May)

NAVY BLUES—Republic.—Sailor Dick Purcell makes a bet he can win unattractive librarian Mary Brian. Besides metamorphosing her into a beauty winning a promotion and foiling spies, he of course wins the bet. The cast is fair. (June)

NOBODY'S BABY—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A neat little setup for the antics of Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti. The girls play student nurses, find themselves romantically inclined toward Bob Armstrong and Lynne Overman. It's a panic. (April.)

ON THE AVENUE—20th Century-Fox.—Here are Irving Berlin's delicious new songs, Madeleine Carroll's pulchritude, Alice Faye's torching, the Ritz Brothers nutsy nonsense, and Dick Powell singing love lilt built around a poor-boy-meets-rich-girl angle. A swell dish. (April.)

OUTCAST—Paramount.—A somber and slow-moving account of a doctor's efforts to re-establish himself after an unfortunate operation. Karen Morley intends to expose Warren William, falls in love instead. Lewis Stone saves the pair from the town's fury. (April.)

PARADISE EXPRESS—Republic.—Violent melodrama of the rivalry between a railroad and a trucking company for the farmers' business with plenty of dirty work at the crossroads. Grant Withers is the noble hero who loves Dorothy Appleby. Donald Kirke is the villain. (May)

PARK AVENUE LOGGER—RKO-Radio.—Entertaining action-packed comedy with athletic George O'Brien in a swaggering rôle of a rich man's son sent to a lumber camp to pull himself together. There he woos and wins Beatrice Roberts. (April.)

PERSONAL PROPERTY—M-G-M.—Pulchritudinous Jean Harlow as a penniless widow and Bob Taylor as a playboy bill collector scramble through this dizzy burlesque in fine style. Reginald Owen is Taylor's brotherly rival. Mildly risqué and very exuberant. (June)

PICK A STAR—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Film-land laughs at itself in a screamingly funny story of a small town beauty contest winner in Hollywood. Patsy Kelly, Rosina Lawrence, Jack Haley and Laurel and Hardy combine their comedy abilities to make this a wow! (May.)

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1—Warners.—New faces in a slightly used tale of petty racketeers who marry off Jane Wyman to William Hopper in a mock wedding which turns out to be legal. The newcomers are promising; Marie Wilson provides the laughs. (June)

RACKETEERS IN EXILE—Columbia.—A family programmer built to high entertainment by George Bancroft's superb impersonation of a racketeer evangelist who finally reforms. Evelyn Venable does nicely as the town organist, Wynne Gibson is good as the gang-girl. (June)

READY WILLING AND ABLE—Warners.—Ruby Keeler masquerades as a famous English star, all but ruins Ross Alexander's Broadway show in this gleeful musical. Lee Dixon, a new dancing demon, is splendid, so is Wini Shaw's singing. (April.)

SAN QUENTIN—Warners.—Lieutenant Pat O'Brien introduces Army methods into prison character building. His star pupil is Humphrey Bogart, brother of his cookie, Ann Sheridan. Complications include a "sit-down" by prisoners, much shooting. Enjoyable. (June)

SEA DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—A slam-bang story of the coast guard patrol with Preston Foster and Victor McLaglen fighting and loving all over the ocean. Ida Lupino and Donald Woods are nice support and the storms at sea are thrilling. (April.)

★ **SEVENTH HEAVEN**—20th Century-Fox.—The revival of the hauntingly beautiful love story of two Parisian waifs caught in the vortex of the World War. James Stewart as *Chico*, the street cleaner and Simone Simon as *Diane* are sincere and effective. Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard and Jean Hersholt round out the splendid cast. (June)

★ **SHALL WE DANCE**—RKO-Radio.—The seasonal teaming of Rogers and Astaire full of original ideas, Gershwin music, stunning sets and completely novel dance routines. The plot revolves around a ballet dancer's attempts to marry the girl without revealing his identity. The cast is diverting, the songs are delightful, the whole thing is deluxe. (June)

SILENT BARRIERS—GB.—The adventures, the loves, the perils and disasters of the lusty pioneers who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. Richard Arlen is the reformed gambling man, Antoinette Cellier, his soul mate, Lilli Palmer, the siren. A bit heavy but worthwhile for the magnificent scenery. (June)

SING WHILE YOU'RE ABLE—Melody.—Hillybilly Pinky Tomlin capers through this tepid tale of a yokel boy makes good. Lured to the city for radio work, he is befriended by Toby Wing, makes the villains sorry for their dirty work. Songs are fair, production stupid. (June)

SONG OF THE CITY—M-G-M.—A complicated story of a young man who gives up an heiress because of her money, and a fisherman's daughter because of her career. Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey Dean, J. Carroll Naish and Nat Pendleton are the principals. (June)

★ **SWING HIGH, SWING LOW**—Paramount.—A smooth blend of laughter and tears, torch numbers, fine production, direction and camera work, this teams Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a story of a girl who marries a lazy charming boy, makes a star of him, gets her heart broken. It's simply perfect and so is Carole. Don't miss this. (April)

THAT I MAY LIVE—20th Century-Fox.—Just another story of an ex-convict, Robert Kent, who wants to go straight, but is framed by his former pals. Rochelle Hudson and J. Edward Bromberg pull a fast one, free Bob from a murder charge. Dull. (May)

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN—Warners.—An anemic story of a jobless waif, Mary Maguire, befriended by an elevator boy, Tom Brown, who lands her a job as a chambermaid. Accused of stealing, she runs away; Tom brings her back. Dull as dishwater. (June)

★ **THE GOOD EARTH**—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of Pearl Buck's novel. The story of the poor Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and sensitive Luise Rainer. Tilly Losch provocative as the second wife. See this by all means. (Mar.)

THE GREAT HOSPITAL MYSTERY (Formerly "Dead Yesterday")—20th Century-Fox.—There is little to recommend this poorly constructed murder yarn starring Jane Darwell and Thomas Beck. Joan Davis' comedy nurse steals honors. (May)

THE HIT PARADE—Republic.—Stars of radio contribute to the fun and frolic of this musical built around Phil Regan as a talent scout who when double-crossed by singer Louise Henry discovers Frances Langford. Eddie Duchin and Duke Ellington supply the melody. (June)

★ **THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL**—Warners.—A sexy, saucy romance introducing the latest handsome male charmer, French Fernand Gravet. The fast-paced story concerns a bored king whose retainers hire Joan Blondell, a chorus girl, to divert him from his dissensions. The whole cast is splendid. Gilt-edged. (May)

★ **THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY**—M-G-M.—The efforts of Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Bill Powell save this revival of a famous Broadway drawing-room comedy from being stuffy. Joan is a refined crook, Bill Powell her stooge, Bob a suave English lord. It's amusing. (May)

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF—RKO-Radio.—An entirely new idea—that of flying hospital planes—is incorporated in this informative and intelligent tale. John Beal, a discredited doctor, and Joan Fontaine, a flying nurse, carry the romance. (May)

★ **THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER**—Warners.—Mark Twain's sly tale of adventure and pathos revolving around two youngsters whose exchange of costume changes the British Empire. Errol Flynn plays his usual soldier of fortune rôle superbly. The Mauch twins are infectiously charming. Glamorous and gratifying. (June)

THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY—RKO-Radio.—Don't let this title confuse you. It's "Michael Strogoff" in disguise and very good, too. The swiftly told tale of a Russian spy in the days of the Tartars has Anton Walbrook, Fay Bainter and Akim Tamiroff in the cast. Walbrook, an Austrian newcomer, is superb. (May)

THE STUTTERING BISHOP—Warners.—This time Donald Woods plays *Perry Mason*, dynamic detective who finds his true heiress with the greatest of ease. He also falls in love with his smart secretary Ann Dvorak. Satisfyingly suspenseful. (June)

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox.—The first of a series dealing with the clever Japanese detective of the Saturday Evening Post stories. Peter Lorre is perfect as *Mr. Moto* who with incredible jiu-jitsu traps a ring of smugglers. Thomas Beck and Virginia Field are the love birds. Plenty of thrills. (June)

TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox.—Thrills, suspense and romance enliven this comedy of an heiress, Claire Trevor, who hitch-hikes her way to the coast, picks up Michael Whalen whom she suspects of being a robber. Lots of laughs. (April)

★ **TOP OF THE TOWN**—Universal.—A madly paced collection of spectacular dances, and downright fun, this musical extravaganza has Doris Nolan, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Gregory Ratoff, George Murphy, Peggy Ryan, Hugh Herbert in the cast, so you have the idea. Go. (April)

23½ HOURS LEAVE—Grand National.—An old tale (Mary Roberts Rinehart's) rejuvenated with a face lift of youth, song and slap-bang comedy. James Ellison is the sergeant who bets his buddies he'll dine with the general. He wins his bet and the general's daughter. (May)

TWO WISE MAIDS—Republic.—Dedicated to grade teachers, this emotional melodrama offers the splendid acting of Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran as the school madams. Marcia Mae Jones and Jackie Searl are the problem children. You'll like it. (April)

★ **WAIKIKI WEDDING**—Paramount.—Crooner Crosby goes to Honolulu for the background of this melodious madcap story. Publicity for pineapples is the motive which brings Shirley Ross, Bob Burns and Martha Raye and Leif Erikson into juxtaposition. Magnificent fun. (June)

★ **WAKE UP AND LIVE**—20th Century-Fox.—A swift-moving, rip-roaring musical riot introducing Walter Winchell who carries on his famous newspaper feud with Ben Bernie, surrounded by a smash cast including Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Walter Catlett and others. It's keen. (June)

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Universal.—A breezy version of cops and robbers aboard a liner, Europe bound. Sally Eilers' stateroom is used as a hideout for swindlers. Love embarrasses detective James Dunn in his duty. Mischa Auer is a panic. (June)

★ **WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG**—Universal.—A gay and dashing musical with a Cinderella theme beautifully acted by Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor and a splendid cast. Virginia is a small town ugly duckling who becomes a Broadway singsation. You'll like it. (June)

WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY—RKO-Radio.—Goofier than ever, Joe E. Brown's new comedy presents The Mouth as an amateur astrologer whose faith in the zodiac gets him into plenty of hot water, lands him in the prize ring. You'll howl. (April)

★ **WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE**—Columbia.—Grace Moore and Cary Grant in a sparkling story of a vain opera star forced into an ironic marriage in order to fix up passport trouble. Bubbling comedy, delightful operatic and modern tunes and a splendid cast. Be sure and see it. (April)

WHITE BONDAGE—Warners.—Jean Muir is the only bright spot in this inexcusably dull and innocuous yarn of share croppers' rebellion against unscrupulous planters in the cotton belt. Gordon Oliver, Howard Phillips and John King complete the cast. Stupid. (May)

WINGS OF THE MORNING—20th Century-Fox.—A modern melodrama involving women and horses done in Technicolor. Henry Fonda is the gentleman trainer; Annabella is his gypsy love song. The Irish countryside scenes are superb; John McCormick sings magnificently. Better see it. (April)

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR—Columbia.—The acting of Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce lift this picture above the average. The plot concerns an artist who attempts to inspire a disillusioned night club singer to the heights of love for art's sake. Reginald Denny and Pert Kelton are funny. (May)

★ **YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE**—Walter Wanger-United Artists.—Superbly produced, directed with finesse and feeling by Fritz Lang, magnificently acted by Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney, here is searing realism and a beautiful love story. It's about a boy sent to the death house on circumstantial evidence. A must see. (April)

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW—GB.—Wallace Ford gets a better break than usual in this gusty tale of a cheap American racketeer who enlists in the British Army to escape police. Anna Lee, John Mills and Grace Bradley support. Lively and humorous. (May)



Ever seen a rouge LIKE POWDER?

IMAGINE a rouge as feathery as powder, as easy to tone into your skin, yet so long-lasting you needn't carry it! *That's Po-Go*—the rouge that's hand-made in France.

Po-Go Rouge is very different from hard, chalky cake rouges. It is made without "binder" or "filler." Its pure, natural ingredients form a box-full of glowing color. A soft pat-pat of your puff puts Po-Go's surprising loveliness on your cheeks—where it will stay for hours!

Any store can show you Po-Go Rouge in stunning shades, styled in Paris. Spend only 55¢—and give thanks to Paris for Po-Go!



Shades include famous Brique (naturelle)—as well as Ronce (raspberry), Saumon (for blondes) etc.

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

It's a real experience that will bring hope to you too, reprinted word for word in our booklet "Good-bye Freckles."

50¢



free BOOKLET SEND COUPON OR POST CARD

THE STILLMAN COMPANY
Box 82, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
Name.....
Address.....

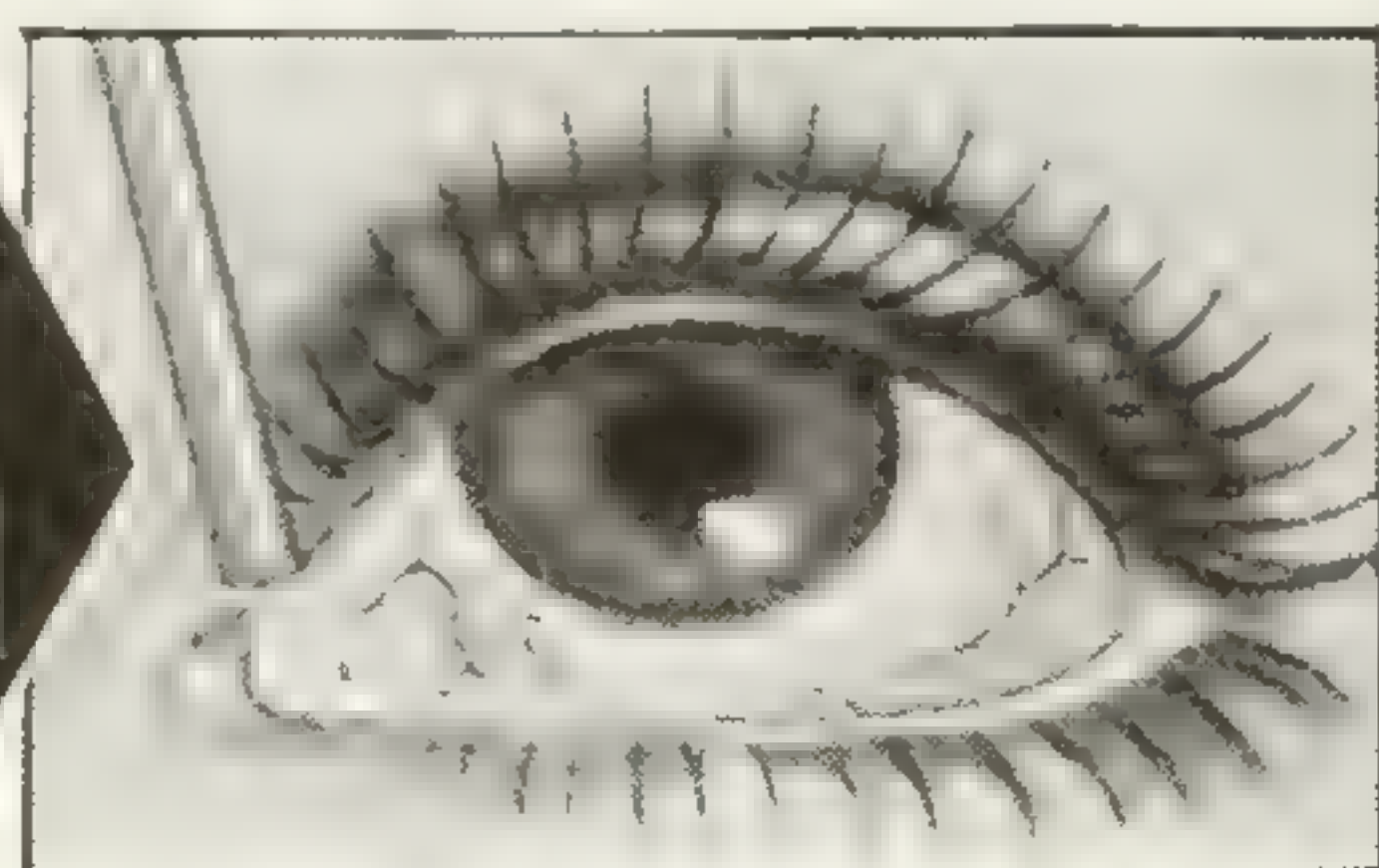
**Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM**

**RED
DULL**



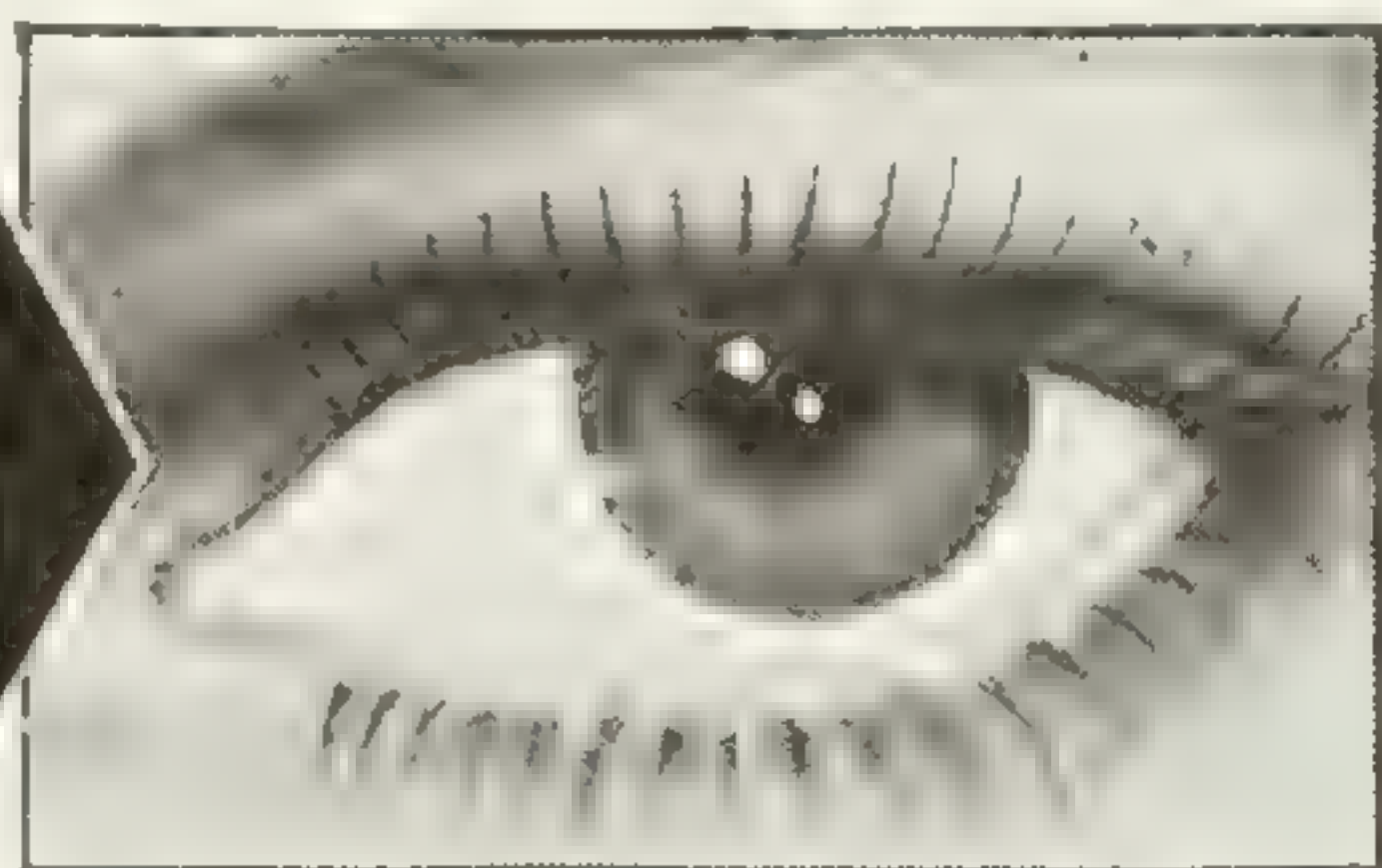
● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are so prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined . . .

**FEW
DROPS**



● Quick! A drop of Eye-Gene goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion . . . perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion . . .

**EYES
CLEAR**



● In just a few seconds, yes, almost instantly, your eyes look clear and white. So much more beautiful when free from prominent veins! Sparkling, too. And so refreshed.

NEW DISCOVERY

● Eye-Gene! Now used by thousands before every "date" to make eyes clear and lovely. Marvelously refreshing to tired, overworked eyes. Not like old-fashioned lotions and washes. Stainless, too. At all drug and department stores.

EYE-GENE



FROM SUNRISE

TO SUNSET



NAILS ARE IMPORTANT

● Around the clock your hands must be as smart as your costume . . . fingertips, rosily pink as sunrise for that early-morning swim or game of tennis . . . nails with the deep rich underglow of sunset, when you dance under the stars!

● ASK YOUR MANICURIST to apply this marvelous polish in these new shades, or buy a regular-size bottle (50c) and try it on our money-back guarantee.

**SUNRISE
SUNSET
PLUM RED
MAROON
PEACH
BLUSH
ACORN**

+ La Cross
NEWARK, N. J.

CREME NAIL POLISH

● La Cross Glycerated Nail Polish Remover contains no acetone and is kind to brittle nails and harsh cuticles. Use it also to thin out thick polish. 1/2-oz. size, 25c; 2-oz. economy size, 50c.

Casts of Current Pictures

"A STAR IS BORN"—SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by William A. Wellman and Robert Carson. Screen play by Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell and Robert Carson. The Cast: *Esther Blodgett, Vicki Lester, Janet Gaynor; Norman Maine, Frederic March; Oliver Niles, Adolphe Menjou; Lettie, May Robson; Danny McGuire, Andy Devine; Libby, Lionel Stander; Anita Regis, Elizabeth Jenks; Pop Randall, Edgar Kennedy; Casey Burke, Owen Moore; Theodore Smythe, J. C. Nugent; Aunt Mattie, Clara Blandick; Esther's brother, A. W. Sweatt; Miss Phillips (clerk), Peggy Wood; Harris, Adrian Rosely; Ward, Arthur Hoyt; Posture Coach, Guinn (Big Boy) Williams; Otto Friedl, Vince Barnett; Academy Awards speaker, Paul Stanton; Billy Moon, Franklin Pangborn.*

"ANGEL'S HOLIDAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story and screen play by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: *"Angel," Jane Withers; Nick Moore, Robert Kent; Stivers, Joan Davis; Pauline Kaye, Sally Blane; Bal Regan, Harold Huber; Bulch Broder, Frank Jenks; Crandall, Ray Walker; Waldo Everett, John Qualen; Eddie, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Gramp, Al Lydell; Gus, Russell Hopton; Sergeant Murphy, Paul Hurst; Maxie, John Kelly; Louie, George Taylor; Chief of Police, Cy Kendall; Ralph Everett, Charles Arnt.*

"AS GOOD AS MARRIED"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Norman Krasna. Screen play by Hugh Herbert and Lynn Starling. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The Cast: *Alexander Drew, John Boles; Sylvia Parker, Doris Nolan; Fraser James, Walter Pidgeon; Princess Cherry Bouladoff, Tala Birell; Wally, Alan Mowbray; Alma, Katherine Alexander; Miss Danforth, Esther Ralston; Quinn, Ernest Cosart; Laura, Mary Philips; Poochie, Dorothea Kent; Ernie, David Oliver; Jessup, Harry Davenport.*

"GIM BUSINESS" (THE JONES FAMILY)—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story by Ron Ferguson and Eleanor De Lamater. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: *John Jones, Jed Prouty; Bonnie Jones, Shirley Deane; Mrs. John Jones, Spring Byington; Herbert Thompson, Russell Gleason; Jack Jones, Kenneth Howell; Ted Hewell, Allan Lane; Roger Jones, George Ernest; Lucy Jones, June Carlson; Granny Jones, Florence Roberts; Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan; Vicky, Marjorie Weaver; Leland Whitney, Frank Conroy; Mr. Rodney, Wallis Clark.*

"CAFE METROPOLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story by Gregory Ratoff. Screen play by Jacques Deval. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The Cast: *Laura Ridgeway, Loretta Young; Alexis, Tyrone Power; Monsieur Victor, Adolphe Menjou; Paul, Gregory Ratoff; Joseph Ridgeway, Charles Winninger; Bill Robinson, Himself; Margaret Ridgeway, Helen Westley; Monsieur Leon Monnel, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Max Schinner, Christian Rub; Maitre D'Hotel, Georges Renavent; Attendant, Fredrik Vogeding; Artist, Leonid Kinskey; Arthur Cleveland Thorndyke, Hal K. Dawson; Gendarme, Albert Conti; Jan Rubini & Orchestra, Themselves; Porter, Leonid Snegoff; Hotel Manager, Armand Kaliz; Police Official, Paul Porcasi; Croupier, Andre Cheron; Secretary, Marcelle Corday; Native Girl, Louise Clark; Coal Room Attendant, Louis Mercier; Flower Clerk, Rolfe Sedan; Hat Clerk, Andre Beranger; First Cashier, Michael Visaroff.*

"DANCE CHARLIE DANCE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Butter And Egg Man" by George S. Kaufman. Screen play by Crane Wilbur and William Jacobs. Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: *Andy Tucker, Stuart Erwin; Mary Mathews, Jean Muir; Fanny Morgan, Glenda Farrell; Alf Morgan, Allen Jenkins; Gordon Fox, Addison Richards; MacArthur, Charles Foy; Alvin Gussell, Chester Clute; Jennie Wolfe, Mary Treen; Bobbie Benson, Collette Lyons; Charlie, Tommy Wonder; Ted Parks, Frank Faylen; Tim, Robert Homans; Richard Milton, Harvey Clark; Jane Arden, Olive Olson.*

"HOLLYWOOD COWBOY"—RKO-RADIO.—Original screen play by Dan Jarrett and Ewing Scott. Directed by Ewing Scott. The Cast: *Jeffery Carson, George O'Brien; Joyce, Cecilia Parker; Violet Butler, Maude Eburne; G. Gadsby Holmes, Joe Cairns; Westbrook Courtney, Frank Milan; Kramer, Charles Middleton; Morey, Dan Wolheim; Metzger,*

Walter De Palma; Camby, Stanley Blystone; Sieger, Al Herman; Klinker, Bill Royle; Gillie, Frank Hagney; Benson, Claude Payton; Slim, Slim Baulch; Morgan, Sid Jordan; Joe Garvey, Lester Door.

"KID GALAHAD"—WARNERS.—Story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: *Nick Donati, Edward G. Robinson; Turkey Morgan, Humphrey Bogart; Marie, Jane Bryan; Silver Jackson, Harry Carey; Fluff, Bette Davis; Ward Guisenberry, Kid Galahad; Wayne Morris; Chuck McGraw, William Haade; Mrs. Donati, Soledad Jimenez; Buzz Barett, Ben Welden; The Redhead, Veda Ann Borg; Gunman, Harland Tucker; Burke, Hank Hankinson; Denbaugh, Jack Kranz; Joe Taylor, Joe Cunningham; Brady, Joe Crehan; Barney, Frank Faylen; Sam, Bob Evans; O'Brien, Bob Nestell; Referee, George Blake.*

"KING OF GAMBLERS"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: *Dixie, Claire Trevor; Jim, Lloyd Nolan; Steve Kalkas, Akim Tamiroff; Eddie, Larry Crabbe; Jackie, Helen Burgess; George Kramer, Porter Hall; Temple, Harvey Stephens; Parker, Barlowe Borland.*

"LET THEM LIVE"—UNIVERSAL.—Based upon "The Stones Cry Out" by Richard Wormser. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Lionel Houser. Directed by Harold Young. The Cast: *Dr. Martin, John Howard; Judith Marshall, Nan Grey; Rita Johnson, Judith Barrett; Pete Lindsay, Edward Ellis; Dr. D. Clifton, Robert Wilcox; Mike, Bennie Bartlett; Judge Lederer, Henry Kolker; Danny, Ralph Remly; Interne, Scott Kolk; Interne, George Shelley; Interne, Robert Dalton; Tom Blake, Robert Warwick.*

"MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW"—PARAMOUNT.—From a novel by Josephine Lawrence. Screen play by Vina Delmar. Produced and directed by Leo McCarey. The Cast: *Barkley Cooper, Victor Moore; Lucy Cooper, Beulah Bondi; Anita Cooper, Fay Bainter; George Cooper, Thomas Mitchell; Rhoda Cooper, Barbara Read; Harvey Chase, Porter Hall; Cora Payne, Elisabeth Risdon; Mamie, Louise Beaver; Bill Payne, Ralph Remley; Richard Payne, George Offerman, Jr.; Jack Payne, Tommy Bupp; Nellie Chase, Minna Gombell; Robert Cooper, Ray Mayer; B. Rabinowitz, Maurice Moscovitch.*

"NIGHT KEY"—UNIVERSAL.—Original by William Pierce. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The Cast: *Dave Mallory, Boris Karloff; Joan, Jean Rogers; Travers, Warren Hull; Pelly Louie, Hobart Cavanaugh; Ranger, Samuel Hinds; John Baron, Alan Baxter; Mike, David Oliver; Kruger, Edwin Maxwell.*

"SLIM"—WARNERS.—Original story and screen play by William W. Haines. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: *Red Blayd, Pat O'Brien; Slim, Henry Fonda; Cally, Margaret Lindsay; Stumpy, Stuart Erwin; Pop, J. Farrell MacDonald; Tom, Dick Purcell; Wilcox, Joseph Sawyer; First Gambler, Craig Reynolds; Wyatt Ransstead, John Litel; Stumpy's Girl, Jane Wyman; Lefe Garrelson, Harlan Tucker; Steve, Joseph King; Al, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; Joe Braitherswaite, James Robbins; Mitch, Henry Otho; Ed, Dick Wessell; Griff, Max Wagner; Kelly, Ben Hendricks; Second Gambler, Alonzo Price; Mrs. Johnson, Maidel Turner; Sam, Walter Miller.*

"NIGHT MUST FALL"—M-G-M.—Based on the play by Emyln Williams. Screen play by John Van Druten. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Danny, Robert Montgomery; Olivia, Rosalind Russell; Mrs. Bramson, Dame May Whitty; Justin, Alan Marshal; Dora, Merle Tottenham; Mrs. Terence, Kathleen Harrison; Belsize, Matthew Boulton; Nurse, Eily Malyon; Guide, E. E. Clive; Sales-lady, Beryl Mercer; Mrs. Laurie, Winifred Harris.*

"TALK OF THE DEVIL"—GB.—Story by Carol Reed and Anthony Kimmins. Scenario by Anthony Kimmins. Directed by Carol Reed. The Cast: *Ray Allen, Ricardo Cortez; Ann Marlow, Sally Eilers; Stephen Findlay, Basil Sydney; John Findlay, Randle Ayrton; Lord Dymchurch, Charles Carson; Colquhoun, Anthony Holles; Mr. Alderson, Frederick Culley; The Inspector, Gordon McLeod; Angus, Quenton McPherson.*

"THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR"—M-G-M.—From the play by Bayard Veiller. Screen play by Marion Parsonnet. Directed by George Seitz. The Cast: *Mme. Rosalie La Grange*, Dame May Whitty; *Nell O'Neill*, Madge Evans; *Inspector Marney*, Lewis Stone; *Helen Trent*, Elissa Landi; *Dick Crosby*, Thomas Beck; *John Wales*, Henry Daniell; *Lady Crosby*, Janet Beecher; *Lionel Trent*, Ralph Forbes; *Sir Roscoe Crosby*, Holmes Herbert; *Mary Eastwood*, Heather Thatcher; *Dr. Mason*, Charles Trowbridge; *Stanby*, Robert Coote; *Miss Stanby*, Elsa Buchanan; *Professor Feringee*, Lal Chand Mehra; *Constable*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Cholee*, Louis Vincenot.

"THE GOOD OLD SOAK"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Old Soak" by Don Marquis. Screen play by A. E. Thomas. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The Cast: *Clem Hawley*, Wallace Beery; *Nellie*, Una Merkel; *Clemmie Hawley*, Eric Linden; *Ina*, Judith Barrett; *Lucy*, Betty Furness; *Al Simmons*, Ted Healy; *Matilda Hawley*, Janet Beecher; *Kennedy*, George Sidney; *Webster*, Robert McWade; *Tom*, James Bush; *Minnie*, Margaret Hamilton.

"THE GO GETTER"—WARNERS.—Original story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Delmer Daves. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The Cast: *Bill Austin*, George Brent; *Cappy Ricks*, Charles Winninger; *Commander Tisdale*, Henry O'Neill; *Karl Stone*, Joseph Crehan; *Bob Blair*, Eddie Acuff; *Matt Peasley*, Willard Robertson; *Skinner's Secretary*, Helen Valkis; *Mrs. Luce*, Helen Lowell; *Cappy Ricks' Secretary*, Minerva Urecal; *Tony*, George Humbert; *Fourth Survivor*, Kenneth Harlan; *Second Survivor*, Walter Miller; *Margaret Ricks*, Anita Louise; *Lloyd Skinner*, John Eldredge; *Third Survivor*, Craig Reynolds; *Luce*, Gordon Oliver; *First Survivor*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Browne*, Pierre Watkin; *Lester*, Herbert Rawlinson; *M. M. Barker*, Harry Beresford; *Mrs. Blair*, Mary Treen; *Maria*, Matilda Comont; *Radio Station Operator*, Edward Price; *Nurse*, Matilda Comont; *Policeman*, Ed Gargan.

"THE TENTH MAN"—BG.—From the play by Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Marjorie Deans and Geoffrey Kerr. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. The Cast: *George Winter*, John Lodge; *Catherine Winter*, Antoinette Cellier; *Lord Ethingham*, Athole Stewart; *Ford*, Clifford Evans; *Lady Etchingham*, Iris Hoey; *Anne Etchingham*, Aileen Marson; *Colonel Trent*, George Graves; *Bennett*, Frank Cochran; *Edward O'Donnell*, Bruce Lister; *Swalescliffe*, Anthony Holles.

"THEY GAVE HIM A GUN"—M-G-M.—From the book by William Joyce Cowen. Screen play by Cyril Hume, Richard Maibaum and Maurice Rapf. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. The Cast: *Fred*, Spencer Tracy; *Rose Duffy*, Gladys George; *Jimmy*, Franchot Tone; *Sergeant Meadowlark*, Edgar Dearing; *Saxe*, Mary Lou Treen; *Laro*, Cliff Edwards; *Judge*, Charles Trowbridge.

"WINGS OVER HONOLULU"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Isabel Dawn and Boyce Degaw. Directed by H. C. Potter. The Cast: *Lauralee Curtis*, Wendy Barrie; *Lieutenant "Stony" Gilchrist*, Ray Milland; *Gregory Chandler*, Kent Taylor; *Lieutenant Jack Furness*, William Gargan; *Rosalind Furness*, Polly Rowles; *Hattie Penletter*, Mary Philips; *Admiral Furness*, Samuel Hinds; *Nellie Curtis*, Margaret McWade; *Evie Curtis*, Clara Blandick; *The Ga-Ga Girl*, Joyce Compton; *Mammy*, Louise Beavers.

"WOMAN CHASES MAN"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Lynn Root and Franklyn Fenton. Screen play by Joseph Anthony, Manuel Seff and David Hertz. Directed by John G. Blystone. The Cast: *Virginia Travis*, Miriam Hopkins; *Kenneth Nolan*, Joel McCrea; *B. J. Nolan*, Charles Winninger; *Henri Saffron*, Erik Rhodes; *Nina Tennyson*, Leona Maricle; *Judy*, Ella Logan; *Hunk*, Broderick Crawford; *Mr. Judd*, Charles Halton; *Window Washer*, Roger Gray; *Doctor*, William Jaffrey; *Taxi Driver*, George Chandler; *Secretary*, Mary Frances Gifford; *Process Server*, Alan Bridge; *Process Server*, Monte Vandegrift; *Process Server*, Jack Baxley; *Process Server*, Walter Soderling; *Man in Subway*, Al K. Hall; *Man in Subway*, Dick Creamer.

"THE WOMAN I LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel "L'Equipage" by Joseph Kessel, published by Librarie Gallimard. Screen play by Ethel Borden and Anthony Veiller. Directed by Anatole Litvak. The Cast: *Maury*, Paul Muni; *Denise*, Miriam Hopkins; *Jean*, Louis Hayward; *Captain*, Colin Clive; *Deschamps*, Minor Watson; *Mother*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Berthier*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Georges*, Wally Albright; *Florence*, Mady Christians; *Doctor*, Alec Craig; *Mezzieres*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Duprez*, Sterling Holloway; *Mathieu (Orderly)*, Vince Barnett; *Marbot*, Adrian Morris; *Michel*, Donald Barry; *Narbonne*, Joe Twerp; *Pianist*, William Stelling.



PERFECT PICTURE

For direction and location, The SHERRY-NETHERLAND has long enjoyed first mention among motion pictures' most distinguished artists.

Suites of 1 to 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry, by the day, week, month or longer.

The NETHERLAND CAFE-BAR...Air-Cooled...for Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner, After-Theatre Supper.

THE SHERRY NETHERLAND

Facing the Park

Fifth Ave. at 59th • New York

Sure to Allure



Smart Girls know
BEAUTIFUL CURLS INVITE ROMANCE

Lovely women who know all the beauty secrets insist on SOLO Curlers. These popular curlers are so easy to use and make perfectly beautiful curls. It's almost like magic. Moisten hair, insert SOLO Curlers, that's all! Buy a few. The curls will flutter you . . . flutter him.

ASK FOR
SOLO
Junior
RED TOP CURLERS

On sale at leading dept., dry goods, 5 & 10 cent stores

3 for 10¢

This more
EXCLUSIVELY in a
SHELVADOR



• MORE BEAUTY
• ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY
EXCLUSIVELY IN

CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire
the Beauty of the Screen Stars

If you are overweight and wish to lose fifteen pounds of ugly fat during the next month—you can do it. Yes, it's as simple as that if you but follow the instructions of Madame Sylvia. And Sylvia tells you how to lose those unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely.

As perhaps you know, Sylvia of Hollywood is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In **No More Alibis** you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets.

This book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price for this fully illustrated, beautifully bound, 139 page book is only \$1.00. Take advantage of this great bargain now—mail coupon below TODAY.

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. P-7, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis!" by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



SKIN
Beauty
WITH

Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 76 and 77 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 67 West 44th St., New York City. Send the name of your leading department store or dress shop. When you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY

★Marks accounts carrying PHOTOPLAY HAT FASHIONS

Albany, N. Y. Cotrell & Leonard
Alton, Ill. Young D. G. Co.
Appleton, Wis. Four Seasons Shop
Ashland, Wis. Smith Style Shop
Atlantic City, N. J. Homberger's
Augusta, Ga. Andrews Bros.

Baltimore, Md. Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass. Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Balch Price
Buffalo, N. Y. Jenny Co.
Burlington, Vt. The Fashion

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. M. J. Frankel
Charleston, W. Va. The Diamond
Charlotte, N. C. Lucielle Shop
Chicago, Ill. Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio. Higbee Company
Columbia, Mo. Parks D. G. Co.

Dayton, Ohio. Donenfeld's
Des Moines, Iowa. Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich. J. L. Hudson

Erie, Pa. Belmont Shop

Galesburg, Ill. O. T. Johnson Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich. Paul Steketee
Green Bay, Wis. J. H. Golden

Hartford, Conn. Sage Allen & Co.
Hibbing, Minn. Sapero Bros.
Huntington, W. Va. Anderson Newcomb

Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres & Co.

Johnstown, Pa. Kline's, Inc.

Kansas City, Mo. I. Rubins
Kewanee, Ill. Kewanee D. G. Co.

La Crosse, Wis. E. R. Barron Co.

Madison, Wis. Woldenberg's, Inc.
Manitowoc, Wis. Schuette Bros. Co.
Mason City, Iowa. Damons, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis. Turner Martin Symons

New Britain, Conn. Parker & Parker
New Haven, Conn. Linderman's
New York, N. Y. Arnold Constable & Co.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Joseph Horne Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Poughkeepsie Up-to-Date

Portland, Me. J. E. Palmer & Co.
Providence, R. I. Gladdings

Racine, Wis. Murray Held
Reading, Pa. Croll & Keck
Richmond, Ind. Palais Royal
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhoads
Rock Island, Ill. McCabe Style Shop
Roanoke, Va. Lazarus, Inc.
Runford, Me. Cyr-Norman

Schenectady, N. Y. Wallace Co.
Sioux Falls, S. D. Mory's, Inc.
South Bend, Ind. Frances Shop
Springfield, Ill. John Bressmer
Springfield, Mass. Albert Steiger
St. Louis, Mo. Stix Baer & Fuller
Spartanburg, S. C. August W. Smith
Superior, Wis. S. Y. Josephs Co.

Union City, N. J. A. Holthausen
Utica, N. Y. Doyle-Knowler

Virginia, Minn. Sapero Bros.

Washington, D. C. Raleigh Haberdasher's
Waterbury, Conn. Ann's Style Shop
Worcester, Mass. Denholm McKay



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

Palm Springs—Playground of the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

One of the most interesting experiences I had was a glimpse of the vast tunneling operations of the Metropolitan District Water project. In miner's helmet and hip boots, I went down the Carbazon shaft and under the San Jacinto mountains as far as the tunnel has been completed from that side.

We drove to Banning in the mountains twenty-five miles away and at a height of twenty-four hundred feet above sea level. And we drove to the Salton sea, in the desert, which is far below sea level. It is reached through the date-lined Coachella valley, that strange lost water lapping at the foot of mountains, a very large lake, caused by the overflow of the Colorado river at one time and occupying what is probably the bed of a lake which disappeared five hundred years ago. On this trip we went into the Painted Canyon, some miles from Mecca by car—that cathedral of strangely shaped and colored rocks.

On another occasion, we took part of the Palms-to-Pine drive which takes you gradually over magnificent roads from desert to mountain, with the changing growth—actually palms to pine. It did not seem at all strange to find ourselves surrounded by snow within the space of an hour!

I wish I could make you see Palm Springs—the mountains with their shifting colors, the desert with its brown soil and strange vegetation, the desert, which in spring changes to a carpet of the most gorgeous flowers, verbenas and primroses, incense bush, lilies—a hundred kinds. I wish I could make you see the roads over which you ride to the South and on which you see the strange mirage of blue water in which are reflected date palms and telephone poles. The palms are there but the water is not. I wish I could make you see the Indian ritual house and the dark Indians walking stolidly down the gay main street. I wish I could make you see the *people*.

There is everything at Palm Springs—gaiety, warmth, color, unusual happenings and a lot of fun. There are the houses of the Eastern and Western winter residents with their gorgeous desert gardens, swimming pools and patios.

I think perhaps the Easterners must amuse the Westerners. The Easterners go so very Western, not alone in costume but in what they conceive to be outlook. They let down the barriers with a right good will. They feel that they can be themselves, not realizing, I suppose, that you can't be yourself unless you *are* yourself already, in any locale and under any circumstance.

The stars come to Palm Springs to escape Hollywood—and find it right there. They come down for rest—which they probably don't get—and for climate, which I assume they *do* find. I didn't. It just happened that California was having an "unusual" winter when I arrived—the orange groves destroyed by frost and Palm Springs enjoying less than its usual quota of sun. But if there is sun anywhere, you should find it there. If you don't want to bother to go look for it, you can be provided with blue shell sun cabinets in which you can bask, unclad, with a nurse in attendance. If you are on a diet, you'll find it in Palm Springs. If you want romance, I am sure you'll find it there too.

Week-ends the tourists come from near-by

places and the streets are thronged with them. Clad in the invariable shorts or what have you, autograph books in hand, looking for the stars Palmer Gillette, who manages the date market for the great King Gillette ranch, told me that one woman barged in to buy dates and to complain that she had seen no stars. Mr. Gillette made the mistake of telling her she had bumped into Loretta Young on her way in. So the lady departed, post haste, to catch Miss Young and Mr. Gillette lost a sale. It was from this shop that Father Divine's followers sent Father Divine dates.

They were in Palm Springs shortly before I reached there, the man who called himself Jesus Christ and the girl who was called the Virgin Mary. They came in a great car plentifully supplied with money. Because they would not register under their own names they were not permitted to stay at El Mirador where they went first. They did, however, lunch at the Desert Inn on the following day and informed an amazed waitress that they always set a place for God.

YOU can visit Palm Springs inexpensively or you can pay through the nose. You can see the stars in their shorts and on their motor bikes. You can take magnificent trips and you can go to fortune tellers. Palm Springs is full of them. You can gape at the great and near-great and you can amuse yourself by watching the curious antics of the visitors. The desert air does something to them. They feel years younger. Fat women feel pounds lighter; tired business men become uproariously collegiate. You can read who's who in either of the two weekly papers. One, by the way, is edited by a brilliant little woman with curling brown hair and many a snappy comeback. She is a Baltimore girl who went to school with Wally Simpson, and she has a whale of a lot of fun setting the Village by the ears and picking civic fights with the localities in her interesting paper. I wouldn't be without it.

You can do as much or as little as you please in Palm Springs. You can see the town; you can observe the goings on of the rich who come down here sometimes in trailers from which they alight, if female, in mink coats and bathing suits. You can look at titled people.

You can watch the private airplanes spinning overhead—Andy has one, or is it Amos? And you can see every kind of car from a Model T Ford to a Dusenbergs or a Rolls or a special job. You can attend a Desert Circus and watch the Sheriff's posse riding.

You can lose your shirt on the turn of a wheel and drink a potent Side Car. You can ride over the desert with a cowboy in attendance or sit around a camp fire and listen to 'em sing. Or you can lie in the sun and be quiet, and look at the mountains and the desert and reflect upon the Joshua tree which grows on the mesas and in the mountains. About that time you begin to realize how small you are and how small we are, all of us—the stars from Hollywood and the visitors from West and East, and how unimportant fame and money and beauty and strength, how miniature and feverish the quest for excitement and gaiety must seem to the mountains and the desert, altering with the shift of light, on their ancient surfaces, but, basically, eternal.



DON-A-CAP
The Original
PATENTED
FORM-FITTING
WAVE PROTECTOR



• Also a special model at 10c stores only.

Have YOU learned this secret of Lovely Hair?

No more frowzy "morning-coiffures" . . . hair neat and attractive from dawn to dusk. Beauticians recommend **DON-A-CAP**, the original FORM-FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR. They fit better . . . are more becoming . . . and YOU look better. Be sure you ask for **DON-A-CAP**!

At Stores and Beauty Shops everywhere. If not obtainable, write . . .

DONA MANUFACTURING CO.
San Diego, California

KEEP YOUR BABY HEALTHY

"How to Raise the Baby" By Bernarr Macfadden. Will set you on the right track! How to feed, clothe, bathe, and exercise your little one. Send \$2.00 for a copy to

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc.
Dept. 7, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

DO YOU WRITE STORIES?

Send them to us for correction and analysis. Only \$1 for each 3000 words. We also revise and help you sell your stories and articles for a nominal fee. Columbia Literary Bureau, P. O. Box No. 335, Times Square Sta., N. Y. C.



FREE with 10¢ order Newes BLONDE eye make-up! "Cinema Silver-Grey Eye Shadow" in beautiful mirror case, regularly \$1. Also 36-page booklet "The New Art of Lightening Hair".

LECHLER LABORATORIES

560 Broadway (Dept. W.D.) New York, N. Y.
If C. O. D., postage charges are extra.

Sent postpaid in plain sealed wrapper—complete with Special Application Brush . . . \$1

SEE AND BE SEEN

Come to New York's only truly Continental hotel...where famous people, good food and democratic prices meet.

Home of: The SKY GARDENS;
...and Air Conditioned
Restaurant et Cafe de la Paix;
Around The World Bar; and
Rumpelmayer's.

SINGLE from 3.50...DOUBLE from 5.00
TERRACED SUITES and APARTMENTS

ST. MORITZ

On-the-Park

50 Central Park So., New York
Personal direction: S. Gregory Taylor

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Edward Arnold
Lew Ayres
Robert Baldwin
Benny Baker
George Barbier
Bennie Bartlett
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Ben Blue
Beulah Bondi
Lee Bowman
William Boyd
Olympe Bradna
Burns and Allen
Bob Burns
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Nancy Clancy
Claudette Colbert
Ruth Coleman
Mady Correll
Larry Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Cecil Cunningham
Irene Dale
Louis DaPrun
Rufe Davis
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
James Ellison
Lief Erikson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Judith Ford
William Frawley
Franciska Gaal
Russell Hayden
George Hayes
Porter Hall
Orien Heyward
Fay Holden
David Holt
Edward Everett Horton

John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns
Dorothy Lamour
Billy Lee
Beatrice Lille
Harold Lloyd
Lucien Littlefield
Carole Lombard
Nick Lukats
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
June Martel
Adolphe Menjou
Ray Milland
Priscilla Moran
Karen Morley
Stephen Morris
Lloyd Nolan
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
John Patterson
Anthony Quinn
George Raft
Terry Ray
Martha Raye
Kea Rea
Shirley Ross
Grant Richards
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
John Trent
Terry Walker
Gustav Wally
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney
Warren William
Charlene Wvatt
The Yacht Club Boys

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
George Bancroft
Ralph Bellamy
Herman Bing
Allen Brook
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Charlie Chase
Marguerite Churchill
Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Dolores Del Rio
Luli Deste
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
James Dunn
Patricia Farr
Edith Fellows
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Donald Grayson
Thurston Hall
Irene Hervey

Ruth Hilliard
Isabel Jewell
Rosalind Keith
Victor Kilian
Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Aline MacMahon
Margo
Herbert Marshall
George McKay
Thomas Mitchell
Grace Moore
Gene Morgan
Chester Morris
Patsy O'Connor
Jean Parker
Joan Perry
Charles Quigley
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Three Stooges
Evelyn Venable
Raymond Walburn
Crawford Weaver
Jacqueline Wells
Fay Wray

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
Smith Ballew
Diana Barrington
John Beal
Milton Berle
Willie Best
Judith Blake
Eric Blore
John Boles
William Brady
Bobby Breen
William Brisbane
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
Alan Bruce
Eduardo Ciannelli
Dudley Clements
William Corson
Alex Craig
Derry Deane
Joan Fontaine
Preston Foster
Diana Gibson
Billy Gilbert
James Gleason
Bert Gordon
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Paul Guilfoyle
Van Heflin
Katharine Hepburn
Harriet Hilliard
Harriet Hooter
Ann Hovey
Philip Huston
George Irving

Maxine Jennings
Gordon Jones
Lorraine Krueger
Richard Lane
Thelma Leeds
Ada Leonard
Marie Marks
Ray Mayer
Philip McMahon
Burgess Meredith
Gertrude Michael
Dorothy Moore
Victor Moore
John Morley
Jack Oakie
Bradley Page
Parkyakarkus
Patsy Lee Parsons
Lee Patrick
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Leona Roberts
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothorn
Barbara Stanwyck
Onslow Stevens
Fred Stone
Frank M. Thomas
Roland Varno
Jane Walsh
Wheeler and Woolsey
Anton Walbrook
Patricia Wilder
Constance Worth

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Brian Aherne
Walter Brennan
Marie Brown
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Jerome Cowan
Robert Donat
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Paulette Goddard
Sigrid Gurie
Miriam Hopkins
Helen Jepson
Charles Laughton
Andrea Leeds
Ella Logan

Fredric March
Allan Marshall
Raymond Massey
Jackie Moran
Joel McCrea
David Niven
Merle Oberon
Barbara O'Neill
John Payne
Frank Shields
C. Aubrey Smith
A. W. Sweatt
Margaret Tallichet
Evelyn Terry
Douglas Walton

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1045 Formosa Ave.

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll
Henry Fonda

Tim Holt
Frances Langford
Pat Patterson
Marla Shelton
Sylvia Sidney

Grand National Films, Inc. 9132 Sunset Boulevard

Luis Alberni
Gwili Andre
Robert Armstrong
Vince Barnett
Jerry Bergh
Clive Brook
James Cagney
Capt. Wallace Caswell
Mae Clarke
Joyce Compton
Claudia Dell
Stuart Erwin
Beniamino Gigli

Bernadine Hayes
Victoria Hopper
Eleanor Hunt
Rod La Rocque
Eric Linden
Ken Maynard
Conrad Nagel
Marjorie Raymond
Tex Ritter
Anna Sten
Eleanor Stewart
Paula Stone

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Kenny Baker
Robert Barrat
Peggy Bates
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Veda Ann Borg
George Brent
Jane Bryan
Walter Cassel
Ellen Clancy
Donald Crisp
Joseph Crehan
Virginia Dale
Robert Darrell
Bette Davis
Marion Davies
Gloria Dickson
Lee Dixon
Olivia de Havilland
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Fernand Gravet
Gordon Hart
Raymond Hatton
Hugh Herbert
William Hopper
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Margaret Irving
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Patric Knowles
Fred Lawrence
John Litel
Margaret Lindsay

Anita Louise
Collette Lyons
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Mary Maguire
Rosalind Marquis
Billy Mauch
Bobby Mauch
Frank McHugh
Lyle Moraine
Wayne Morris
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Anne Nagel
Pat O'Brien
Gordon Oliver
Hugh O'Connell
Henry O'Neill
Granville Owen
Willard Parker
Linda Perry
Dick Powell
Edward Price
Dick Purcell
Claude Rains
Marcia Ralston
Craig Reynolds
Addison Richards
Beverly Roberts
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sheridan
Claudia Simms
George E. Stone
June Travis
Helen Valkis
Rudy Vallee
Patricia Walthall
Ben Welden
Doris Weston
Marie Wilson
Jane Wyman

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

20th Century Fox Studio, Box 900

Fred Allen
Don Ameche
Lynn Bari
Warner Baxter
Erik Rhodes
Ben Bernie
Lynne Berkeley
Barbara Brewster
Gloria Brewster
Esther Brodolet
J. Edward Bromberg
Spring Byington
Delma Byron
Eddie Cantor
June Carison
John Carradine
Julie Carter
Walter Catlett
Lon Chaney

Constance Collier
Jane Darwell
Joan Davis
Shirley Deane
Dorothy Dearing
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Frances Drake
Dixie Dunbar
Helen Ericson
George Ernest
Alice Faye
Virginia Field
Sidney Fields
Douglas Fowley
June Gale
Jack Haley
Sonja Henie

Jean Hersholt
Phillipa Hilber
Portland Hoffa
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Janet Johnson
Arline Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
June Lang
Gypsy Rose Lee
Peter Lorre
Robert Lowery
Keye Luke
William Mahan
Miles Mander
Tony Martin
Frank McGrath
Victor McLaglen
Paul McVey
Lucille Miller
Borrah Minevitch
Pauline Moore
Gavin Muir
Warner Oland
Lillian Porter
Tyrone Power
Ellen Prescott
Jed Prouty
John Qualen

Gregory Ratoff
Leah Ray
Jane Regan
Three Ritz Brothers
Florence Roberts
"Bill" Robinson
Mary Rogers
Sig Rumann
George Sanders
Geneva Sawyer
Charles Sellon
Douglas Scott
Simone Simon
June Storey
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Charles Tannen
Shirley Temple
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Roberta Vale
Elsie Valentine
Marjorie Weaver
Helen Westley
Michael Whalen
Walter Winchell
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Janet Beecher
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Ray Bolger
Louis Borell
Ariane Borg
Lorraine Bridges
Michael Brooke
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Bruce Cabot
Lynne Carver
Jean Chatburn
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniell
Jeffrey Dean
Melvyn Douglas
Douglas Dumbrille
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Grace Ford
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Reginald Gardiner
Judy Garland
Gladys George
Charles Gorin
Charley Grapewin
Virginia Gray
Julie Haydon
Jean Harlow
Ted Healy
William Henry
Allan Jones
Guy Kibbee
Elissa Landi
Suzanne Larson

Mitchell Lewis
Della Lind
Tilly Losch
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Marx Brothers
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruby Mercer
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Stanley Morner
George Murphy
Edward Norris
Edna May Oliver
Oscar O'Shea
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Barnett Parker
Cecelia Parker
Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Jessie Ralph
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Clarence Russell
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
James Stewart
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Helen Troy
Sophie Tucker
Johnny Weissmuller
Cora Witherspoon
Robert Young
George Zucco

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Robert Anderson
Mischa Auer
Binnie Barnes
Wendy Barrie
Noah Beery, Jr.
Alice Brady
Judith Barrett
Tala Birell
Larry Blake
Ernest Cossart
Hobart Cavanaugh
Fay Cotton
Robert Dalton
Jeanne Dante
Andy Devine
Jack Dunn
Deanna Durbin
Sally Eilers
James Foran
Michael Fitzmaurice
William Gargan
Eddie Garr
Lynn Gilbert
Nan Grey
Louis Hayward
William Hall
Samuel S. Hinds

Catherine Hughes
Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Dorothea Kent
John King
Alma Kruger
Donrue Leighton
Ella Logan
William Lundigan
Doris Nolan
Martha O'Driscoll
Walter Pidgeon
Jack Powell
Barbara Reid
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Jack Smart
Gerald Oliver Smith
Robert Spencer
Kent Taylor
Jack Watson
John Wayne
Robert Whitney
Charles Winninger
Jane Wyatt



Contents of **No More Alibis**

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK

DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce

REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC

GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH

IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest Develop Your Legs

PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!

THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE

KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE

CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS

A FIRM, LOVELY FACE

CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin!, Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"

SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET

BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET

ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS

ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls

THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

LISTEN BABY—

GIVE ME 50 MINUTES
AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
TO REMODEL YOUR BODY
THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

MADAME SYLVIA

NOW . . . in fifty minutes you can learn the carefully guarded beauty secrets of Hollywood's famous Madame Sylvia.

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in *No More Alibis*.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whit of observation and all the good, sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years in making the human body ideally beautiful.

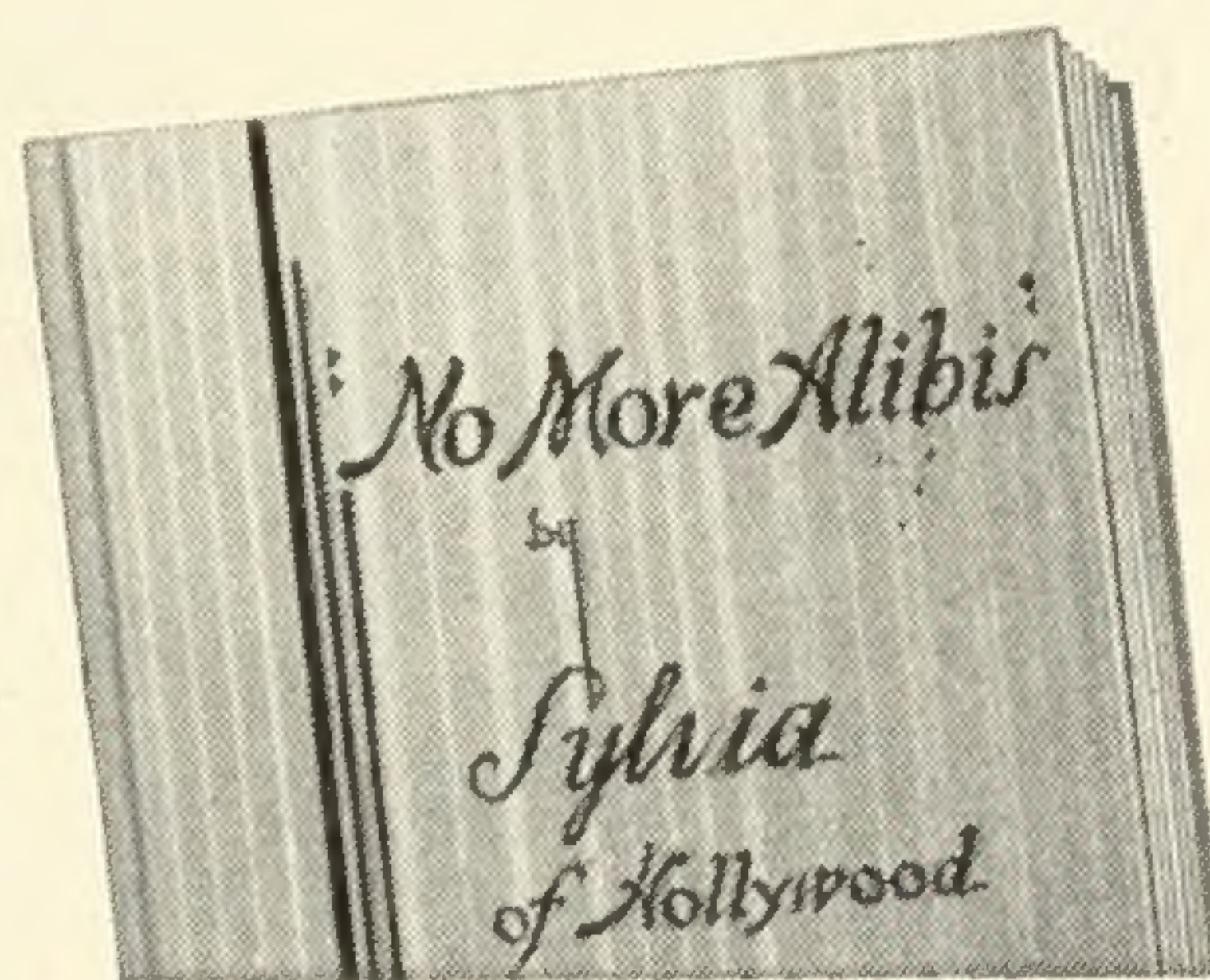
In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time all of her carefully guarded health and beauty secrets . . . the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by fine photographs.

There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in *No More Alibis*.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatments right in the privacy of your own home.

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this marvelous book is ridiculously small—only \$1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—now.

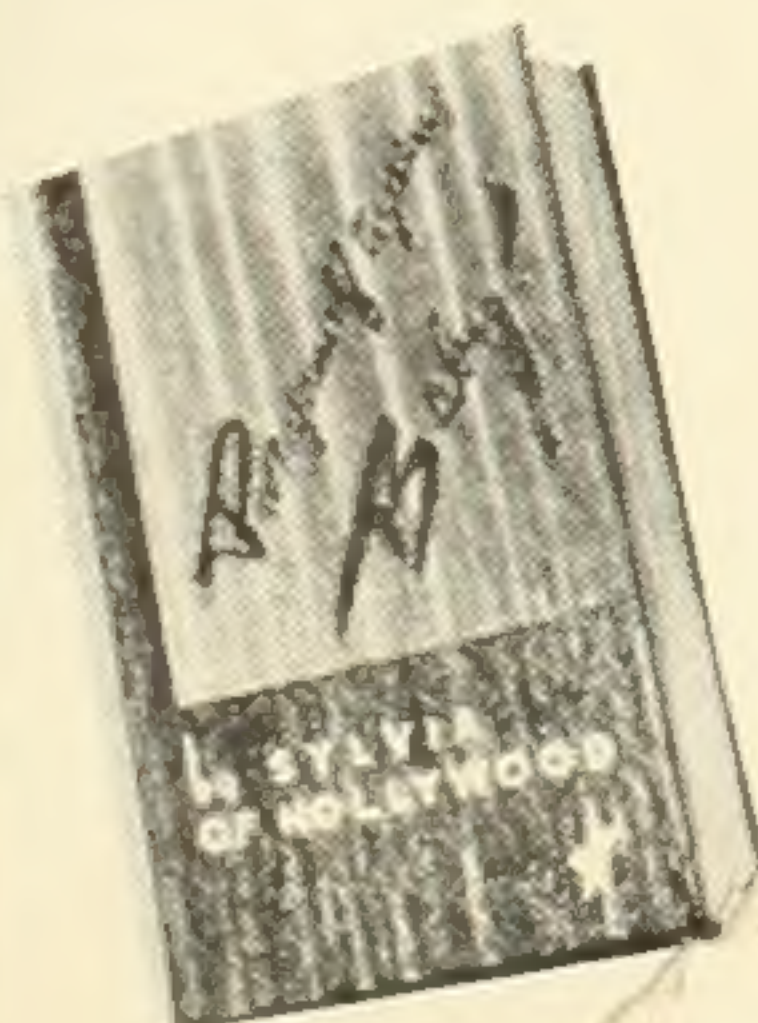


The 80,000th Copy
Just off the Press

Here's Another Smash-Hit by Madame Sylvia

Pull Yourself Together Baby

For charm, glamour



In Madame Sylvia's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* the famous adviser to the Hollywood stars describes hundreds of ways to develop charm, glamour.

The tricks and stunts that you can use to send your popularity stock skyrocketing are endless. Such simple things as a proper diet or a stimulating exercise will help tremendously. And *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* is packed full of helpful, new exercises—illustrated by beautiful photographic reproductions.

If you're dissatisfied with your social pulling power—if you're shy, self-conscious and timid—send for a copy of *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* at once. The price of this marvelous book is only \$1.00 postpaid.

—Mail This Coupon TODAY—

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. P7, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me the Sylvia of Hollywood books checked below.
I enclose \$

- ☐ *No More Alibis*. \$1.00 postage prepaid.
☐ *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* \$1.00 postage prepaid.

Name

Address

City State

**\$1
ONLY**

Constance Bennett

**says: "My throat
appreciates Luckies"**



"When Americans gather in Paris, Cannes or Elstree, the first question is often: 'Who's got a Lucky?' Here and abroad I prefer Luckies because my work demands that my throat be in good condition, and a light smoke helps keep it up to par. I was 'converted' to Luckies five years ago by their flavor, but found that my throat appreciates a light smoke."

Constance Bennett

STARRING IN HAL ROACH—MGM FEATURE COMEDY "TOPPER"

Notice how many professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc., smoke Luckies. See how many leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera prefer them. Their voices are their fortunes. Doesn't it follow

that, if Luckies are gentle on their sensitive throats, they will be gentle on your throat, too? You will appreciate the throat protection of a light smoke free of certain irritants expelled by the exclusive "Toasting" Process.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH



The Finest Tobaccos
"The Cream of the Crop"